The Saturday Evening Post · March 27, 1965 · 25c

POST

GOLDWATER AIDE CHARGES:
OUR ELECTIONS ARE A MOCKERY

I CALL ON DRACULA

LYNDON JOHNSON'S RELIGION

The Discothèque scene

THE PERILS OF LIZ: A STARLET IN SEARCH OF TH

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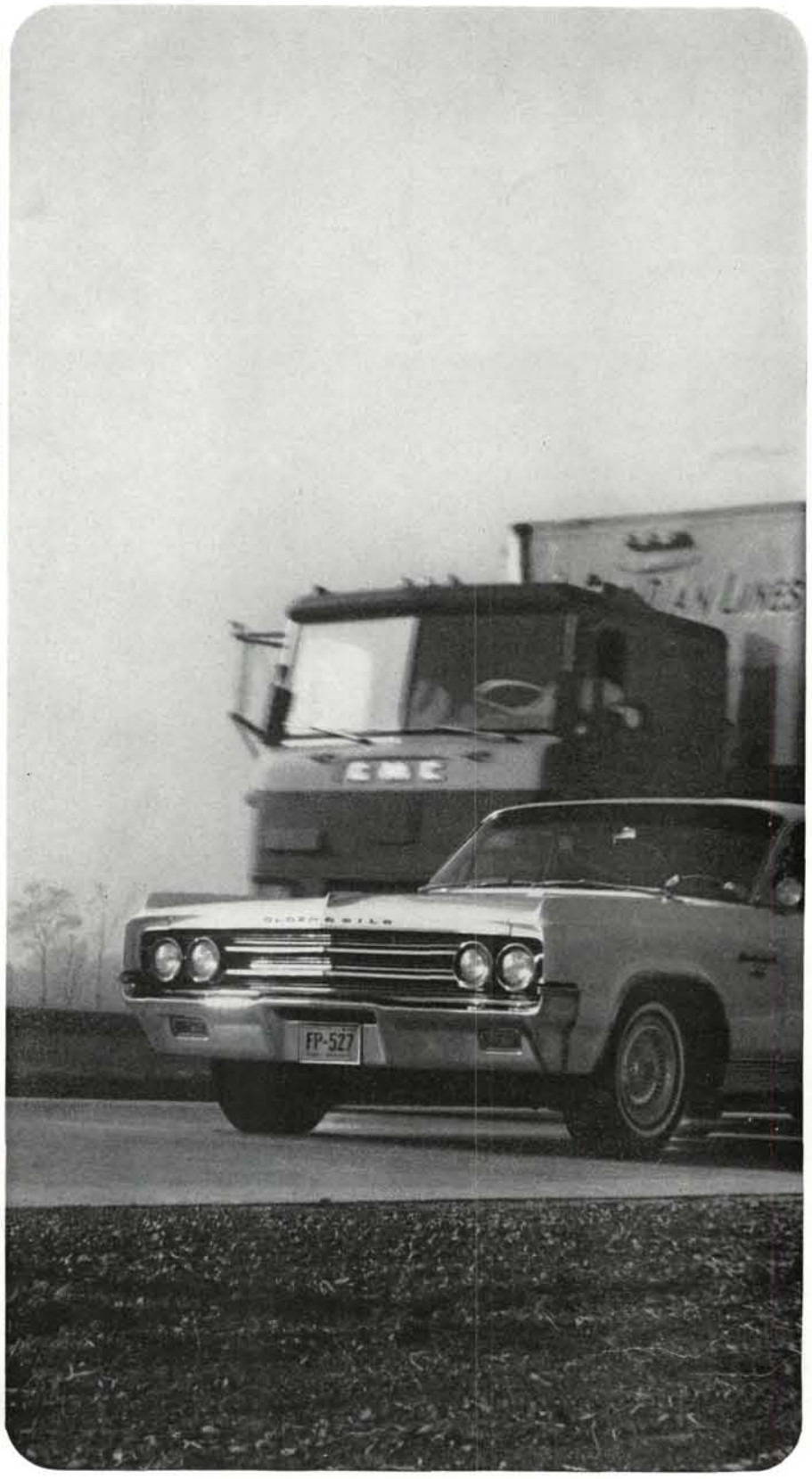

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* * *

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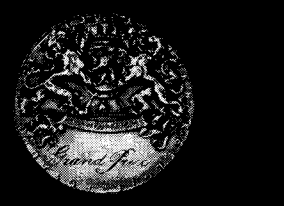

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The Saturday Evening
POST

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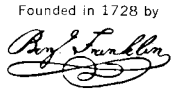

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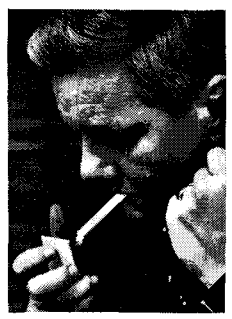

Normand Poirier

Visiting the frenzied, gyrating world of the *discothèque* was a new experience for reporter NORMAND POIRIER. Arriving at his first such night spot, he spied an elderly woman who apparently was searching for something she had dropped on the dance floor, and he bent over to help her look. To his chagrin, she chided him for not realizing she was doing the Monkey. Poirier has written several previous *Post* entertainment articles, including CAROL LAWRENCE OF ILLINOIS (March 21, 1964) and SIDNEY POITIER'S LONG JOURNEY (June 20, 1964). . . . For STANLEY KARNOW, this is his fourth major *Post* article on Vietnam in a year and a half. He regularly covers Southeast Asia from his home in Hong Kong. . . . Our visitor to Dracula country, GENE SMITH, is author of the recent best seller about the last years of Woodrow Wilson, *When the Cheering Stopped.*/BURT GLINN took the cover photograph at Steve Paul's The Scene, New York's latest in *discothèque.*

MOVING?

Don't forget your Post and we'll send you this moving guide!

The Saturday Evening Post offers the New Home Journal to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address at least EIGHT weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue of The Post, and we will send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others it costs $1. The post office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. To keep your Post coming, send us your new address, including Zip Code, and a label from a back copy. For service adjustments send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

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Letters

Communism

Your willingness to risk opprobrium in order to help enlighten our people and to let them know that the average Russian is very like the average American citizen is journalism of the highest order [COMMUNISM IS NOT WHAT WE THINK by George Feifer, February 27].

JACK CLOWSER
The Cleveland Press
Cleveland, Ohio

• Thank you for that wonderful, powerful sleeping pill concocted by George Feifer. It actually made me forget momentarily the experiences of John Noble in Siberia, the 12 million Ukrainians murdered by Khrushchev, and all the broken treaties of the Soviets, not to mention all the unhappiness which Mr. Feifer did *not* see (or did he?).

DAVID LUTZWEILER
Ridgefield, N.J.

• Communism is not suited to Americans. But for the Russians it is an enormous advance from their semi-feudal state. Their interest in learning and cultural values, their passion for peace and better human relations are all commendable qualities.

If we are to avoid a nuclear holocaust, we must counteract the hawkers of falsehood, fear and hatred.

IRVING H. FLAMM
Beverly Hills, Calif.

• I will ask one question: why the Berlin wall? Let Mr. Feifer write an article about that!

JUNE BERGMAN
Cazenovia, N.Y.

• Communist Russia in many ways is much better than czarist Russia, but is Communism the way? The truth? The life? Mr. George Feifer is a smoothie. I, for one, have no intention of ever encouraging Communism—understanding of its evils is my goal. I term evil any "ism" which encourages a Godless society.

L. M. CALHOUN
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Perhaps the real problem in Russia, that the Communists do not always "live" their Communist faith, is not so different from our Western dilemma of preaching but nonpracticing Christians.

MORSE HAMILTON
Memphis, Tenn.

• Sure, the average Russian has hopes and ideals similar to ours; all men do. We're not fighting them. We're fighting against the Communist Party, which intends to "bury" us.

EVELYN WERNICKE
Dayton, Ohio

• I am a lawyer and left Cuba, my native country, in 1960 for two main reasons: one, that I could not bear to see my children indoctrinated in school and turned into spies against their own parents; two, because the knowledge that there was no justice as such (no legal recourse to impartial courts, etc.) gave me an intense feeling of insecurity which is impossible to describe.

I feel that I am as qualified as Mr. Feifer to speak on Communism and to say that COMMUNISM IS JUST WHAT WE THINK, an evil system dedicated to stifling family life, religion, justice, property, patriotism and love, for the sake of an all-pervading totalitarian state.

F. C. MENDIGUTIA
Miami, Fla.

• My firsthand observations in recent years, coupled with the knowledge of Russian history, have convinced me that the Russians have never had it so good as now.

Some of the satellite countries, however, have never known it so bad as now. Prior to World War II they enjoyed a high standard of living under capitalism as we know it.

We would do well to try to understand the Russian people, but at the same time, with the example of the satellites before us, we should dedicate ourselves to defending and promoting those principles that have made us the great nation we are.

IRVING A. OEHLER
Warren, Ohio

Quahaugging

John Skow's painting of clam pirating in Rhode Island as a cops-and-robbers game [THE DIRTY-CLAM CAPER, February 27] could have been of greater value had he researched further into the problem. He would then have included: the equal guilt of wholesalers who knowingly buy the dubious bivalves from the tongers; the similar catch and sale of undersize quahaugs by the same culprits; the meaningless small fines levied when the pirates or the wholesalers are actually found guilty in the courts; the blatant lack of cooperation of two or three towns to clean up their sewage problems, while the large majority of towns have done their share to reduce pollution.

ROY G. VOLKMAN
Flemington, N.J.

• A person who can't spell *quahaug* correctly must know very little about the subject.

H. K. SPARRELL
North Kingstown, R.I.

Sorry, we used Webster's preferred spelling rather than Rhode Island's.—Ed.

Black Muslims

Compliments to Mr. Aubrey Barnette for guts in saying THE BLACK MUSLIMS ARE A FRAUD [with Edward Linn, February 27]. Another thing, Barnette may be indicating that the type of mosques we all need are homes and other meeting places dedicated to intercommunication and the discovery of how we can better employ the talents of all races and learn to appreciate and enjoy each other.

JOHN STEINER
Chicago, Ill.

Carroll Baker

The Post cheapens itself with such drivel as CARROLL BAKER: THE LADY WAS A TRAMP [February 27]. The story is nothing but a publicity blurb for her latest picture, and you are merely aiding the buildup of an actress who is a symbol of cheap sex. How do you reconcile this with your holier-than-thou editorials which supposedly emphasize wholesomeness and integrity?

HOWELL WITLIN
Sea Cliff, N.Y.

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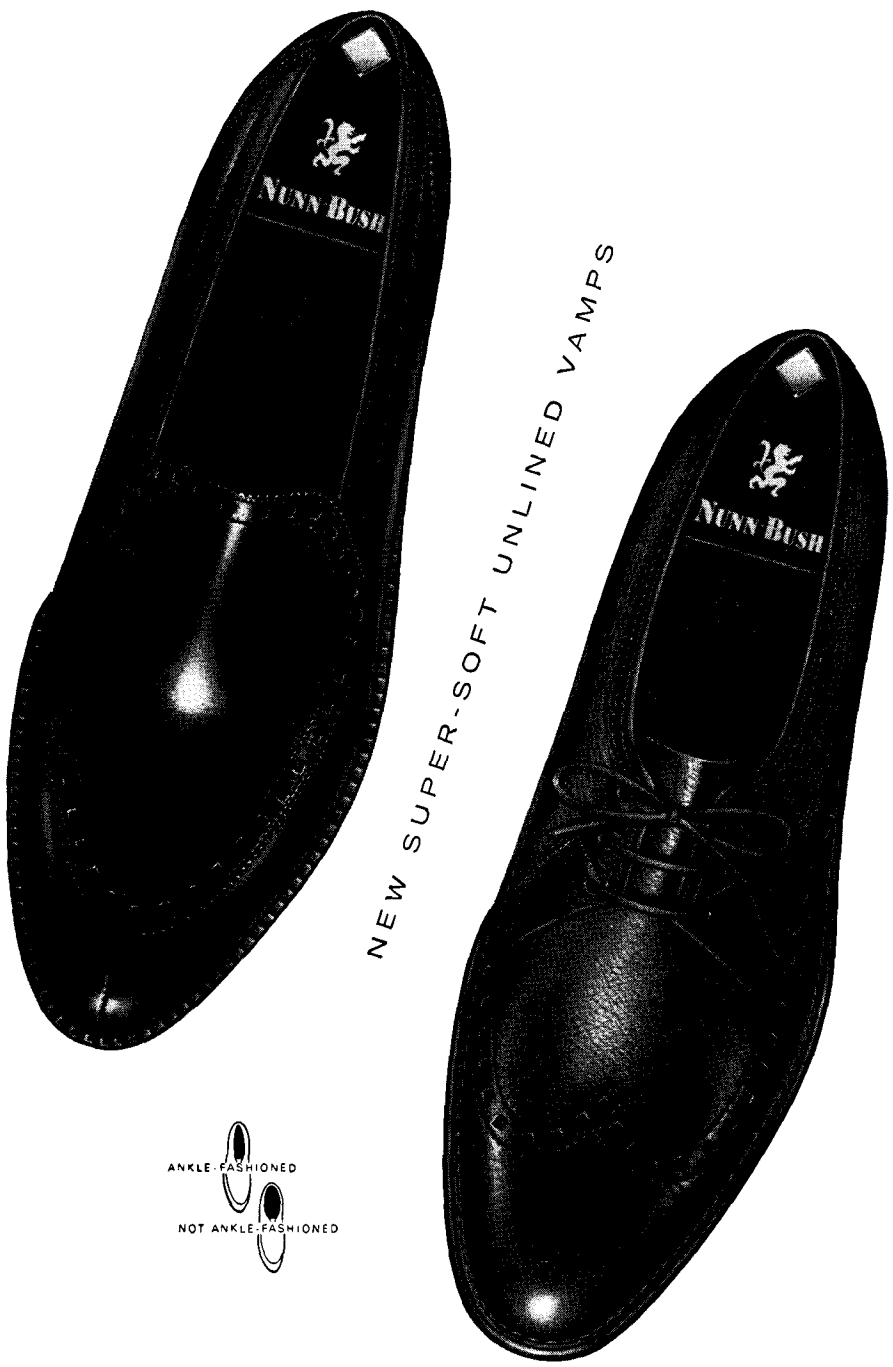

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Letters

• Actress Carroll Baker indeed deserves many compliments for her participation in what was more than just a publicity stunt. Only by understanding and empathizing with character types can the writer or actress successfully interpret the type realistically.

DANIEL R. MCGLYNN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• I found the article very unconvincing. It doesn't take daring and guts to put oneself in a position from which one can be rescued in a moment's notice.

BETTY J. BOND
Chicago, Ill.

What's on TV

Bill Davidson's piece, WHO KILLED YOUR FAVORITE TV SHOW? [February 27], is a ghastly, gruesome horror story rather beyond the talents of even Alfred Hitchcock. That the airwaves, belonging to 190,000,000 Americans, can be so brutally used by money-hungry Nets leaves one to wonder where the FCC stands. Does the Commission lack power to intervene in the public's behalf?

JNO. J. CAHILL
San Anselmo, Calif.

The FCC has the power to deny license renewal to stations not using public air waves in the public interest. The Commission has traditionally shown a reluctance, however, to exercise government power over broadcasting.—Ed.

• It is good to know that one magazine does more than just criticize the quality of shows. It is the first time I have read an article about the real crime of TV, the deliberate pitting of good shows against each other.

ALICE ETSOLD
Springfield, N.J.

• The Madison "Avenya" boys are way off their rocker with their theory of "lead-in" in TV (known as "mood programming" during my abortive career studying radio announcing). Our five kids, from eighth grade to kindergarten, are inveterate channel-changers, as are most adults. And, for what it's worth, our kids remain loyal to "The Beverly Hillbillies."

RICHARD P. PETTY
Plainview, Minn.

America

The editorial REFLECTIONS ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY [February 27] was so full of common sense that it should have been placed at the front of the magazine. It brushed aside all the old symbols and rituals in favor of some hardheaded talk. The flag, the Constitution and the Oath of Allegiance are poor substitutes for flesh and blood realities of economic and political equality.

It is a sad commentary on the maturity of some of the leading spokesmen of the Republican Party that they continually mouth platitudes and generalities, abounding in words like "freedom," "free enterprise" and "the dignity of the individual"; yet they conveniently ignore the shameful conditions of the disenfranchised Negroes of our southern states.

GORDON K. SMITH
Cleveland, Ohio

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Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

3–Andrée Abecassis. • 12–Ollie Atkins. • 18–Harry Redl (Black Star). • 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27–Burt Glinn. • 28, 29–Harry Redl (Black Star). • 30–Wide World. • 33–Harry Redl (Black Star). • 34, 35, 36–Allan Grant. • 38, 39–Warner Bros. 40–U.P.I. • 41–Allan Grant. • 72–Newsweek–R. K. Arnold. • 74–J. Edward Bailey. • 76–Culver. • 77–Culver, Universal Pictures, Inc. • 78–All Universal Pictures, Inc. • 79–2 from Universal Pictures, Inc.; John Springer Collection. • 80, 81–Ollie Atkins. • 84, 85, 86, 87–Lynn Pelham. • 88–Universal Pictures, Inc.

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Right at your doorstep are hundreds of photographs you can sell

Many men and women are earning $25 to $100 a week extra money with their cameras. Here are suggestions on how you can do the same—from a man who has earned over $100,000 a year in photography

By Victor Keppler

I often wonder why more people don't use their cameras to pick up extra money.

Right in your own home town — on your Main Street, in your friends' homes and gardens, even in your own back yard — are subjects for saleable photographs that you could take in your spare time. And all over the country there are good markets waiting to buy them.

The vast hidden market for photographs

Even the biggest national magazines often accept photographs by talented amateurs. But far more important to the beginner is the vast hidden market for pictures — the hundreds of smaller publications that are begging for good photographs of people, places, and events in your area. Just by keeping an eye peeled for pictures "made to order" for these specialized publications, many amateur photographers are able to pick up $25 to $100 a week extra money with their cameras.

The "bible" of photographers interested in extra money is a book called *Where and How to Sell Your Pictures.* It lists the names, addresses, and requirements of over 800 publications — trade journals, regional magazines and newspapers, sport and hobby magazines — that are constantly in the market for good pictures. Here are just a few examples chosen at random:

Flower Grower pays $50 to $100 for color pictures — $5 to $10 for black-and-white — of well landscaped gardens, flowers, house plants, flower arrangements, fruit, trees.

Car Life pays $5 to $25 for pictures of automotive subjects — humorous, new products, custom cars.

Mechanix Illustrated pays $10 to $25 for pictures pertaining to science, crafts and hobbies, unusual gadgets, inventions, mechanical devices appealing to men.

Golf Digest pays $10 to $25 for pictures of golfers and golf scenes.

Model Railroader pays $5 to $15 for pictures of scale-model miniature railroads and equipment.

My Baby Magazine pays $10 to $15 for pictures of expectant and new mothers, babies and children under three.

Plastichrome Postcards pays $10 to $25 for color shots suitable for postcards — scenic, animals, sports, beach and boating, road scenes, farm and country scenes.

How to sell the same picture more than once

And you can sell the same picture again and again. As a youth, Arthur d'Arazien shot a Rocky Mountain landscape that he has now sold 18 times for a total of $5,800. Another d'Arazien scene (above) has earned the photographer nearly $9,000. And he still owns both pictures.

A common way to get repeat sales is through stock photograph agencies. *Where and How to Sell Your Pictures* lists a number of such agencies that accept good photographs and publish them in catalogs from which advertisers and editors frequently order reprints. Each time one of your pictures is ordered, you earn another fee.

Still another source of revenue is people who want to buy extra prints from you. It could be the baker who has remodelled his shop, the golfer who has won a tournament trophy, or the handyman who has built a cabin cruiser. Naturally he'll want to see the pictures of himself or his "pride and joy" that you are sending to the appropriate specialty magazine. And nine times out of ten, when you show him the pictures, he'll want to buy extra prints for himself or his friends and relatives.

The importance of professional training

Of course the more professional-looking your photographs are, the better chance you have of selling them, even in these smaller markets. And now there's a way to learn to make pictures that measure up to the highest professional standards.

For the first time in the history of photography, you may receive training right at home in the professional methods and prized studio secrets used by the most successful photographers in America.

Ten famous professionals have started a new kind of home-study school in photography. They spent three years pouring into a remarkable series of lessons everything they learned in their long, hard climb to the top.

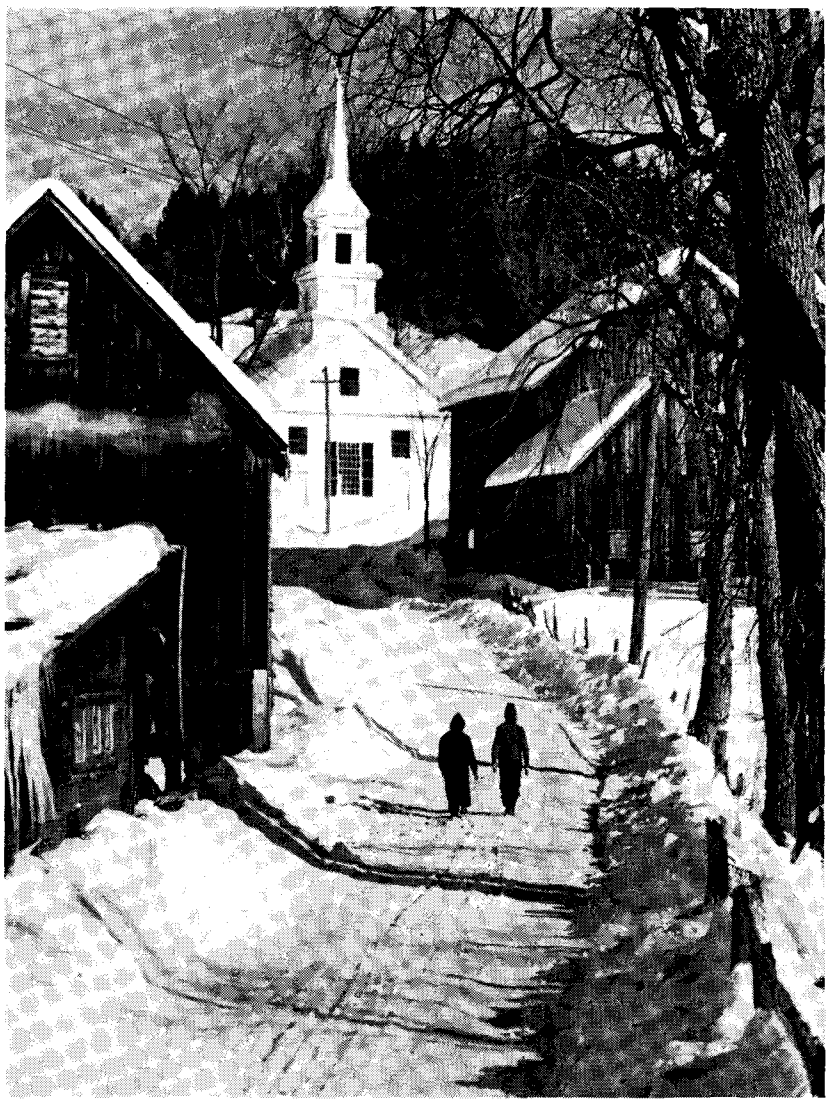
Then they perfected a revolutionary teaching method as personal as the tutoring a master photographer might give a promising assistant. Your instructors are all skilled professional photographers, supervised by a Guiding Faculty composed of the School's famous founders. They don't merely tell you how to improve each photograph you send in to the School as part of your assignments —they show you with unique visual critiques which make their points instantly clear. And every critique, every letter of advice, is tailored to your camera, your individual goals and talents, your problems.

Two free books offered by School

To show you the many opportunities in photography — and how you can be trained to take advantage of them — our School offers the 160-page market guide, *Where and How to Sell Your Pictures,* as well as a 48-page brochure describing our Course.

The postpaid card bound next to this page will bring you both books with no obligation. However, as the books are costly to print and mail, please send for them only if you are seriously interested in photography and want to find out how your camera can earn you extra income.

If the card is gone, you can get the books by sending your name, address and age to Studio 682, Famous Photographers School, Westport, Connecticut 06881.



Photographed by Arthur d'Arazien while on a vacation trip, this simple village scene has been used on the cover of *Collier's* and on countless greeting cards and calendars. To date it has earned d'Arazien nearly $9,000. How many equally striking picture possibilities are within a few blocks of your home?

Photograph by Irving Penn

They started the Famous Photographers School

Left to right:
Arthur d'Arazien
Joseph Costa
Philippe Halsman
Harry Garfield
Irving Penn
Richard Avedon
Bert Stern
Ezra Stoller
Alfred Eisenstaedt
Richard Beattie

Victor Keppler has earned over four million dollars in photography and has reaped many honors, including Art Director Club Medals and two awards from Harvard University. Recently, in recognition of his vast experience, he was chosen to be Director of the new Famous Photographers School.

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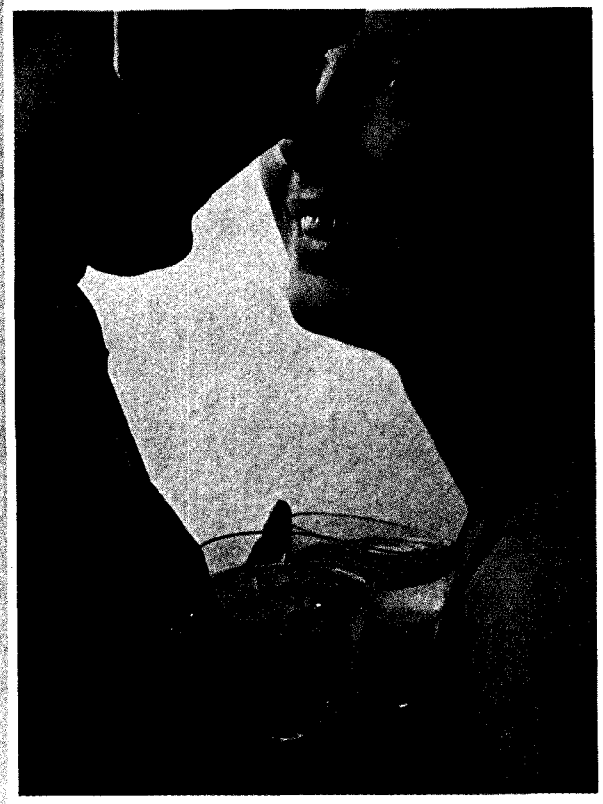

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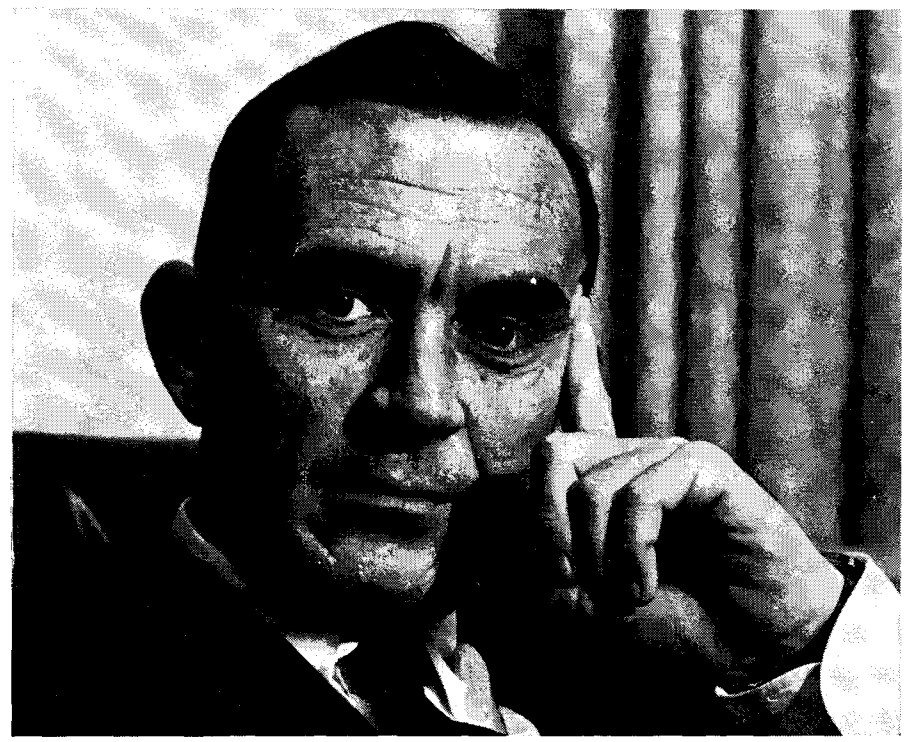
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS ARE A SHAM

By Dean Burch



As Barry Goldwater's choice, the author was elected G.O.P. National Committee chairman last July. He will leave the post and resume law practice in Tucson on April 1.

The presidential campaign of 1964 was a mockery of the democratic process. At best, it was a waste of time, money and energy. At worst, it was an absolute sham.

The blame for this must be shared by the two great political parties, the candidates and the managers for both sides—though I am convinced that none of us on either side wanted it that way. All of us were only doing what comes naturally—following outmoded, ineffective, irrational but traditional patterns. These made of the presidential contest a nine-week marathon bicycle derby, driving the candidates to the point of physical exhaustion while they whizzed past the real issues. Thus were the American people cheated of the thorough, rational discussion that the times and the problems demand.

As Republican national chairman, I was keenly disappointed by the results of the balloting in November, but that is not the point at issue here. My present concern is not so much with the outcome as the way it was reached. In retrospect, it is clear that despite all the frantic efforts, the campaign was a bore. The substance of the issues never really got through to the voters.

When the campaign began on Labor Day, our private polls showed us that almost 90 percent of the electorate had already made a choice. This was in keeping with political surveys over the last 20 years, which have consistently indicated that the voting pattern is set before the campaign proper even starts.

During the weeks of intense activity which followed, Senator Goldwater was able to win over more of the previously undecided voters than President Johnson was able to attract. The senator was also able to win over almost three voters who had favored the Democrats before the campaign for every voter the President was able to win from him. However, all these shifts were far from enough to change the outcome. Our polls show that 79.2 percent of the voters stuck by the decisions they had made before the campaign began. Incredibly, shortly after election day fully one third of those interviewed still knew little or nothing about the Republican candidate.

It may be said that this was our own failure—but if so, it was not for lack of effort. Senator Goldwater traveled about 75,000 miles. He averaged five speeches a day, shook hands with thousands, kissed his quota of babies and conferred with hundreds of politicians, each one eager to tell him how to win.

The pace was almost inhuman. Goldwater's own overwhelming memory of the campaign is of Charlie Justice, his personal aide, standing over him with a pocket watch in a crowded hotel room saying, "It's time to go . . . it's time to go." The Republican vice-presidential candidate, Congressman Miller, was rarely able even to take a shower without some aide standing just outside the curtain shouting instructions about the next appearance. In early October we managed to reschedule an entire Monday of the Miller itinerary so that he could calmly tape some important television shows—but he was so exhausted he couldn't get out of bed. For myself, holed up in Washington headquarters with a supporting cast of 695 full-time employees, I was often so tired at the end of the day that I could not bring myself to lift a telephone.

In the calm light of today it is reasonable to wonder what difference all this made. Some of the exertions, in fact, seemed ridiculous even at the time. Nevertheless, they went forward partly for lack of a clear alternative and partly because of the seemingly unbreakable pattern set in 1960 when two keenly ambitious young politicians engaged in a jet-powered test of stamina. At one point both Goldwater and Miller reached the conclusion, independently, that the campaign grind was senseless and ineffective. At a strategy meeting their protests were hooted down by those who cried that this was "the way it has always been done."

Much of a presidential campaign elevates the demands that the politicians make on the candidates over the needs of the voters. One such facet is the "prop-stop," the aviation-age variant of the old whistle-stop. It is idiotic to think that any but the fondest supporters would drive miles to a remote, noisy airport to hear a few fragments of a speech. Nonetheless, political managers the nation over expected and demanded such appearances "if we are going to carry the state for you."

The value of the personal appearance is greatly overrated. On a trip through the South in September, Goldwater spoke for six days to the largest crowds that had ever been assembled there to hear a presidential candidate. We were greatly encouraged. Later on, however, our surveys disclosed that barely two percent of the eligible voters of the South had seen him.

Thus, in a modern campaign, we elevate sheer motion over everything else. We ask the candidates to travel constantly, sleep when they can find time, live out of suitcases, endure unbelievable fatigue—and then we expect these worn and harried men to communicate to us their deepest thoughts on issues of great complexity.

In practical fact they end up largely talking to their friends in a race against exhaustion, mouthing dreary ghost-written speeches which often miss the true issues and influence virtually no one—all at monumental expense. When by heroic efforts they manage to surmount the obstacles to serious discussion, their words are filtered and condensed by the rewrite men—or snipped to a 60-second film clip on TV news, again screened to fit the demands of "equal time, equal coverage."

Under the circumstances, is it any wonder that politicians tend to sell personality rather than serious argument? Is it any wonder that a President can clamber over cars and shout at crowds through a bullhorn, and be hailed as a model campaigner in the Grand Style? Is it any wonder that the electorate can be swayed by outrageous slogans and distortions, despite every effort to set the record straight?

Less than five months after election day we are deeply enmeshed in some of the same problems that the campaign so neatly skirted. One is the continual drain on our national reserve of gold. Already the President has had to recommend to Congress emergency legislation to meet the crisis. Even more

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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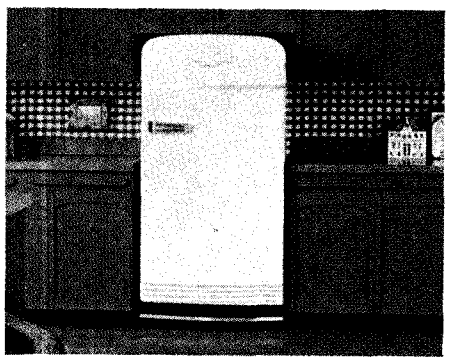

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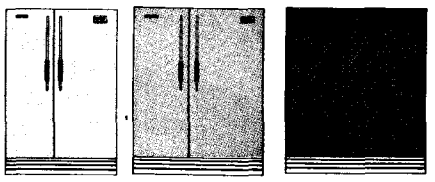
Never before! A 19.1 cu. ft. freezer-refrigerator . . . side by side in one beautiful cabinet . . . just 35¾″ wide, 5′4″ tall! Now, the big family with a small kitchen can shop once a week!

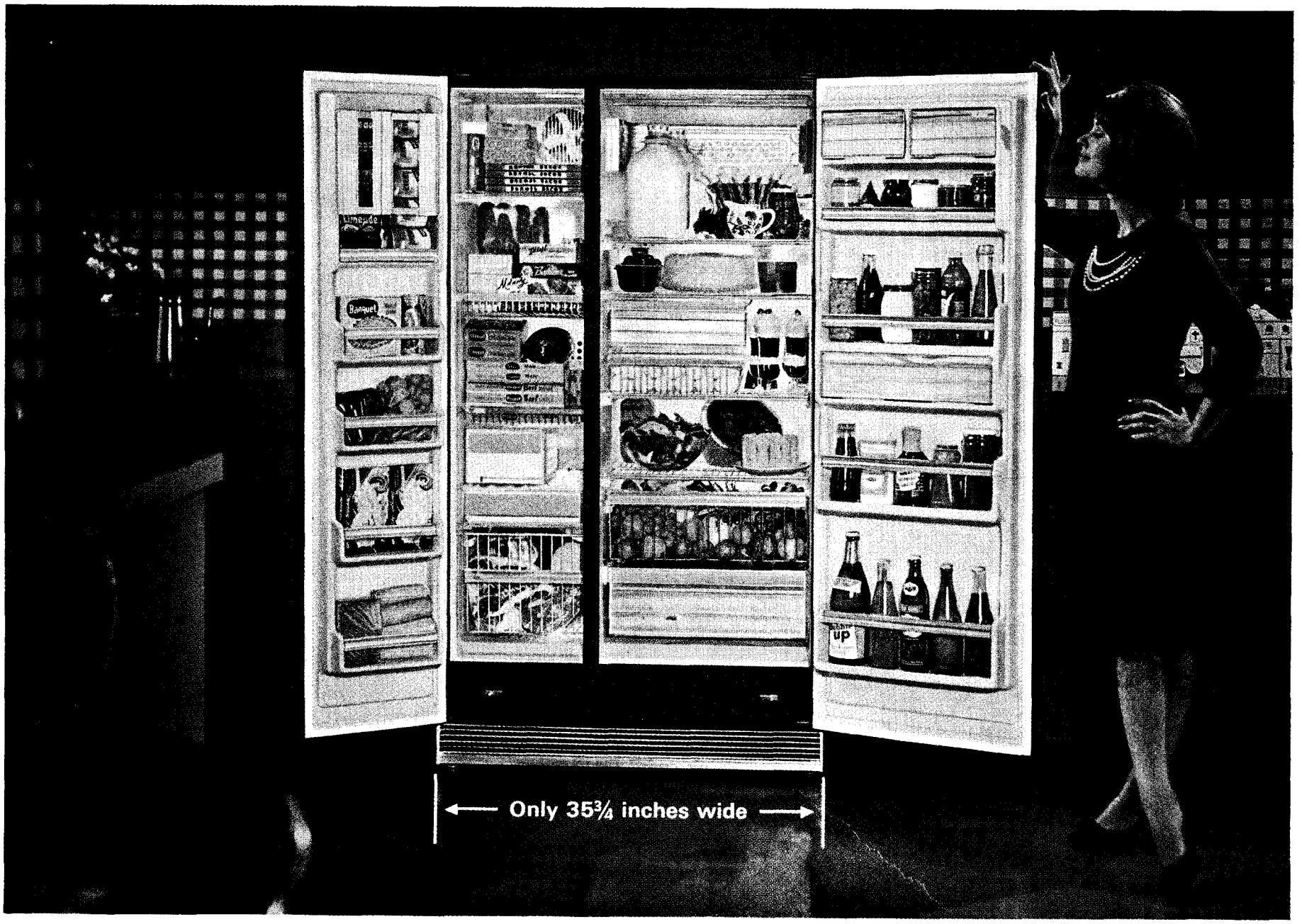
The Admiral Duplex 19's new stand-up design and all-foam Thinwall insulation save valuable space inside and out . . . nearly double your present refrigerator's storage capacity.

The Duplex 19's left side is a spacious 246 lb. freezer. Everything's easy to reach. No stooping. No stretching.

The Duplex 19's right side is a roomy 12.1 cu. ft. refrigerator. Holds gallon milk bottles, tall soft drink bottles, big hams, bulky packages. Your food storage problems are over!

The Admiral Duplex is available with all-new, quality automatic ice maker and automatic defrosting in *both* freezer and refrigerator. In copper bronze, citron yellow, turquoise and white. Brushed chrome doors optional extra. Three sizes: 35¾″ wide (19.1 cu. ft.); 41″ wide (22 cu. ft.); 48″ wide (26.5 cu. ft.). *There's nothing finer at any price.*





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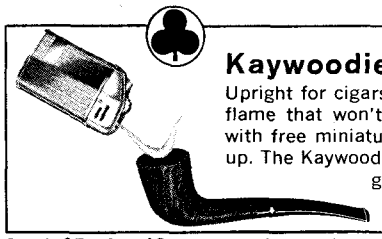

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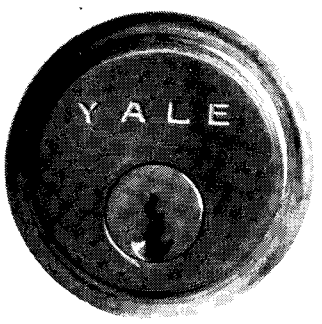

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urgent is the war in Vietnam. From the campaign you may recall an occasional cry of "trigger happy." But does anybody remember any discussion in depth or substance of this explosive situation?

I'm not suggesting that such discussions were not offered—on our side, at least. But the fact is that nobody seemed to be listening. Could it be that the professional politicians are right when they say that anything more complex than wide roads and free beer cannot possibly register on the consciousness of the American electorate?

I think the professionals are wrong. Moreover, there is one obvious way to reach the people directly: television—or, if you prefer, the "boob tube." In this case the tube can become the indispensable ally of our democratic Republic, for it is the greatest medium ever devised for transmitting the essence and the substance of politics.

To realize this full potential, however, is almost impossible in today's circumstances. To begin with, the costs are enormous. A 30-minute telecast on a network costs in the neighborhood of $125,000, cash in advance, exclusive of production charges or reimbursements to the program which has been bumped. A one-minute spot advertisement can cost $36,000. Even with cash in hand, obtaining desirable time is difficult, for the TV executives are usually anxious to protect their most popular shows from the incursions of a mere candidate for the presidency of the United States.

The greatest problem, however, is simply attracting the attention of the public to a political broadcast at any hour. The rating services reported that on the evening of October 29, for example, some 14 million Americans watched *Peyton Place* while on a rival network, Goldwater drew his peak audience of the campaign—7.3 million. Most of the senator's viewers were already his faithful supporters (though some who were not wrote angry letters because *Baileys of Balboa* was cancelled to make way for the candidate). None of President Johnson's sponsored TV appearances did even this well.

What was missing, of course, was the drama of 1960 when 65 million to 70 million viewers watched each of four debates by the presidential candidates. It can be argued convincingly that the format of those debates—the disjointed questions and the brief chances for explanation—put a premium on glibness over force of argument. But it is clear that, whatever the faults, those broadcasts caused more Americans to look and to listen for themselves than ever before or since in a presidential race. It is hardly an accident that the 1960 race drew the greatest proportion of eligible voters ever to go to the polls.

Something of that interest and excitement must be recaptured, for it is the only way to get the candidates and the issues to the great mass of voters so they can make an intelligent choice. I am not talking about the synthetic interest and the contrived excitement of the traditional political rally, which was exemplified by Senator Goldwater's tumultuous appearance at Madison Square Garden in New York City on October 21. Some 18,000 screaming partisans crammed every corner of the vast arena to urge their tiger to "give 'em hell." He proceeded to oblige. The speech that resulted could hardly have convinced any wavering voter—if one could be found in this improbable place. When we rebroadcast this event on television the following day, we were appalled by the excessive belligerence and harshness that came through. It was obvious that what is appropriate for the bull ring is out of place in the drawing room.

There is one way to circumvent the outlandish costs, the senseless hurly-burly and the torrent of trivia that marked the 1964 campaign. As a basis for discussion I propose that in 1968 the major presidential candidates share eight one-hour television shows—one a week, on all networks—for the eight weeks prior to Election Day. In at least four of the shows the two candidates would divide the program into equal segments, with both men discussing a predetermined topic. They need not be in the same studio or even the same city. The format of the other four programs would be as flexible as candidate preference and circumstance might dictate.

If the two parties paid for this television effort, it would not even be necessary to amend the unwieldy "equal time provision" of the Communications Act. The cost would be about $750,000 per viewing hour, or a total of six million dollars for the eight weeks, to be shared equally by the two parties. This is less than half of the sum spent on television by the two parties in the recent campaign, with negligible results in terms of public enlightenment.

I believe that as a condition of accepting the nomination of a political party, a candidate should agree—not by force of law but by force of reason and public opinion—to participate in these TV presentations. There seem to me only three objections to such a procedure, none of which has real merit:

First, there are many people who object to having their entertainment interrupted by anything so mundane as a discussion by presidential candidates of national issues. To state this objection is to answer it.

Second, there are fears in some quarters that an incumbent President who is a candidate might inadvertently make some security slip. To meet this objection, the programs could be taped and screened by security experts.

Third, there is the doctrine "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break"—the idea that an incumbent should refuse to help his opponent become well known to the public. President Johnson apparently used this reasoning in refusing Senator Goldwater's invitation to appear with him on a paid telecast, at Goldwater's expense or with expenses shared by the two parties. This reasoning may make sense from an incumbent's point of view, but not in the perspective of the public interest.

The American people have both a right and an overriding need to make their decision on a better basis than the frantic and yet somehow dull and dreary campaign of 1964. This sorry situation will continue to exist so long as the public allows politicians to worship the past and ignore the real problems of the modern campaign. A better way is readily available. Motion and emotion are no substitute for the good sense and full debate that the election of a President demands.

Dean Burch

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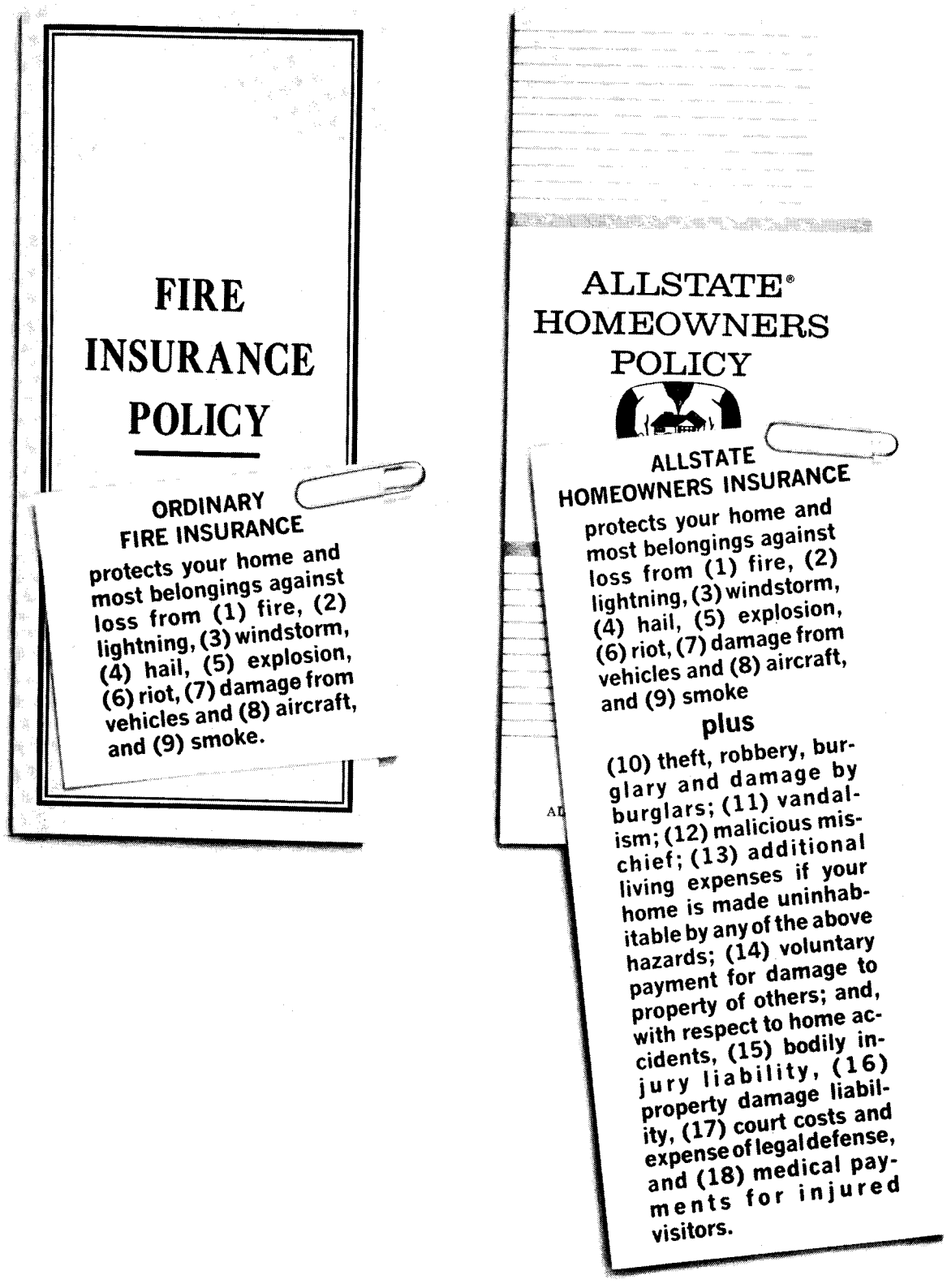
Chances are you'll pay about the same for either one: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protects your home and most belongings against loss from (1) fire, (2) lightning, (3) windstorm, (4) hail, (5) explosion, (6) riot, (7) damage from vehicles and (8) aircraft, and (9) smoke
plus
(10) theft, robbery, burglary and damage by burglars; (11) vandalism; (12) malicious mischief; (13) additional living expenses if your home is made uninhabitable by any of the above hazards; (14) voluntary payment for damage to property of others; and, with respect to home accidents, (15) bodily injury liability, (16) property damage liability, (17) court costs and expense of legal defense, and (18) medical payments for injured visitors.

Allstate Homeowners Insurance costs about the same as most other companies charge for ordinary fire insurance—and less than most other companies charge for similar homeowners protection.

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It's a VW engine, plain and simple.

It doesn't have Super Skyrocket Thrust. Or Dyna-Turbo-Chargers. And it isn't a Power Plant.

When you look at it, you don't feel inferior to it. (Some people even think it's a funny little engine. Until they see how fast it pushes our funny little car.)

But VW owners don't think it's funny. In fact, most of them don't think about it at all. They only know that every time you turn the key, something goes "r-r-r-UM." And you're off.

The engine looks small because it is small. As you can see, there's no radiator, water pump or water hoses.

Because (as you can't see) a big fan cools it with air, not water. That's why our engine can't freeze when it's freezing, or boil when it's boiling.

Each part we left out is a part you'll never have to repair. And the parts we left in were so thoughtfully designed that they don't have to move very far or very fast to do their job.

So even when the engine does hard work, it doesn't work hard. It's that simple.

And a relaxed engine uses gas more efficiently. Ours averages 32 miles per gallon of regular.

If you run it for a long, long time (like most people do) the day may come when your wife says: "It's making funny noises."

That's the day you'll discover that repairs are every bit as simple as the engine itself.

A VW mechanic can replace the whole works in 90 minutes. (If he ever has to.) And the parts are laid out so he can fix them the minute they need help. (But they almost never do.)

You don't see an engine like that very often. So, if you're planning to buy a Volkswagen, take a good look at the picture.

Because when you drive our car long enough, you'll forget what our engine looks like.

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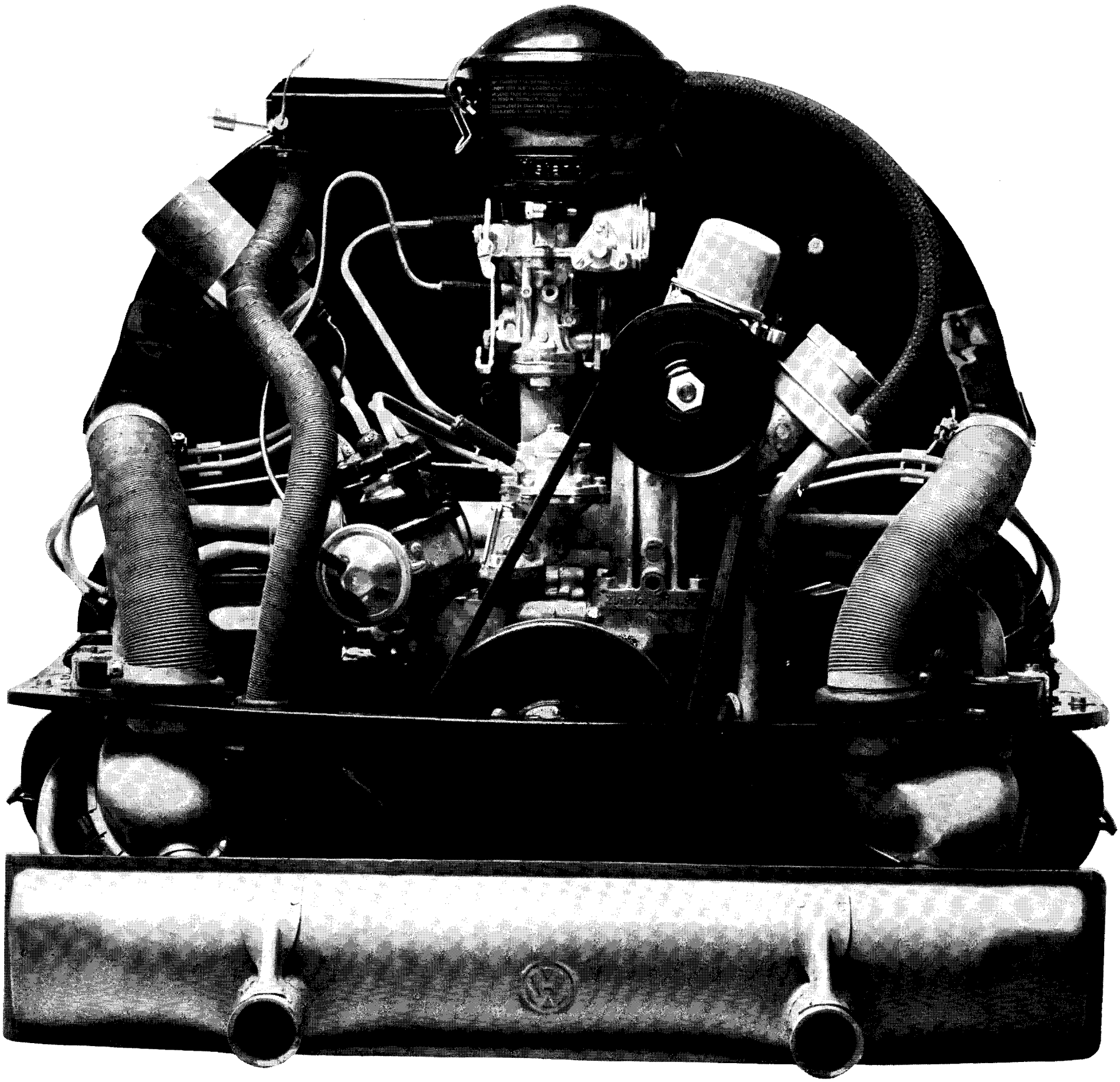
about a simple engine.



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We can't let them down

WASHINGTON:

Covering the war in Vietnam consists almost entirely of flying and talking. The flying is done in helicopters, manned by a pair of American sergeants with machine guns pointed down at the Communist-infested ground below. A lot of the talking is with very important persons, whose names have been made famous by the war. But after a visit to Vietnam, four conversations with men whose names are not famous at all stand out in retrospect most vividly in this reporter's mind.

One of the men is a North Vietnamese private—a prisoner with the fear of death still written on his childish face. His name is Nguyen Van Thant, and he comes from the village of Nhu Phong in the southern part of North Vietnam. I talked to him through an interpreter in a small, bare interrogation room, decorated with signs in Vietnamese which read: THOSE WHO ARE TRUTHFUL WILL BE WELL TREATED. THOSE WHO LIE WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.

Nguyen is 19 years old. His hair is a black thatch which has never felt a comb, and he has small, childish, hairless arms and a frightened, ingratiating smile. He was drafted into the North Vietnamese Communist army in August, 1963, he said, and a year later, with a battalion of 450 North Vietnamese, he was sent over the Ho Chi Minh trail through Laos into a northern province of South Vietnam.

During the long march he had nothing to eat but rice and a little dried fish, and by the time he arrived in South Vietnam he had "the fever." Within a few days he was captured, sick almost to death, by the South Vietnamese army.

Why had he been sent to South Vietnam? "We were told that we must fight to liberate our southern brothers." Did he think the Communists would win the war in the end? "I do not know, but I do not think so. The Viet Cong are very frightened of the helicopters and the armored cars."

Sitting small and uneasy in the little prison room, Nguyen Van Thant was an oddly appealing figure. He is a victim of historical forces that he cannot begin to understand. But he is also, in a sense, the reason why a small war is becoming a larger and more dangerous war.

After years of heavy losses, the Viet Cong have begun to run out of men. Last year, for the first time, the North Vietnamese Communists began to supply the deficiency with North Vietnamese draftees like Nguyen Van Thant—some 9,000 or 10,000 of them by the latest intelligence estimates, led by hard-core Communist volunteers.

This half-concealed invasion from the north was the real reason why the American Government had no choice but to expand the war. If the North Vietnamese are permitted unpunished to send their own trained troops south to fight with the Viet Cong, the war in the south cannot possibly be won.

My second talk was with an American captain in the tiny town of Phu Hoa Dong, about half an hour's helicopter ride from Saigon. In January the Vietnamese Army cleared the town of Viet Cong, and Capt. Robert Alhouse of Brooklyn, N.Y., was sent in by helicopter as adviser to the Vietnamese major commanding the battalion that defends the town. The two share a room in an abandoned French villa.

Phu Hoa Dong is still closely surrounded by Communists, as we quickly discovered when Captain Alhouse escorted a small party of civilian visitors up to one end of the dusty village street. There was a rifle shot from less than a hundred yards away, and a bullet cracked over our heads. The single shot was answered by machine-gun fire as Captain Alhouse, grinning, herded the half-dozen quivering civilians behind one very large and very useful tree. He ordered us to walk back into the village at five-yard intervals—to avoid, he explained, presenting an inviting target.

Captain Alhouse was totally unimpressed by the incident. He gets shot at almost every day. "That's what I get my $55 extra combat pay for," he said, as he strolled back into the center of the village.

What interested him and what he wanted to talk about was "his" town, which he clearly loved already with a possessive love. To judge by the children, who crawled all over him like ants—he would occasionally brush them off, but they would climb back on—his affection is reciprocated. If he tries to go beyond the safe perimeter, he says, "The kids actually try to knock me down on the ground." He is determined to hold "his" town against the surrounding Communists, and he has no doubt at all that the thing can be done.

There are two American armies in Vietnam—the army of the military bureaucracy in Saigon, and the army of Captain Alhouse. Hundreds of Captain Alhouses are scattered through the threatened villages of Vietnam, and with very few exceptions they are men to make a man proud to be an American. As long as the supply of Captain Alhouses does not run out and the will of the American Government does not falter, there is only one way this war can be lost—by the disintegration of Vietnam's will to fight.

There are also two Vietnams—the Vietnam of the squabbling politicians, generals, and religious sects in Saigon and the other big towns, and the Vietnam of the army in the field. Most Americans forget that the Vietnamese—not the comparative handful of Americans—are actually fighting this war. It is surprising that there is any Vietnamese army left to fight. Year after year the army in this small country has taken casualties proportionately comparable to all American casualties in World War I.

My third conversation was with Colonel Banh, commanding a beleaguered Vietnamese regiment in Darlac province, north of Saigon. How long, I asked him, can the Vietnamese army hang on?

"Not forever," he said, "but longer than you Americans think. You must understand that for my soldiers this is a way of life—they have never known anything else. If we are not betrayed, we can fight for a long time. But of course in the end there must be hope."

My fourth talk was with Sgt. Thomas Alfinito, of Willingboro, N.J. Sergeant Alfinito is with the American military mission attached to the Vietnamese garrison in the threatened provincial town of Ban Me Thuout. Sergeant Alfinito has been with Vietnamese combat troops for more than a year. I asked him what sort of soldiers they are.

"Damn good fighters and damn fine men," he said with explosive conviction. "They'll go into combat any lousy minute. We just goddamn well can't let them down."

There are all sorts of strategic and political intricacies in this most complex of all wars. But the heart of the matter is very simple, and Sergeant Alfinito expressed it very well. The honor of the United States has been committed by three Presidents to the proposition that those "damn fine men" who have fought the Communists so long and so bloodily—as well as the children who crawl like ants over Captain Alhouse—shall not become subjects of the Communist empire. It is impossible to see at all clearly how this war might be won. But, whatever the cost, we cannot permit it to be lost—not unless the United States is willing to accept dishonor as well as defeat. "We just goddamn well can't let them down."

Stewart Alsop

GI helps South Vietnamese unload supply helicopter.

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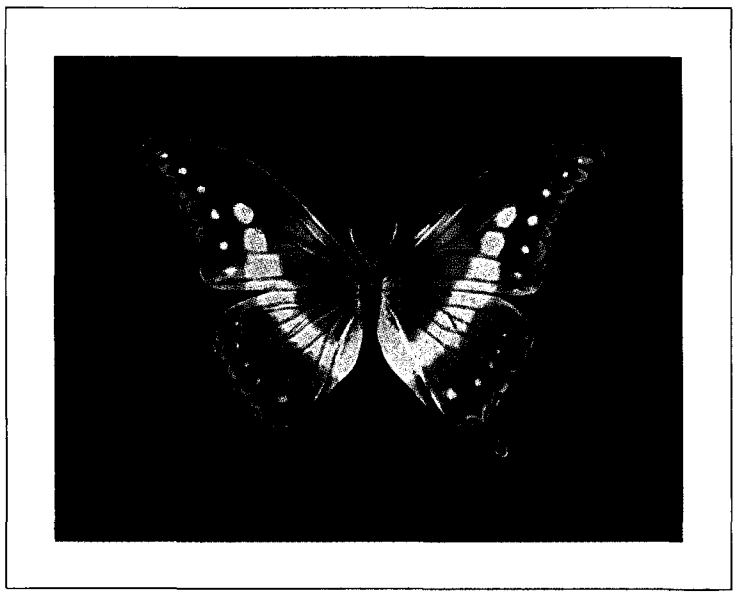

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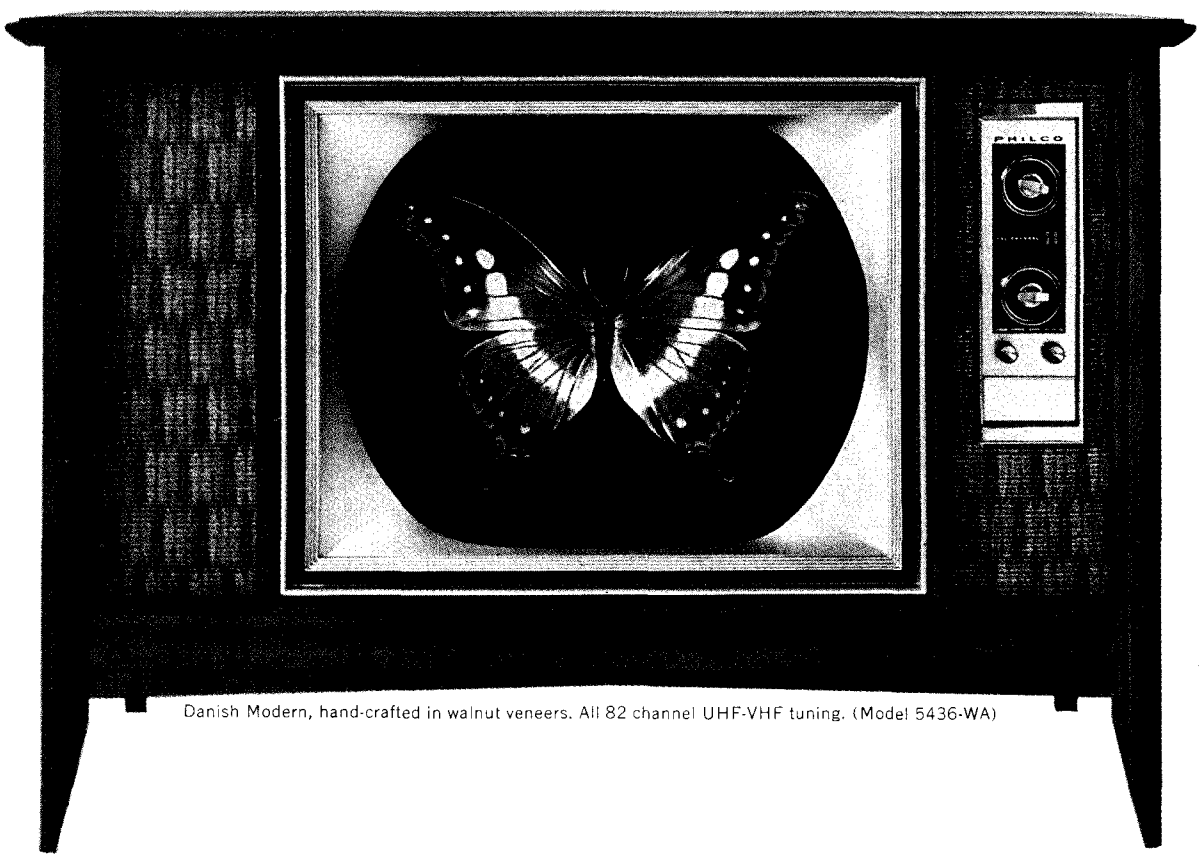

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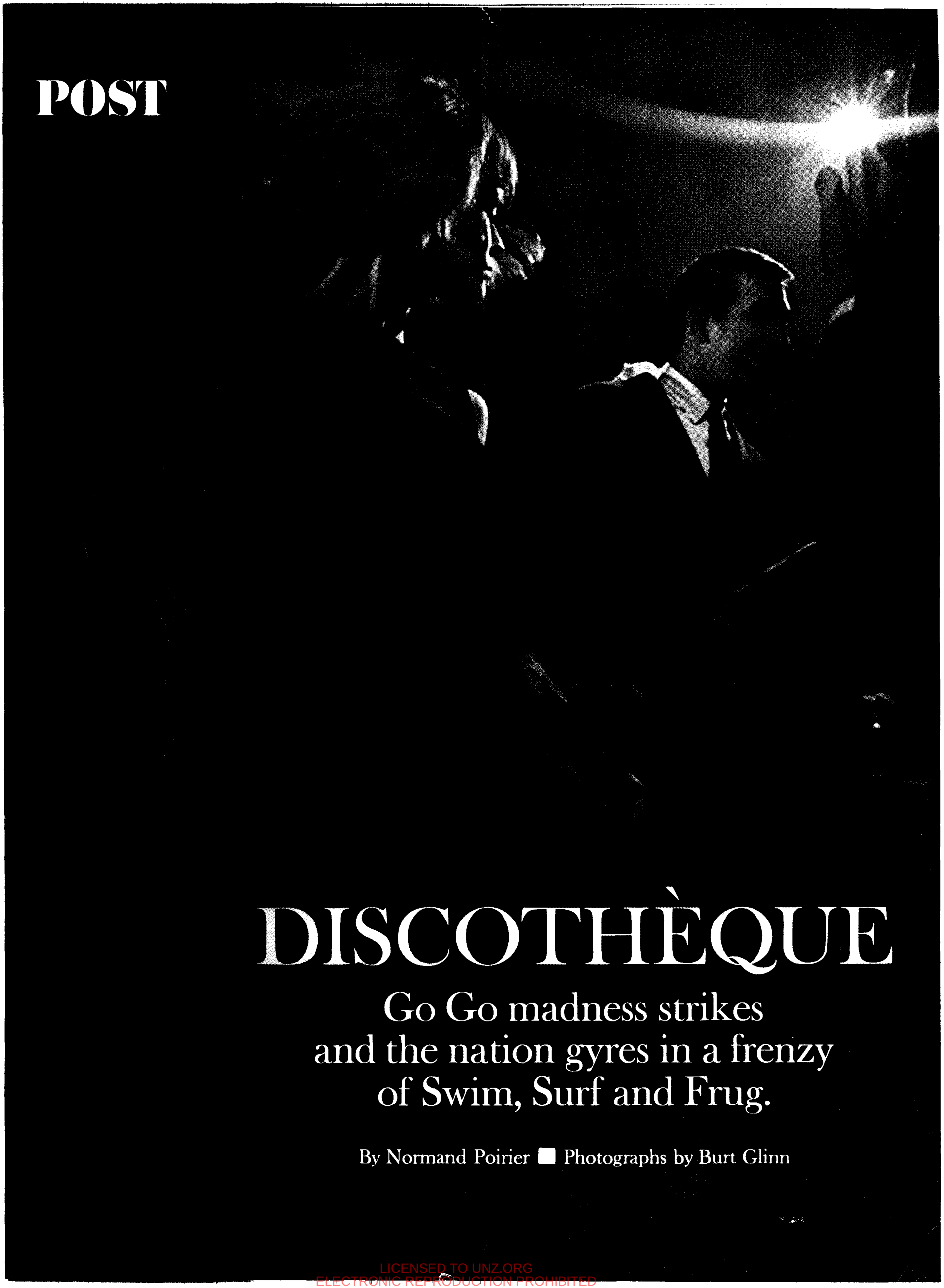

DISCOTHÈQUE

Go Go madness strikes and the nation gyres in a frenzy of Swim, Surf and Frug.

By Normand Poirier ■ Photographs by Burt Glinn

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The pied piper and teacher of the discothèque set is Killer Joe Piro.

When primitive man wanted rain for his crops, he danced. When more sophisticated people sought to express their feelings about their gods, or about each other, they danced. From the savage tribal war dance to the ceremonious minuet and the flowing waltz, the rhythmic tapping of feet and the swaying of bodies have served for countless centuries as a means of expressing hostility, supplication, sensuousness or sheer joy. Modern America has witnessed its share of dance fads—the Charleston, the Big Apple, the Jitterbug and the Mambo—but nothing quite so bizarre as the phenomenon that first hit New York almost four years ago. The dance was a frenetic wiggle in which the partners never touch—the Twist. Then came the discothèque—where the music came not from musicians but from a disc jockey operating stereophonic tapes. This is the discothèque scene—a noisy national madness that the anthropologists of the 21st century will find difficulty in explaining. Until they do, we have the explanation of Killer Joe Piro: "There's no mystery why anyone is doing these dances—they're fun."

Killer Joe Piro, the dance master to high society, trips light fantastic with pupil at Shepheard's discothèque in New York.

It was the fourth club on his rounds that night, but he showed no signs of tiring. The black-haired, whippet-thin man in the gray tuxedo had an air of nervous excitement about him as he sat down at a table, ordered a Scotch-on-the-rocks, and scanned the room. "Aha! There's ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia!" he said, grinning broadly. The room, adorned with green-and-gold sphinxes, mummy cases, russet palms and purple-striped desert tents, looked like a set left over from *Cleopatra*. "You can actually *feel* the excitement here!" the man said. His eyes gleamed with delight. On the dance floor, no larger than a puddle, a crush of fashionably clothed customers writhed to a near-deafening beat. "Ooooops!" he said suddenly, bounding up from his chair, "there's Sybil Burton!" And for the twentieth or thirtieth time that night he dashed off.

He did a wild Watusi with the blond Mrs. Burton, and by the time he got back to the table the ice in his drink had melted. "He brings out the jungle in a girl," she said, laughing. He then did a frantic Frug with Abbe Lane, and for 15 minutes after that he Surfed and Swam and Hitchhiked with a massive all-in-white Carol Channing. She finally collapsed into a chair and murmured in her laryngitic baritone, "Joe, you really *are* a killer!"

Precisely. The frantic little man was Killer Joe Piro, a dance teacher who ranks as No. 1 on the most wanted list of the *discothèque* set. What he says about the Watusi, the Hully Gully, the Surf, Swim, Dog, Pony, Ska, Frog, Wobble, Slop, Jerk, goes—in spots as scattered as New York, St. Louis, Tulsa, Atlanta, Minneapolis. Society matrons from Newport to Palm Beach scrap to get him to their parties. He taught the Twist to Ray Bolger, Marlon Brando, the Maharani of Baroda and Adlai Stevenson. He taught the Hully Gully to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and the Frug to the Duke of Bedford and Lady Milford-Haven. Through the portals of his three-room dance studio off Fifth Avenue in Manhattan pass such pupils as Dina Merrill, Susan Strasberg, Jane Fonda, and Eva Gabor. In the fiercely competitive business of teaching fad dances he has no peers. When he appeared in St. Louis, 4,000 teen-agers mobbed a department store to watch him Wobble. He disrupted traffic for three hours on Atlanta's Peachtree Street when he used a store window to demonstrate the subtleties of the Slop. And when he asked for a partner at a Washington fashion show for 1,500 of the Capitol Hill young set, no less than Luci Baines Johnson climbed the runway in her reptile-grained pumps to dance Trini Lopez's *Ya Ya* with him.

"The whole country's got the fever," Killer Joe exclaimed jubilantly at New York's Shepheard's after his hip-swinging turn with partners Burton, Lane and Channing. "It's like a happy plague. *Discothèques* are popping up wherever you go!"

He is right. Over the past 15 months *discothèques* have been proliferating in New York, Hollywood, Washington, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, San Francisco, Milwaukee and any number of cities in between. Manhattan, at last count, had eight, ranging in decor from the Nile scene at Shepheard's to a dark Capri called Il Mio to a snug racing-yacht interior christened Ondine to an old English garrison at the famous El Morocco. San Francisco has The Disque Alexis on Nob Hill, and Chicago has the id. Hollywood has a polite The Daisy for its dress-up crowd and a wildly successful Whisky à Go Go—a name it borrowed from famous *discothèques* in Paris and Cannes—for its T-shirt set. The expression Go Go, a French colloquialism which roughly means "as much as you want," has popped up in Dallas as Disc à GoGo, in Milwaukee as Whiskey-à-Go-Go and Le Bistro à Go Go, in Atlanta as Whisky-à-Go-Go, in Washington as Whisky à GoGo, and in Chicago as Whisky à Go Go, Bistro à Go Go and Baby Doll à Go Go. New rooms are go-going up everywhere every day.

Literally, the French word *discothèque* means record library or a place to keep records. It has had its current connotation since the late 1940's when the original Whisky à Go Go opened in Paris as a private club where members could dance to records and consume whiskey, a drink many Frenchmen then regarded as exotic.

The idea took hold and spread until today Paris alone has more than 75 *discothèques* with 200,000 members. Some of the rooms are ornate and exclusive, but most stick to the original formula of booze and dancing to records. So do most New York *discothèques*. They offer recorded music, played over elaborate hi-fi and stereo systems by a disc jockey (called a *disquaire*) who observes crowd reactions from a hidden booth and chooses his records according to the mood of the customers. The music is continuous and loud. "I can't *stand* seeing people sitting down and staring off into space," says Slim Hyatt, a gaunt, brown-skinned Panamanian who runs the control booth at Shepheard's. "I want to see everybody up and twitching." The Go-Go spots—taking their cue from Hollywood instead of Paris—alternate between recorded music and live music by small combos, a half hour of each, and prime the dance action with hired leggy girls in short skirts who perform on platforms overhead. But few *discothèque* addicts need priming.

"You can't *not* dance in a *discothèque*," Killer Joe said, ordering a fresh drink to replace the watery one. "First, the dances are too easy not to dance. Second, they're too sexy not to dance. Third, that pack of people on the floor is having too much fun not to join them."

Piro pointed to the pack of people on the floor at Shepheard's. "Everything you see out there is a simple variation on the Twist," he said. "All *discothèque* dances come from the Twist. And anybody can do a Twist, right?

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Ten-year-olds pick it up watching television. Now those two," he said, pointing to a couple at the edge of the pack, "are doing a Frug. No rocking like in the Twist, but see the hips working? Like they left their motors running, right? Feet planted, all movement in the hips and legs. Now those two are thumbing a ride. That's the Hitchhiker. You do a Frug and thumb a ride. Simple? There's a Surf! See it? You do a Frug and pretend you're riding a surfboard—arms out, knees flexing to absorb the shock, leaning from side to side for balance. Now they just switched to the Swim. Their arms are doing the crawl stroke. There's the Bug! Over there, over there!" A round-faced blonde doing the Bug looked as though she had just dropped an icy earring down her blouse—and was clawing frantically for it.

"Aaaah," Piro said, sitting back in his chair, "the girls really love these dances. The girl is free to do what she wants to. She couldn't let herself go before the Twist. They must have been swearing under their breath for years—led around, pushed around, held down. Now they can be as wild as they feel. Watch any *discothèque* and you'll see it's the girls who *go*. On the dance floor they've got *no* inhibitions!"

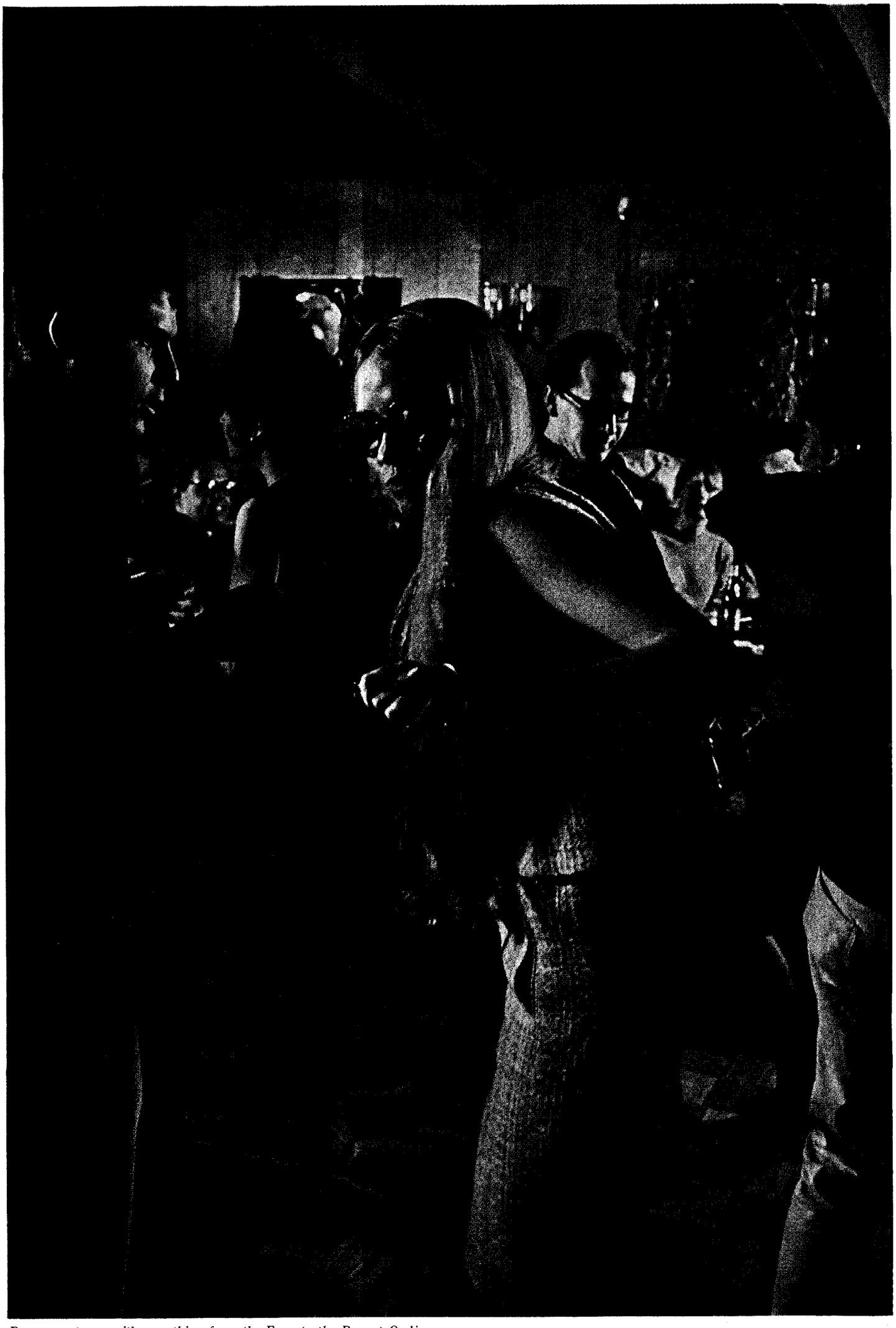
Men and their inhibitions constantly frustrate Killer Joe. "Even when we're alone in my studio, they feel self-conscious. They giggle when I say wiggle. They won't relax. They're all tied up. Men are really more scared about how they look than women."

The Duke of Windsor was one of his students: "Nice guy, the Duke. I had to teach him and the Duchess in the foyer of their apartment in the Waldorf because it was the only place without a rug. He was a little stiff at first, like he wasn't sure he'd bend, but once I got him moving he really went."

Another student was England's famed prima ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn: "Sybil Burton brought her in," said Joe. "I had Alicia Markova too. She's another ballet dancer." Ray Bolger called on him for instruction. "I've known him for years. I said, 'Ray, what the hell are *you* doing here!' He said he was going to a *bon voyage* party, and he was scared somebody might ask him to Twist. Imagine? He couldn't Twist!"

A snaky brunet in a short *discothèque* dress caught his eye from the floor with her spastic body jerks. "Look at that girl doing the Monkey," he said. "Isn't she marvelous?" His body went into sympathetic spasms from the waist up. "Go, honey," he said. "Oh, man, look at her climb that banana tree." Finally, Killer proved that he, at least, can't *not* dance in a *discothèque*. "Gotta find a partner," he said. And he was off.

On a dance floor Killer Joe is 10 feet tall and belongs to the beat; off, he's five feet six, weighs 130 pounds, and is his own man. He likes his hair to stay in place so he slicks it down with greasy kid stuff, even if it is a social sin. He reeks of Jade East scent. He is festooned with gold—huge gold cuff links,



Patrons cut rug with everything from the Frug to the Bug at Ondine, a new New York discothèque with a nautical motif. Along the Eastern Seaboard, female style-setters at discothèques frequently wear long, straight hair, glasses shaped in squares or circles, earrings for pierced lobes.

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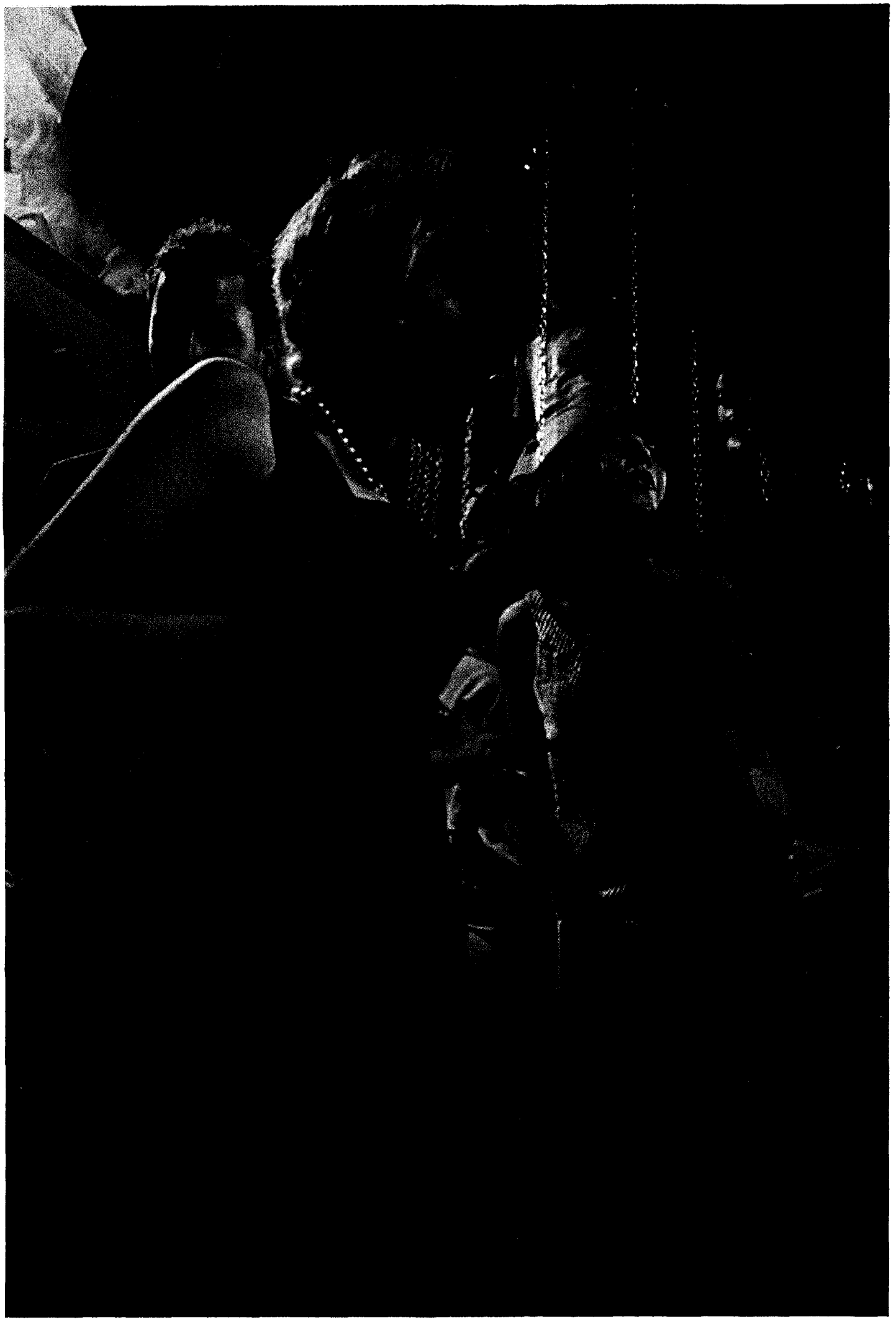

In the Ginza in New York, Japanese and American girls cavort on frosted Plexiglas disks which form part of a platform that extends over the dance floor. There is seating in the balcony for those who are too shy or tired to participate in the action.

huge gold wristwatch, huge gold ring on his pinky (with raised block letters J—O—E) and, dangling from his belt, a $20 gold piece, a five-dollar gold piece, and a five-ounce nugget made from the fillings he had melted down five years ago when his teeth were capped. He has 25 suits, six tuxedos, 60 pairs of shoes, and 47 transistor radios. "Got to have a radio wherever I am to hear the sounds," he explains. He has a 14th-floor penthouse apartment in mid-Manhattan—where he lives with his wife, Myra, who is a former dancer, and their 10-year-old daughter Jody—and he grows tomatoes in flower pots on his patio. He eats giant portions of linguini, spaghetti, lamb chops, steaks, clams and watermelon and weighs the same at 44 as he did at 24. The front license plate on his long black Cadillac reads KILLER, which gives some cops pause, and the front side of his business card carries a full-length picture, in color, of himself, which he hands out to everybody he meets, not excepting fellow dancer Fred Astaire.

He is not a name dropper; in fact, he has trouble even remembering names. He danced with actress Lee Remick for a half hour at El Morocco's *discothèque*, then, solicitously, asked her what she did for a living. When he tells his studio secretary that "that Bloomingdale girl won't be in for a lesson today," she knows he means Caral Gimbel of the rival department-store chain. And once when he started an anecdote about the big producer he had taught just the week before, "Sam . . . Sam . . . oh, you know . . . fat fellah . . . Sam . . . Sam . . ." it turned out he was talking about Joseph E. Levine.

Like the ballerina in *Red Shoes*, Killer Joe simply can't stop dancing. Private lessons, product promotions, fashion shows, a party at Elizabeth Arden's sprawling Park Avenue apartment, a nightclub show in New Jersey, photographers for a women's magazine, and nightly rounds of the *discothèques* are the stuff of his life. "I gotta be there to see what's happening," he says. The scene in his three-room West 55th St. studio is right out of *It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World*. Even the walls scream, plastered as they are with framed letters, plaques and testimonials to Killer Joe; garish record jackets featuring Killer Joe; newspaper and magazine pictures of Killer Joe in every inconceivable body contortion; a huge blowup of Luci Baines Johnson doing the Surf with Killer Joe.

While music blasts from rooms at either side, where assistants shout Frug instructions, two hefty blue-rinsed grandmothers in tight pants pull on Cossack boots to go home, and three slim models, waiting for lessons, compare wiggles. Two phones ring incessantly: "Hey Joe, a store in Pittsburgh wants to talk about you doing a show on a riverboat;" "Hey Joe, a vodka company wants you to make up a dance called The Mule;" "Hey Joe, a rubber

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company in Chicago has this chair 24 feet high and they want you to . . ." and all the while an accountant is whining that "You can't do this, Jooooooe!" and Joe's manager, a bearded dancer named Lenny Newton, is trying to explain about a party "a week from Friday in Palm Beach at Mrs. Firestone's. . . ." Killer Joe hears none of it: He's winding a foot-high Frankenstein doll that loses its pants and blushes. "Isn't that the wildest thing you ever saw?" he says and breaks up in laughter.

Killer Joe Piro, as a moviemaker like Joseph E. Levine might put it, has been over 20 years in the making. It was 1942 when, as a skinny 21-year-old sailor from East Harlem, son of an impoverished Italian tailor, he became the first non-Negro to win the jitterbugging contest at the Harvest Moon Ball in New York. "I had started to dance when I was just a kid," he said, "because I was always a homely runt and I knew that if I was going to get any girls I'd have to do it with my dancing." During the war years, when his Coast Guard duty permitted, he took his talent to the Stage Door Canteen, where his tireless rubbery-legged Lindy with such partners as Jane Withers, Lauren Bacall and Shirley Booth won him a sort of celebrity. The crowd would shout, "What a killer that guy is!" and "Go, killer, go!"—as Piro jitterbugged, and the nickname, "Killer," stuck. His real name was Frank Piro, and he still doesn't know where the "Joe" came from. "I guess that Killer Frank just didn't sound right," he says.

After the war he hurt his back while working in a plastics factory and wore a steel brace for two years with doctor's orders not to dance. "But one night I said to hell with it and took it off and went dancing. Hasn't bothered me yet." Bored with factory work, he borrowed $25 from his father, added $40 of his own and opened a one-room dance studio near Times Square. "It was just a closet, and I didn't have enough money for a phone." But he did have one sure source of income—the weekly dance contests at a Broadway ballroom called the Palladium. "I won $25 or $50 there every week jitterbugging, until they finally decided it'd be cheaper to hire me as a teacher." His first week as a teacher, he earned $15.

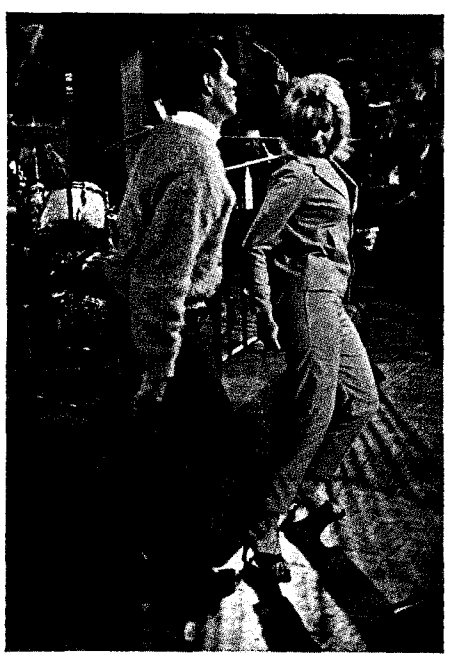
The next year Killer Joe and the Palladium introduced a Cuban dance to New York called the Mambo. The Palladium eventually became known as "The Home of the Mambo," and Killer Joe as "King of the Mambo." Celebrities flocked to the second-floor dance hall—to learn and to perform—and Killer Joe's career as a teacher to the famous was launched.

Social dancing went into the doldrums in the 1950's. The big bands almost disappeared, and the customers stayed home to watch television. A small, hard core of diehards danced the cha-cha, the calypso, pachanga and merengue, and Piro instructed his clients in their intricacies. "My clientele kept growing every year," Piro says.

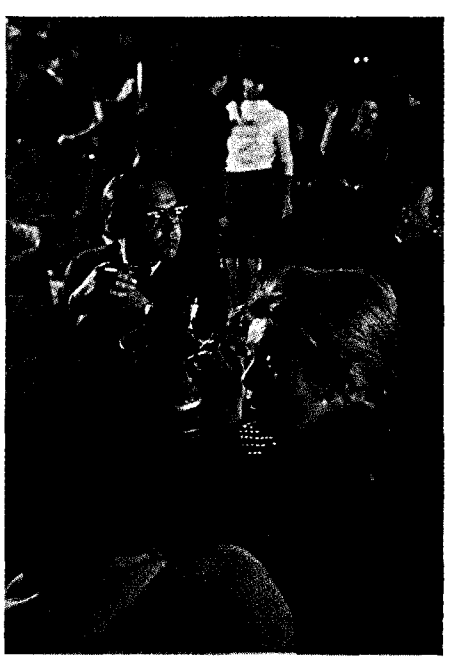
Then, in the fall of 1961, reports filtered through to the bored New York society crowd in the expensive East Side bars that the leather-jacket set on the West Side was having a great time doing something called the Twist in a saloon called The Peppermint Lounge. Whose Rolls-Royce was the first to be parked outside this West 45th St. temple will be a good subject for a sociologist's Ph.D. thesis some day. But within one month, the Peppermint Lounge, a narrow and obscure cabaret, was under siege by the Park Avenue mob. The leather jackets were swept out, ermine-wrapped Society elbowed in, and the message was broadcast throughout the land that the Twist was the Thing.

The first person the Jet Set ran into after storming the doors was, of course, Killer Joe Piro. "My cousin had a piece of the joint," he says. And so, Joe Twisted every night, tutored every day,

At Disc-au-Go-Go, a popular spot in Manhattan, a girl entertains customers from a glass booth cantilevered over the first-floor bar. This discothèque also boasts another glass cage in which girls demonstrate dances.



Within Whisky-à-Go-Go, Los Angeles, left, casual dress is often the rule. Girls wear tight pants, spike heels and sloppy hair. At right, Lisa Kirk and Pat Paterno illustrate more formal attire worn in New York clubs.



Contrast between East and West Coast discothèques is underlined, left, by informal John Barrymore Jr. and companion in California spa vs. more elegant Borden Stevenson, Catherine Deneuve in New York's Oudine.

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In Chicago's Whisky à Go Go, girl does the Monkey. Many of the new discothèque dances incorporate pantomime routines.

The Disc à GoGo in Dallas opened only last August. It features a rear projection screen which flashes name of the dance being performed.

Young lady in a whirl at Dallas night spot.

DISCOTHÈQUE

squeezed in parties somewhere along the way, and became a permanent footnote in the Social Register.

"You can feel secure with Joe as your teacher," one Park Avenue matron says in explanation of Piro's success. "These dances and fads and little tricks change from week to week. One place will be 'in' this week, 'out' next week. All of a sudden, for no reason, everybody stops doing a certain step, or starts a new one. Nobody wants to be a day late. Joe is right on the pulse. When you do a dance the Piro way, you can be sure it's the 'in' way."

From the Stage Door Canteen to Shepheard's is only a matter of blocks if you're taking a cab, but it is a million steps if you're dancing. "But I've enjoyed them all," Piro said, as he sat down again to another watery drink after a round of the Monkey on the floor. "I still get excited when I'm getting dressed to go out at night. When I'm in Atlanta or St. Louis or Toronto, I'm always wondering what's going on back in New York—who's at Shepheard's or Ondine or l'Interdit or The Scene. I'm one of those dumb-lucky guys who gets paid for doing what he loves to do."

The pay is good. He gets a minimum of $25 an hour for a private lesson, and turns down most new students. He'll make close to $75,000 this year, which he will have difficulty spending because he has few interests outside of dancing. Two or three times he'll fly to Puerto Rico with his wife and daughter for a quick vacation, but while he is there he'll be nervous because he misses the beat back home. His wife used to teach too. "I hated it," she says. "It's terribly hard and strenuous work. I don't know how, but for some reason he seems to thrive on it."

Carol Channing and her party headed for the exit at Shepheard's. She waved to the Killer and threw him a kiss. "Bye, bye, doll," he called out, standing to wave back. The dance-floor pack was thinning out, but one couple still had all the violent urges they came in with. "All that hip movement," he said, watching them. "It's got new names but you know they were doing that at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem when I was 17? Remember that boogie-woogie shuffle-stuff Cab Calloway used to do? Harlem was doing the Twist 30 years ago and didn't know it. Negroes and teen-agers, that's where these new dances come from. Teen-agers make a lot of this stuff up themselves. The Surf, the Bug, the Hitchhiker. I watch them and steal a lot of their stuff. Sometimes I have to clean it up. A little 16-year-old can get away with wiggling her hips while her hands are on the back of her head. It's cute. But when I teach it to a 40-year-old divorcée, I'll keep her hands a little bit lower, just over her shoulders."

Suddenly he decided he had to leave. "Big day tomorrow," he said as he jumped up. "All kinds of plans to open up Killer Joe's International Discothèque at the World's Fair this year. It's going to be wild! Just records, no live music. A real *discothèque* with me putting on a show every night. Got to get a good night's sleep."

But once outside he looked at his watch again. "It's only three. Wonder what's doing at Ondine. . . ." He pondered for a moment and a vacant cab approached. "I think I'll give Ondine a quick check and then turn in."

He said, "I should go home, but I'd just sit and fidget until I knew the place was closed anyway. I can't sleep until I know the town's locked up."

He still had that air of nervous excitement about him as the cab drove away up Park Avenue. □

Girls frequently frolic on tables at Chicago clu

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VIETNAM

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

By Stanley Karnow

More and more Americans are being killed, and almost every battle plan has been tried. At the center of the chaos stands an extraordinary U.S. ambassador.

Soldiers render honors to dead comrade.

Some of the children wore jungle camouflage uniforms, and some held dolls, and all of them had name tags tied to their clothes. One boy, with shaggy hair and a rumpled sport shirt and a bewildered look in his eyes, carried a large Chinese junk under his arm. Shepherding them aboard the waiting aircraft at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport were the mothers with hastily wrapped bundles and packs of spare diapers. These were the 1,819 dependents of American officials and soldiers, being evacuated from South Vietnam last month in an emergency airlift that President Johnson called "clearing the decks." One of them, 13-year-old Stephen Sutherland, was typically cool about the operation. "Life," he said as he boarded a plane for Hong Kong, "just isn't going to be adventurous any more."

The evacuation clearly marked the beginning of a new phase in the long and ugly war in Vietnam. For months, indeed years, the United States had been failing to win a war it had pledged to win. Despite about 25,000 American troops serving as "advisers" to the 200,000-man Vietnamese army, despite U.S. aid and supplies, despite unchallenged control of the sea and skies, increasingly large areas of Vietnam had fallen to the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas. As a time of decision seemed to near, Russia's new Premier Aleksei Kosygin flew into the North Vietnamese capital of Hanoi—just as President Johnson's chief security aide, McGeorge Bundy, was visiting Saigon. But if there was any hope that these high-level visits heralded a negotiated settlement, those hopes ended in a crash of explosives—a Viet Cong raid that killed eight Americans near Pleiku; American retaliation with a bombing strike in North Vietnam; another Viet Cong attack that killed 20 GI's, and yet another American bombing.

The unexpected raids on North Vietnam easily achieved their military goals, but, as one U.S. general put it, "you cannot solve South Vietnam's problems outside its boundaries." And across the world the danger of a bigger war brought new appeals for a settlement. Pope Paul warned that "the hour is grave," and pleaded that "innocent populations be spared," while U.N. Secretary General U Thant appealed to both sides to move "from the field of battle to the conference table."

In this continuing dilemma of how to win or end the Vietnamese war, the American most intricately involved is a tall graying officer who combines the unique qualifications of combat hero, scholar, experienced negotiator, and former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Yet when he gave up the nation's top military job to become U.S. ambassador to Saigon nine months ago, Gen. Maxwell Davenport Taylor knew that the problem confronting him was nearly insoluble. He remarked rather wistfully, "I am expendable."

Taylor's appointment was almost preordained, for Taylor himself played a large part in planning the present American strategy in Vietnam. Originally he had been one of General Eisenhower's most daring combat commanders. He parachuted into Normandy at dawn on D-day, the first American general to fight in France. In Italy he slipped behind enemy lines on an intelligence mission to Rome—running risks that were, Eisenhower wrote afterward, "greater than I asked any other agent or emissary to undertake during the war." As U.S. Army Chief of Staff, however, Taylor fought President Eisenhower's plan to reduce Army strength and to rely primarily on nuclear weapons. Resigning in 1959, he wrote *The Uncertain Trumpet*, outlining the strategy of "flexible response" as an alternative to "massive retaliation." His thesis attracted John F. Kennedy, as did Taylor's impressive scholarship. The Pentagon, after all, boasts precious few generals who subscribe to the Berlin *Tagesspiegel* and Paris's *Le Figaro*, or read Greek tragedies in the original for relaxation.

Following Kennedy's election, Taylor became his special military adviser, and in late 1961 he went out to Vietnam to assess the growing Communist insurgency there. Taylor saw that routine police operations were doomed to fail. He recommended a broad military, economic and political counterinsurgency drive, to be sustained by U.S. money and weapons, thousands of advisers and hundreds of American-piloted helicopters to make the Vietnamese army mobile. And with this program—a "winning program," official publicists called it—the U.S. made its large-scale plunge into Vietnam.

The U.S. Mission in Vietnam today is the most formidable American "peacetime" establishment ever assembled abroad. As his deputy, Taylor has no less a figure than Deputy Under Secretary of State U. Alexis Johnson, an unruffled Far East veteran who ranks fourth in the State Department hierarchy. Taylor's military executive is a rugged, gung-ho combat officer, Gen. William C. Westmoreland, former superintendent of West Point and, at 50, the second-youngest four-star general in the U.S. Army.

Taylor's operation covers an extraordinary range. There are Vietnamese-speaking analysts of Communist tactics, and experts in pig breeding, well digging, housing and hygiene. There are surgeons and schoolteachers, accountants, mechanics and even disc jockeys to keep up morale. Ordnance technicians are testing such esoteric weapons as high-velocity Armalite rifles, weird needle-bombs and infrared cameras that peer through camouflage. Undercover operatives staff a dozen secret networks with James Bond labels like SMIAT, for special military intelligence, or the apparently innocuous Central Registry Detachment, which supposedly spies on spies.

The U.S. pours almost two million dollars a day into this effort. It takes the shape of aircraft, tanks, guns and ammunition. It also finances imports of medicine, milk, gasoline and other products, sold locally to raise the cash that pays South Vietnamese officials and an armed force now expanding to 600,000 men. As one American economist puts it: "The war is Vietnam's biggest dollar-earner." Nor is there, on public record at least, any end to U.S. aid. When he arrived in Saigon in early July, Taylor told Vietnamese officials, "I'm here to assure you of our unstinting support. There is no time limit in that commitment."

But doses of American money, equipment, know-how, gallantry—and blood—have not arrested Vietnam's steady slide downward. On the contrary, Communist rebels are stronger, more pervasive than ever, while the country's leadership fragments in a despairing confusion of internecine rivalries. Factious politicians, army officers, students, Buddhists, Catholics and others, seemingly unconcerned with the Viet Cong threat at their gates, whirl in a chaos of intrigue and violence.

If there was ever the chance for a fresh start in Vietnam, it was after the collapse of the regime of the dictatorial President Ngo Dinh Diem (*The Post*, December 21–28, 1963). But the inexperienced military leaders who overthrew Diem had no positive plan for running the country or winning the war. And the U.S., maintaining a hands-off policy toward Vietnamese politics, made no strenuous attempt to manage or coach them. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, for example, did little more than persuade Gen. Duong Van Minh, the reluctant chief of state, to deliver some public speeches.

Nor could American officials keep up with Vietnamese political maneuvers. Late in January, 1964, when a goateed young field commander named Gen. Nguyen Khanh turned up in Saigon, rumors spread that he would stage another *coup d'état*. But his American military adviser, a colonel, reassured the U.S. Embassy that Khanh was merely visiting his dentist.

A couple of nights later, however, Khanh telephoned Ambassador Lodge to announce that he was indeed staging a coup in three hours. "What could we do?" recalls a U.S. diplomat involved in that hectic night. "If we'd tried to stop him and then he succeeded, we'd have been in the doghouse. So we just went along with him."

Like Diem in previous years, Khanh became "our boy." Washington set out

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A U.S. soldier stands guard as American dependents follow presidential evacuation orders.

VIETNAM

to bulwark him with more money, equipment and manpower. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara took him on a barnstorming tour. Indeed, so much depended on him that McNamara said, "If Khanh goes, the U.S. will need a new Secretary of Defense."

It was largely to hearten Khanh, too, that President Johnson picked America's top general as ambassador when Lodge decided to join the presidential campaign at home. As originally conceived, Taylor's task was to "hold the fort" in Saigon until after the U.S. elections, then turn it over to Deputy Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson.

Taylor's relationship with General Khanh started coolly, however, and soon degenerated into undisguised hostility. Status and age divided them. Taylor was a general when Khanh was still in high school. Until a short while before, Taylor had managed the world's greatest arsenal. He wears 10 rows of ribbons, testimony to a brilliant war record. Khanh was a soldier in the French colonial army that lost a war fighting against Khanh's own people.

Their dissonant personalities aggravated the difficulty. Taylor, fashioned by 40 years of army life, leans to formality; Khanh is gregarious, talkative, vain. Taylor's aloofness congealed Khanh as much as Khanh's swagger repelled Taylor. They settled into addressing each other as "your excellency," and Khanh once quipped, "Ambassador Taylor is so much older than I am that we can't twist together."

The relations between them were further frayed by apparent contradictions in U.S. aims. Taylor's first serious clash with Khanh, last July, arose over the issue of escalating the war into North Vietnam. For months Washington had repeatedly hinted at enlarging the conflict. President Johnson warned Hanoi against playing "a deeply dangerous game," and U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff Gen. Curtis LeMay declared that "we're swatting flies when we should go after the manure pile." When Khanh made similar statements to a Saigon crowd, however, Taylor clamped down on him in several tense talks. His honor bruised, Khanh retreated, muttering that Vietnam was "independent" and "free in its actions."

Somewhat later, when Khanh tried to create a dictatorship, Taylor assented, saying he favored moves "to strengthen the government. . . ." But after Khanh's attempt resulted in bloody riots, Taylor confided to Washington reporters that Khanh "is a very impetuous young man (who) frequently has overshot his capabilities . . . in the political field."

Khanh eventually yielded to a civilian government but kept control of the army. Yet his bitterness toward Taylor persisted. Predictably, the Khanh-Taylor tensions erupted again in a full-scale crisis in late December.

With surreptitious skill, Khanh had mobilized a group of young officers into dissolving the High National Council, a shaky pillar of the latest civilian regime. This time Taylor dropped all avuncular pretense and turned back into a four-star general. He summoned the young Vietnamese soldiers to his office and berated them. Then, in an angry conversation, he flatly told Khanh to leave the country.

Khanh riposted with equal fury. He accused Taylor of meddling in Vietnam's internal affairs, adding, "If he does not act more intelligently, the United States will lose Southeast Asia and we will lose our freedom."

Eventually, Vietnamese and American officials patched up a compromise of sorts, but it brought no stable government to Saigon. At one point Khanh staged another coup (the fourth in the 15 months since Diem's downfall). But no sooner had Khanh installed a new cabinet of his own choice (the ninth post-Diem regime) than rival officers launched another coup against Khanh. The general beat off that threat—only to find himself voted out of office by the Armed Forces Council, which also demanded that Khanh leave the country.

If Taylor had political problems, his military situation was no better. It was not for lack of American talent. The U.S. military chief, General Westmoreland, is an eagle-faced ex-Eagle Scout with superb combat credentials—"one of the best soldiers in the business," as Taylor rates him. Severe, abstemious and energetic, Westy blends epic courage with perennial self-betterment. On a jungle strip in central Vietnam recently, he sat upright and unflinching as Viet Cong gunfire ripped into his light aircraft. His comment later was typically terse: "I learned a lesson about airfield security."

But U.S. advisers are baffled by the behavior of their Vietnamese wards. When rebellious Vietnamese battalions rumbled into Saigon for a *coup d' état* not long ago, four American advisers went along, totally unaware that they were headed for mutiny. At the same time, a U.S. Ranger captain on an operation nearby was suddenly abandoned as his Vietnamese unit rushed off to join the revolt.

Under the ground rules, the Vietnamese need not heed U.S. counsel—and they often exercise that prerogative. Sweeping an area 35 miles north of Saigon recently, a government battalion fell into a Viet Cong ambush. Despite vigorous U.S. urging, the Vietnamese area commander declined to send help. The trapped unit fought its own way out, leaving four dead and 25 captured. "We argued all night, but it was like talking to a wall," an American officer recalled. "That colonel had the lines drawn on his map, and he wouldn't change them for anything."

In southern Chuong Thien province soon after, a government infantry battalion walked into a similar Viet Cong snare. Of its 300-odd men, 20 were killed and some 200 captured, an American sergeant among them. "Why were they caught?" growled a U.S. general. "Because they don't send out advance patrols or watch their rear and flanks. Of course we try to tell them. We beg, cajole, plead. We cry, we stomp, we even bring them ice cream. But we haven't succeeded."

A mood of distrust, mingled with frustration and bewilderment, gnaws at senior U.S. officials, Taylor among them. The indefinable feeling of doubt has, almost instinctively, impelled the U.S. mission to drift away from the Vietnamese, to adopt a vast, detached life of its own. For every American in the field, there are six or more in Saigon.

In part, the gigantic American headquarters was imposed by Washington, which seems to equate strength with size. But it also mirrors Taylor's own inclination for large staff setups.

Taylor observes a tight, busy schedule. He gets to his fifth-floor office at eight A.M., lunches sparingly on a sandwich or Metrecal, and works until early evening. In contrast to Lodge's solitary, often secretive tactics, Taylor relies on his staff. He plays tennis once or twice a week with junior employees, carefully reads their memoranda, and frequently interrogates them on details.

With its accent on discipline, Taylor's Pentagon approach has also eliminated adventurous but valuable nonconformists. One tough ex-officer, who first parachuted into Vietnam during World War II, knew the Vietnamese leaders so intimately that one night last September he personally dissuaded a rebellious Vietnamese general from staging a private revolt. That initiative, along with other unconventional gestures, earned him a quick transfer to Africa. Said one of Taylor's deputies, "We don't want any Lawrences of Asia."

Like a chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Taylor presides over a weekly meeting of the U.S. political, military, aid, intelligence and information chiefs. Drawing from an agenda, this "Mission Council" may discuss ideas for, say, a new currency exchange rate, or radios to reinforce psychological warfare.

"Staff it," says Taylor if the suggestion seems plausible, and it goes to a lower-echelon committee composed of different U.S. agency delegates. A week or more later the committee returns to present a prepared project for the council's verdict—or what is called "concurrence or nonconcurrence."

American concurrence is not enough, however. A Vietnamese council must also agree, and in joint sessions with U.S. representatives, it almost always does. "After that," explains an American official, "we're in the mysterious Orient. The Vietnamese come back to tell us what we want to hear—that our 'psywar' radios are converting the peasants, or they're growing giant aspidistras with our fertilizer. We never really know, but we've deluded ourselves into believing that we've accomplished something."

Cumbersome and ambiguous as it is, the whole process is further marred by intramural U.S. bickering. "We criticize the Vietnamese for their rivalries," says a high-ranking U.S. officer, "but our own agencies are not setting an ideal example."

Indeed, each American agency is promoting itself. The CIA handles certain paramilitary groups that the U.S. military claims it can manage better. State Department officials question CIA intelligence evaluations, while CIA agents moan that their reports are ignored. Civilian AID operatives resent military intrusion into economic and social programs, and there is even squabbling within the military itself. American Air Force officers charge that armed U.S. Army helicopters are too fragile for attack operations. Statistics on damaged choppers, an Army colonel counters, are "deliberate lies put out by the Air Force." In chairmanlike fashion Taylor can arbitrate rivalries—until they break out again.

Back in 1961, when he first surveyed Vietnam, Taylor foresaw that his recommended counterinsurgency program "might not be sufficient." In that case, he envisaged some supplementary form of action against the Communists beyond South Vietnam's borders. But not until last fall, as Viet Cong pressure mounted and the Vietnamese regime floundered, did he finally regard it as imperative to enlarge the war.

On a visit to Washington in late November, Taylor suggested two operations to President Johnson: (1) retaliatory forays into North Vietnam for Viet Cong terrorism against Americans or attacks against U.S. installations; (2) air strikes against supply lines and staging areas in Laos, possibly phasing into hits on such North Vietnamese targets as bridges and power plants.

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The President was cautious. He worried "about the consequences of getting American troops into a war with 700 million Chinese." "And when a brigadier general can walk down the street in Saigon and take over the government without firing a shot," he also said, "I don't know how much offensive we're prepared to launch."

After a full-dress review of the situation, however, President Johnson conceded "in principle" to limited escalation—on condition that the Vietnamese generals and politicians in Saigon stop wrangling. In his view, it made no sense to attack the North if the South wasn't stable.

Returning to Saigon, Taylor conveyed that message to the Vietnamese. The rival generals continued their intriguing. Buddhist leaders fasted to protest against what they called U.S. political interference, and students rioted, shouting, "Down With Taylor" and "Taylor Go Home." They rampaged through the streets of Saigon, encircling the U.S. Embassy and smashing the U.S. Information Agency's windows.

Taylor's anger at the mess was evident when a visitor asked him, "What do we do if some future Saigon government invites the U.S. to leave South Vietnam?" Without hesitation, Taylor answered, "We leave."

But the U.S. had no intention of being forced out of Saigon. And out of that determination evolved the feeling that whether or not the South Vietnamese government was stable, some kind of action would have to be taken against the North. Messages went back and forth between the U.S. Embassy in Saigon and the White House until President Johnson gradually came around and told Taylor the U.S. would attack the North "on the next appropriate occasion." As Taylor has since explained, "Once that decision was reached, all that was required was a circumstance that justified reprisal. The Viet Cong handed us the chance at Pleiku and again at Quinhon, and every time it's handed to us again in the future we are going to hit back harder and harder and harder."

Taylor had not been given a blank check, however. His request for air strikes was significantly reinforced by the fact that McGeorge Bundy was on the scene and visited Pleiku after the attack. Caught up in the atmosphere of blood and tension, he supported Taylor's appeal to Washington. But it is clear that President Johnson very much wants to limit strikes on North Vietnam and avoid "a wider war."

Yet the quandary remains, a quandary for Johnson, for Taylor, and for America itself. Rarely in their history have habitually buoyant, self-confident Americans confessed to such perplexity, uncertainty and despondency. "I've found the situation here more complex than I ever visualized it would be," says General Westmoreland. "The political dimension and psychological flavor have been a revelation." And a weary young American diplomat told me, "I'm all mixed up. We work a twelve-hour day, go home to a couple of drinks and ask ourselves—what the hell are we doing here?" □

A Vietnamese villager, one of the continual civilian casualties of the rice-field war, is carried to hospital after Communist attack in Mekong River Delta.

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Holding her grandchildren, Amber Dawn Hanover (left) and Liz Renay Hanover (right), Liz smiles like the queen of her own private fairy tale.

It's all in actress Liz Renay's scrapbook: the husbands, the gangsters—and the Gorgeous Dream.

A MIRAGE OF BEAUTIFUL AIR

By LEWIS H. LAPHAM

ITEM: "Liz Renay writes, 'Hollywood has welcomed me back with open arms. My career is going great guns. I've been busier in the one short year since I've returned than in the 10 years I'd been trying so hard in show business. I'm now in the middle of my fourth movie—and I've been the female lead in all of them. So you see, life is wonderful again—after all.'"

The exclamation points are missing, and so are the little interjections of delight and surprise (the gossip columnist who published her letter in a New York newspaper the other day presumably thought them unnecessary), but otherwise it is Liz's voice. Even now, six months later and in another city, I can still hear her saying those same things to me, staring at me out of her great round eyes across the desolate spaces of her almost empty house in the San Fernando Valley, each brave pronouncement betraying her unshakable belief in the grandest of the American dreams.

Liz spoke with the sweet exuberance of a sixteen-year-old girl going off to her first college dance, giggling at the remembrance of the bizarre catastrophes of her vanished youth. She talked at random, the words bubbling forth in an excited rush, without irony or sarcasm. Sometimes, carried away by ingenuous laughter, she slapped her knee.

"I mean, life is just such a big adventure," she said on the afternoon I met her, "I mean, Wow! I'm an unsuspicious person, you know, and I never took anything too seriously until I got into all that trouble. But now everything is going to be wonderful!"

She was on the threshold of really big things; any day now the doors of the enchanted castle would open, and the good prince would lead her inside and give her a gold crown. Hadn't she already made four movies, and wasn't she, as she wrote the columnist, the female lead in all of them?

So what if these were dismal B movies, filmed in five weeks on somebody's truck farm; so what if the producers exploited her name and its inevitable association, at least in Hollywood, with Mickey Cohen and the rackets? So what if the movies had titles like *The Thrill Killers* or *Date With Death* and played mostly in those small-town theaters that lack two or three light bulbs in the marquee?

"My whole life has been a flight from nothing to something," she said. "First from the ordinary to the extraordinary; then from oblivion to notoriety, now from notoriety to achievement. I figured it all out in prison."

At the age of 38 she was still a beautiful woman. She had been through four marriages; she had two children and two grandchildren but, except for a few lines around her eyes, her face seemed innocent of all disillusion. Her eyes were green and flecked with little gold lights. In the old days in New York the hoods called her the girl with the polka-dot eyes.

She had, as she said, figured it all out. Seen in retrospect, for the time being safe among orange trees and azalea bushes in the San Fernando Valley, her life appeared to divide into a series of orderly episodes ("Worlds within worlds," she called them), and everything made sense once you accepted the premise that every pretty American girl, if only she tries with all her heart, will become a movie star in Hollywood and live happily ever after.

"Before, when I was younger, I was clowning around," she said, "but that was because I thought I had forever—but, Gosh! you only live once."

To demonstrate the truth of her story, she exhibited a large scrapbook in which she had pasted every mention of her name in print and every photograph of herself ever published in a newspaper or magazine. She offered the scrapbook as if it were a magical totem, as if, without it, she might forget who she was.

She was born Pearl Elizabeth Dobbins on April 14, 1926, in Mesa, Ariz. Her father was one fourth Cherokee Indian and a heavy drinker. In October and November he picked cotton, and at irregular intervals during the rest of the year he delivered blocks of ice to saloons. Her mother, a lean and devout woman, belonged to the Assembly of God and thus was known locally as a "Holy Roller." The family lived in a shanty between a railroad siding and a drainage ditch. They had apple boxes for chairs, and for sheets and blankets they used flour sacks.

Liz was a scrawny little girl, barefoot most of the year, wearing a ragged dress. At school she was frightened by the toilets and the electric lights, things that she had not seen at home.

If her life in Mesa represented the real world, quite obviously it was unacceptable, a mistake, the result of somebody carelessly sending her to the wrong place. As she grew older she became ashamed of her home and pretended she lived somewhere else, which was the first of her many masquerades. On Sundays in church, embarrassed by her mother's unfortunate association, she hid behind her songbook. Her classmates teased her about being a Holy Roller, sticking out their tongues and singing nasty rhymes.

Her grandmother gave her movie magazines, and Liz spent a lot of time looking at the photographs, imagining herself happy and safe among unthinkable luxuries. Sometimes she stood before a row of cornstalks behind her house and recited sentimental poems, pretending the cornstalks were an audience. Or else she stood by the steam given off by the week's wash boiling in a tub and wondered if the vapors would waft her off to Hollywood, just like a magic cloud she once read about in a book. She picked Hollywood because it was the only dream available.

She took pride in her father's drinking, because at least it distinguished him from strait-laced folks, and it gave her an answer to the taunts about her mother's religion. But even this excuse was denied when her father decided to join the church. She returned from school one afternoon to find, mounted on the roof of her house, swaying crazily in the rush of a passing train, a large sign proclaiming her father's good intentions. It said: REPENT, FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND.

After that the other girls at school teased her so much that she chose to make the best of a bad deal by becoming a faithful believer. For a few months she zealously attended the meetings, rallies and songfests of the church's youth group, the "Christ's Ambassadors." But this also was taken from her when it was discovered that she was not yet 15, the minimum age for membership. She cried and pleaded, but the authorities drummed her out of the corps.

Their action seemed to her cruel and unjust. She was always an impulsive girl who easily gave way to fits of tem-

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per, and so, on the Sunday following her dismissal, she took the money she was supposed to put in the collection plate and went instead to the local roller-skating rink. The roller-skating rink represented all the temptations of a wicked world. At church meetings people spoke of it as "the devil's amusement palace," and whispered softly of the supposedly dark and lascivious events that took place within.

Liz stood outside the entrance for half an hour, her 25 cents clutched in her hand, her legs weak with fear. Until then she had not been allowed to go to movies, to date boys, or buy ice cream on Sunday afternoons. Her father's reformation had been extreme.

Her mind clouded with thoughts of imminent damnation, she paid her admission, pushed through the doors and discovered, as she still remembers: "Nothing but a few very wholesome children skating around in circles."

Their placid behavior disappointed her. She had expected scenes of Biblical decadence, people writhing on the floor, goat-footed candy salesmen. From that time forward she ceased to accept the doctrines of organized religion and, as a logical corollary, became gradually estranged from her parents.

She began to go out with young men, encouraging them to take her to the movies, where she delighted in the Hollywood chandeliers and marble staircases and Polish countesses dressed in ermine cloaks, a world even grander than the world of the movie magazines.

In the spring of the next year she ran away from home, intending to go to Las Vegas and become a cancan girl. But the man who found her hitchhiking on the road took her to San Diego instead. She lived for a week in the bus terminal, sleeping on the benches and cadging meals from travelers, and then the juvenile authorities caught up with her and shipped her back to Arizona. This procedure was repeated five times over the next four years, a period in which Liz was twice married, twice divorced and twice the mother of a child.

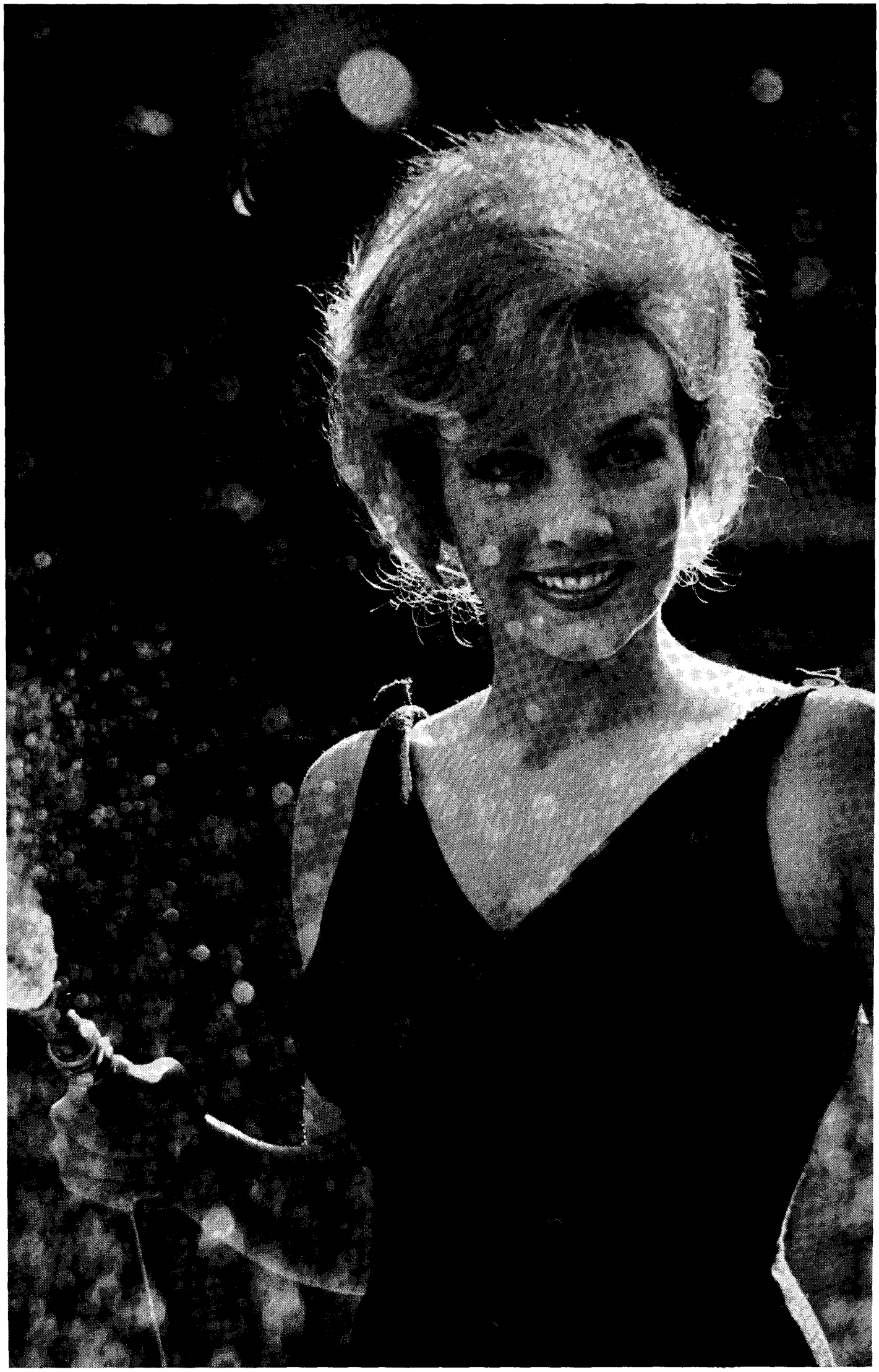
"I couldn't stand control," she said, "I wanted to get out and see what was cooking. I said to myself, 'This town can't be it; there's got to be more to it than this.'"

The beginning of World War II suited her purpose. Within a month after Pearl Harbor, military bases began to appear in the vicinity of Mesa. The young men on their way overseas sought their last memories of home at the Mezona Dance Hall, a cement building on the outskirts of town. It was there she met her first three husbands.

The first, a soldier, she remembers vaguely as a nice-looking boy who was going out with her cousin, Helen. About her husbands she was always vague; she could seldom, for instance, recall the color of their hair. She took the first of them away from her cousin for spite, because of something Helen had said to her about her not being as pretty as she thought she was.

"Another case of me not taking things too seriously," she said, "but I guess it was a little tough on the boy."

She stayed married to him for eight days. On the ninth day she hitchhiked out of town in a westerly direction. The juvenile authorities found her in the same bus terminal in San Diego, employed as a waitress. During the usual detention in jail, awaiting transport



At 38 Liz could still claim the prize she once won as "the girl who looks most like Marilyn Monroe." Standing in the garden of her San Fernando Valley house, she hoses the camera.

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At a fireside session Liz talks with married daughter, Brenda, and son John, 19. Both have stuck by her in her troubles.

'Gosh! I was a little girl. I did lots of foolish things!'

LIZ RENAY

to Arizona, she submitted to a physical examination and discovered that she was pregnant.

Even though he was about to become a father, the soldier agreed to a divorce, and then, conveniently for Liz, was shipped to the Pacific Theater of Operations. Liz went to live with her aunt, cousin Helen's mother. Her own parents refused to speak to her. The aunt told her she had been a naughty girl and bought her a Popsicle. Liz was 15.

After the birth of her child, a girl whom she named Brenda in honor of a movie heroine, Liz found work as a waitress in a coffee shop in Phoenix. The commuting back and forth from Mesa was a tedious business that involved three buses and a long wait in the Phoenix bus station.

Fortunately she met a handsome marine, highly rated as a tango dancer at the Mezona and also the owner of an automobile, and she permitted him to drive her home from the coffee shop five nights a week.

"The whole thing was a very desirable deal," she said. "I actually liked him very much too."

To the best of her recollection, Liz thinks he was probably tall. At the end of a month he was transferred to Cherry Point, N. C., and they began to correspond. He repeatedly proposed marriage. She stalled for several weeks, but finally telegraphed her acceptance.

"I don't know if I missed him or the ride home," she said.

Whatever her reasons, she took the next train to North Carolina, leaving Brenda with her aunt and losing her suitcase and her new hat somewhere between Omaha and St. Louis. She was married to the marine by a justice of the peace, and she lived with him for six weeks. Of the marriage she remembers nothing more than the view of a pinewoods from the back window of a furnished apartment.

"I suppose I loved him," she said, "but I was young."

When the second husband was sent overseas in his turn (following the soldier to Honolulu and points west), Liz returned to Mesa, again pregnant. For a few months she was content to take care of Brenda and to conduct herself in a manner becoming to a young wife whose husband was away at war. The role soon bored her, however, and she began to reappear along the walls of the Mezona. At a Saturday-night-dance contest she met the only "true love" of her life.

"Another soldier," she said. "He really flipped me."

She accompanied him to New Mexico where he was sent for advanced infantry training, only to discover that he, too, was married. In the early stages of their romance neither of them had bothered to inform the other of their respective commitments.

Overcome with guilt (she was already five-months pregnant by the Marine), Liz attempted suicide in a motel room. The attempt failed. The manager of the motel placed her with local juvenile authorities, who, following the practice established by their colleagues in San Diego, detained her briefly in jail and then returned her to Mesa.

Resolved, at the age of 18, to make a new beginning, she temporarily rejoined her parents and promised to stay away from the Mezona. She gave birth to a son, Johnny, in October, 1944, and two weeks later wrote his father asking for a divorce. He agreed not to contest it; she never saw him again.

"I wanted to be free," she said, "but I was determined to do no more wild or crazy things."

Proceeding on this sober principle, she took up that winter with a much older man, a cattle rancher whom she met at a local gambling casino. He bought her a $40,000 house with a fine view of the surrounding countryside. He gave her expensive clothes and a new car every spring. Their life together had the quality of a pastoral interlude.

While lolling about the house, she studied oil painting and composed sentimental poems about the moon and rain. The second stanza of a poem about a lovers' quarrel, its rhythms inspired by a musical-comedy tune, stands as an accurate prophecy of the events that were later to befall her:

I fought so fiercely to reach my goal,
But as I grasped it, it wasn't there;
It faded into nothingness, vacant and void,
Like a mirage made of beautiful air.

In her garden she raised carnations and prize watermelons. She entered a beauty contest and was voted Miss Stardust. Her children played with costly Teddy bears.

The affair ended in a hospital room, where the rancher lay sick with gout. Liz brought the children to visit one afternoon, bearing flowers and messages of goodwill. Brenda rushed in shouting, "Daddy!" Unfortunately the rancher's wife was also present.

In the ensuing confusion, Liz presented the rancher with an ultimatum, forcing him to choose between his wife and her. Sick and unnerved, his foot throbbing with pain, the rancher pulled the blankets over his head and so forfeited the decision to his wife.

"I went home and tore up the deed to the house," Liz said, "which maybe was a dumb thing to do, but at least it was $40,000 worth of satisfaction. I mean, Wow! he kept telling me he was going to divorce his wife and marry me."

At about this same time (the summer of 1950) a movie company arrived in Phoenix and put out advertisements for 500 extras to play in a film titled, *The Sound of Fury*. Liz was among the first to apply. During the company's two weeks on location she lingered hopefully on the edges of any and all activity, standing on her tiptoes, smiling at everybody. She appeared in one scene, as a part of a lynch mob, remaining on camera for exactly 23/24ths of a second. Her one line, in chorus with 499 other angry townspeople, was, "There he is; get him; bring him down!"

Although her acting in the film passed unnoticed in Hollywood, her desperate efforts to attract attention to herself gained four pages of publicity in a national magazine. The reporter and photographer assigned to prepare an article on the filming of the movie were amused by her eagerness. Her name was then Pearl McLain, and the article bore the headline: PEARL'S BIG MOMENT.

It is at this point in her life that her story begins to be supported by published evidence. On the morning she started to talk about the movie, she brought out the magic scrapbook. The clippings on the first few pages pertained to the Miss Stardust contest. In the 14 years since the photographs were taken, her face had hardly changed.

The publication of the magazine article brought a letter from Lou O'Leyar, a former acquaintance from the old days at the Mezona. Having as yet found no replacement for the rancher, Liz answered his letter. Their correspondence led to O'Leyar's coming out to Arizona to visit her. They went for long drives in the country. To Liz he seemed "real generous and impressive."

That fall they were married and went to live in Washington, D.C., where O'Leyar had some sort of job at the Pentagon. Liz was not sure exactly what he did; it wasn't important. She was, however, determined to make a success of the marriage.

"For the first time I was a woman," she said. "I mean, before, Gosh! I was just a little girl. I did a lot of foolish things at sixteen."

Within a few months of the marriage she persuaded O'Leyar to quit his job and move to New York. As a prize for winning the Miss Stardust contest she had been promised a year's contract with the Conover modeling agency, and she wanted to exercise her option. The marriage finally fell apart, after a series of bitter quarrels over the treatment of the children.

She took the children and left the apartment with no luggage and only $20, or, as she said, lapsing into the slang of her subsequent underworld connections, "the case twenty." Although she had earned considerable money as a model, it had been squandered in unsuccessful investments.

She and the children checked into a cheap hotel on the West Side, and the next morning she set out to find work as a striptease dancer, an occupation that, she reasoned, would allow her to stay with the children during the day. Posing as a theatrical agent, she telephoned the manager of a club on West 52nd Street and told him she wanted to book "a famous client" into his place. She bluffed her way through the audition (in a costume she sewed out of ribbons, chiffon veils and a six-dollar bra), dancing to a tune called *Song of the Vagabonds*, which she thought appropriate to her situation.

On and off over the next two years she danced in various clubs on 52nd Street under a succession of names like Liselle, Lonnie Lovejoy and Exotica. She also posed for cheesecake photographs in girlie magazines and won a contest as "the girl who looks most like Marilyn Monroe."

She knew, of course, that many of the gentlemen who frequented the clubs were gangsters and racketeers. But she ignored them, preferring, as she explained, "playboys and bluebloods." Not that the hoods didn't try to take her out (she never met a man who didn't try), but they were not her type. Of Anthony (Cappy) Coppola, then an aide-de-campe to Albert Anastasia and one of her most persistent admirers, she was particularly disdainful. "When I met him," she said, "he struck me as a fat creep."

She was living at the time in "a little furnished dump" in the West 40's, and at about 10 o'clock on the night she was to open in a new club she was looking at herself in the mirror and wondering whether to change her hair from red to blond. Suddenly she heard a scream, followed by a loud noise like the sound

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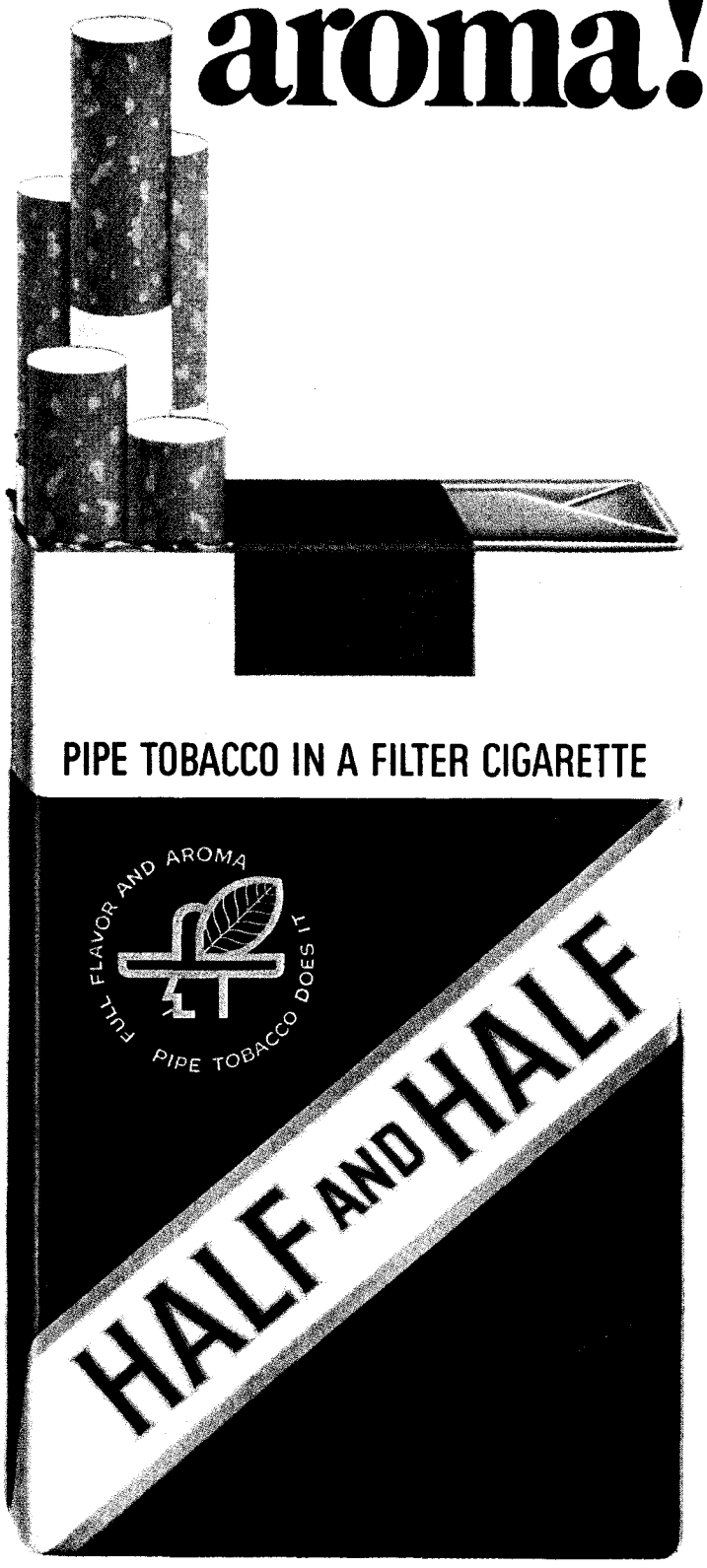

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of automobiles colliding. The fire escape outside her living room had collapsed with her son, Johnny, standing on it.

Numb with shock and fear, she ran down three flights of stairs and found the boy, then nine years old, bleeding and unconscious on the sidewalk. She went with him in the ambulance to the hospital, but when the doctors asked her to sign a paper permitting them to operate on his brain, she became hysterical and began to make frantic telephone calls.

First she called her parents in Mesa; they told her to pray to the good Lord. She then called one of her two current boyfriends, a lawyer, who said, thinking of a profitable suit against the landlord, "Fill me in on the details; it sounds like a hell of a case."

Next she called her second-string boyfriend, a rich but spoiled young man, reached, after many wasted dimes, on his yacht in Long Island Sound. He said, "Gee, kid, that's a tough break. It must have loused up your opening night."

Only then did she think to telephone the club to tell the management that she wouldn't be there for the show. Coppola answered the phone. He yelled at her, demanding to know where she had been, for Chrissake, and who did she think she was, just some dumb broad or something? In tears she said, "I'm at a hospital; my son's dying," and hung up the phone.

Coppola arrived 40 minutes later, very apologetic and accompanied by lawyers and Anastasia's advisers on medical affairs. He guaranteed payment of all costs, arranged for a private room, and recommended signing the permit for the brain operation. He remained at the hospital for nearly four days, sitting by Johnny's bed or walking up and down in the corridors until the boy's recovery was assured.

His concern impressed Liz very favorably. She revised her appraisal of him, and began to think of Coppola as a sentimental person, like a character in a Damon Runyon story. Later, when he asked her to have breakfast after the show, she could not find it in her heart to refuse.

"I'm a happy-go-lucky person," she said, "and it all seemed such a big lark."

Coppola established her in a fancy apartment on Riverside Drive, complete with white rugs and gilded mirrors. He gave her a mink coat, jewelry (supplied by the syndicate's dealer in gems) and an occasional $1,000 bill to blow at the track on a dull Saturday afternoon. He also took her children horseback riding in Central Park and pressed $20 or $50 bills into their small hands when they asked for candy.

"It was a beautiful relationship," Liz said. "Cappy was a warm and friendly person. And, of course, I was helping him with his English."

Coppola's patronage allowed her to quit working in clubs. She changed her name to Liz Renay (a name inspired by an advertisement on a box of nylon stockings) because the columnists had trouble spelling O'Leyar.

Cappy told her she had a talent for the limelight, and at night he took her to El Morocco and the Copacabana. Cappy's friends told wonderful stories of holdups and high-rolling dice games and the thrilling disappearances of the

Her one big break: featured in a 1958 TV Western

guys who double-crossed Big Al. Anastasia at the time enjoyed a reputation as the lord high executioner for Murder Inc., with 63 killings to his credit. To Liz it was all very exciting. Everybody had such colorful names.

During the day she pursued a career as a serious actress. She appeared on a few afternoon television shows, and, together with a producer named William Forrest, she broadcast over FM radio from Fordham University, a weekly program called *Vox Poetica*. She and Forrest read poems by Shakespeare, Kipling and Edna St. Vincent Millay, with violin music in the background. Liz thought of the programs as "beautiful, creative moments."

This idyllic state of affairs (the hoods looking out for her material needs; the poetry satisfying the longings of her spirit) dissolved on the night that Cappy asked her to marry him. He had telephoned and told her to meet him in the back room of an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village. When she arrived, she found all of Cappy's friends sitting at a long table. No other women were present.

As soon as she walked into the room, everybody began proposing elaborate toasts to her. She heard mention of renting an entire floor at the Astor Hotel. Flattered but confused by these developments, she asked Cappy for an explanation. He stood up, awkward and sheepish, and said, "Liz, I've decided to marry you."

She remembers that despite his embarrassment his manner was that of a generous merchant conferring a favor on a faithful worker. Not for even five minutes had she ever entertained the thought of marrying him.

"As a friend, he was OK," she said, "but, as a husband, I mean, how could I explain him to the people I knew?"

Again, as with her birth in Mesa, there had been some preposterous mistake. To her the mistake was self-evident, but the Damon Runyon characters at the table didn't grasp it; their solemnity on the occasion struck her as an absurd joke. She burst out laughing.

The laughter was an error in judgment. Pretty soon she noticed that none of the boys was joining in the gag.

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Liz was a teacher by day, dance-hall girl by night.

They just looked at her, in that same ominous way they had about them when they sat around thinking of squealers and crime commissions and crusading district attorneys.

"It was a very bad scene," Liz said, "a very bad scene indeed. Cappy looked upset, and I figured I'd better cut out, I mean, like fast."

She ran out of the restaurant and took a taxi uptown. The next morning the doorman of her apartment building and the news dealer on the corner, both of whom knew of her association with Coppola, said they had heard that Cappy was unhappy. They advised rapprochement, or a train out of town.

That evening Cappy himself telephoned, and, as she remembers, he limited his remarks to one sentence: "The next time you pick up the phone, it'll explode in your face because I'm gonna have it wired for sound."

With that, Liz began to get scared. "Threats from Cappy were not like threats from just anybody," she said, "I mean, Wow! other boyfriends had said mean things to me before, but they didn't have Cappy's background."

She sent her children to her mother in Arizona and spent the next four days in a furnished room on the Lower East Side, unable to sleep and terrified of the least noise in the corridor. She didn't dare stay longer than five minutes in a restaurant or coffee shop for fear that somebody might recognize her and report her whereabouts to the wrong people.

On the fifth morning, however, her nervous system no longer equal to the pressure, she gave way to a desperate and unreasoning anger.

"I decided that life was not worth living if I had to spend it cowering in some rat hole, and the idea that a creep like Coppola could do that to me made me furious."

Made brave by fear and righteous indignation, she went to Coppola's apartment and pounded on his door. When he opened it, she started to yell at him, calling him by every filthy name she could remember.

In retrospect she realizes that Coppola never intended to kill her, that he was playing a macabre joke, hoping to frighten her into marriage. At the time, however, being overwrought, she missed the point. Coppola's behavior didn't help to clarify it. He threatened her first with a revolver, pointing it at her head and saying, "Nobody's gonna know about this but you and me, kid, and you're not gonna know about it for very long."

She defied him to kill her and kept on shouting abuse. Cappy then brought out a knife and held it against her throat. But when this gambit also failed to frighten her, he threw both weapons on the bed and began to laugh.

Still not appreciating the situation, Liz grabbed the revolver. With both hands, she aimed it at Coppola's head and pulled the trigger three times. The gun, happily, was not loaded.

Cappy kept on laughing until it occurred to him that if the gun had been loaded, he, Cappy, well-known racketeer, *bon vivant* and big spender, would be a dead pigeon. The realization came to him slowly; a thoughtful expression appearing gradually on his round face, like a rain cloud passing across the sun. He considered the problem for several minutes and then said, "Gee, kid, if that's the way you feel about it, we don't have to get married."

They both had a glass of brandy and then went out to lunch together, but, although Cappy offered to resume their previous relationship, Liz declined the offer. The mob had suddenly lost much of its charm. "Right then and there," she said, "I decided to ease out of the whole picture."

Three weeks later she transferred her affection to William Forrest, the creative-moments person with whom she broadcast the poetry. She confessed her frightful secrets, and he was sympathetic. They were married soon afterward in Baltimore, but she left him six months later, this time because of an argument over money.

Advising Forrest to consult a psychiatrist, and feeling bored and restless in New York, she decided, in the summer of 1957, to go to Hollywood and become a movie star.

Mickey Cohen called on her at her hotel on the evening she arrived in town. Coppola, as a gesture of friendship, had sent word to Cohen to introduce her to the right people and arrange the necessary breaks.

In his role of big-time West Coast racketeer, Cohen, then known affectionately in the Los Angeles newspapers as "Mickey the Louse," felt called upon to show Liz off at parties and nightclubs. They both liked publicity and posed for frequent photographs.

"I was never his girl, or anything like that," Liz said, but in the popular mind she was identified as Cohen's mistress. She made the rounds usual to all young starlets trying to break into the movies; playing the part of the beautiful stooge in a number of publicity stunts, telling reporters she slept on satin sheets and kept an anteater for a pet, going to lunch with agents and casting directors.

By January she had succeeded in getting two or three bit parts in television dramas and a $5,000 screen test, in Technicolor, from Warner Bros. She was considered for the female lead in *The Naked and the Dead*, and she won the $1,000 jackpot on the Groucho Marx show. (Question: What is the Mexican town across the border from

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Gangster Mickey Cohen obligingly showed Liz the sights and celebrities of the West Coast.

LIZ RENAY

El Paso, Tex.? Answer: Ciudad Juárez.)

Best of all, she was seen by Cecil B. DeMille. He saw her one day in the commissary at Paramount and was reported to have said later that hers was the most exciting face he had seen in 20 years. It was rumored that he was thinking of awarding Liz the lead in a Biblical extravaganza, perhaps in the role of Esther.

Liz believed everything. She smiled at everybody and rented an apartment with a potted palm tree. She brought her children from Mesa (where they had remained since the incident with Coppola); she decided to dye her hair blond. The bright bubble of success glimmered on the horizon, illuminating the otherwise dreary Los Angeles landscape with a soft and hopeful light.

The vision disappeared in February, 1958. Liz had gone to New York in late January to straighten out her financial affairs and to arrange for the shipment of her furniture to California. She made the mistake of calling her old friend, Cappy; not for any particular reason, she said, but just to say hello and cheer him up. His employer, Albert Anastasia, had been shot and killed in a barbershop the previous October. Liz had heard that Cappy was feeling sad.

He was also being watched intently by the police. When they learned that Liz was in New York, two detectives were sent to bring her to headquarters for questioning. The detectives interrupted her at lunch in the Plaza Hotel. By an extraordinary coincidence, as Liz tells it, Cecil B. DeMille happened to be buying a newspaper in the lobby as she was hurried out the revolving door toward a waiting squad car.

"DeMille stood there with his mouth open," she said, "and I thought to myself, well, there goes Esther."

At headquarters the situation deteriorated even further. While examining the contents of her purse, the police found two canceled checks that Liz had written to Mickey Cohen for a total amount of $5,500. Their minds darkened with suspicion; they talked of "tie-ups" between the East and West Coast rackets and cast Liz in the role of the beautiful messenger.

Several days later their suppositions appeared in the newspapers under such headlines as: QUIZ BLONDE FILM CUTIE; WAS SHE AL'S MONEY GAL? and for the next few months Liz commanded top billing in the tabloids. The publicity destroyed her career. Deceived by what she called "the nationwide attention," she continued for a time in the illusion that she had really made it big. She was a celebrity, an ersatz celebrity perhaps, but people would still remember her name, wouldn't they?

She traveled back and forth across the country to make 13 appearances during the next two years before grand juries, district attorneys and tax investigators in New York and Los Angeles, and always there were newspaper photographers waiting to meet the airplanes. Knowing she had committed no crime, and presuming that she could not get into serious trouble, she thought of these arrivals and departures as a kind of game, another masquerade. Invariably she got off the plane wearing dark glasses and a mink coat, trying very hard to look mysterious.

"I guess I thought I was Mata Hari," she said, "or one of those girls in a Humphrey Bogart picture."

The papers published photographs of Liz sitting with her legs crossed and her skirt drawn up above her knees. Her mother, interviewed by a reporter in Mesa, was quoted as saying, "Be kind to her, she needs it." Also, there were a lot of quotations from Cohen, who said things like, "Yeah, I think she's real statuesque," or, "The cops should lay off my girl."

Although this sort of statement won her great favor with bookies, bartenders and police reporters, it alarmed the vice presidents of the major movie and television studios. Yes, they thought she was a lovely girl, yes, she would be fine for this or that part, but, under the circumstances, you understand, nothing personal, but who can afford to risk bad press notices?

Toward the end of 1958, following Cohen's indictment for income-tax evasion, the publicity began to dwindle. Liz's name disappeared from the front pages. It became difficult for her to find work. She played a gangster's moll in a quickie movie called *Date With Death.* She posed again in cheap negligees for the girlie magazines; sometimes she worked in nightclubs.

Out of necessity she formed a liaison with a contractor who installed her in an apartment with access to a swimming pool. "I guess he was in love," she said. "He used to jump into the pool if I wouldn't let him into my room."

The romance lasted until 1959, when she was arrested and tried for perjury. As Liz explains it, during all those appearances before so many grand juries, she had gotten her stories confused. At any rate, at the trial she pleaded guilty, and in July of that year she was sentenced to three years in prison. The judge, however (whom Liz remembers as "a courtly gentleman from the old South"), suspended the sentence, largely on the basis of testimony from the contractor, who announced his intention to marry her and so remove her from immoral influences.

Liz left him soon after the trial. She suspected him of going out with his secretary and, in a fit of rage, she slashed a portrait she had painted of his grandmother.

About the next 18 months of her life she is uncharacteristically reticent. Her fourth husband, Forrest, died in Tokyo of a heart attack, leaving an estate valued at $250,000. For a while Liz borrowed money on the hope (subsequently ill founded) that she would receive the inheritance. Her daughter, Brenda, at the age of 16 and without asking anybody's consent, married a marine sergeant. But of her own adventures, Liz said nothing. The scrapbook during the period is blank.

Early in 1961, however, the newspaper clippings begin to appear again, this time perfunctory and colorless accounts of her arrest by agents of the Los Angeles Vice Squad in a motel room with a manufacturer of swimming pools.

According to her own version of the incident, she had gone to the motel to model a beach towel. She wore the same towel in a stage performance of *Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath,* a production in which she played a minor part in the spring of 1960. The manufacturer told her that he would employ her in his campaign to sell swimming pools. The sudden entrance of the Vice Squad detectives seemed to her to indicate a "lousy frame-up." She was in bed, modeling the towel, and the manufacturer was standing nearby.

"I was the most surprised person in the world," Liz said. "I mean, it was one of the strangest things that ever happened to me. Those detectives must have been out to get me."

At the police station the man pleaded guilty to a charge of resorting (a morals charge in California), but Liz pleaded guilty only to the lesser charge of disturbing the peace. Both her lawyer and her probation officer had assured her that no harm could come to her. The court, however, did revoke her probation, at a hearing that lasted less than two hours, and sentenced her to the full three-year term on the prior conviction for perjury. She went to federal prison at Terminal Island, off Los Angeles, on April 14, 1961, her 35th birthday.

Stoutly asserting her innocence, she struggled for a few months to correct what was clearly another dreadful mistake. She sent bulletins to Walter Winchell; she talked of appealing the decision in the Supreme Court. She disdained the company of the other inmates, judging them low and vulgar.

"They were murderesses and thieves and dope addicts," she said, "common criminals; I mean some of those girls had done really awful things."

Eventually, however, confined in a cell 10 feet square and receiving no encouragement from her friends in New York, Liz accepted the limitations of her situation and began to think of prison as another world within a world, another stage in her enlightenment, a chance for more creative moments. She worked at her painting, doing portraits of the other girls as well as a mural for the prison chapel. She also taught a class in social living and organized a little theater group. The chaplain asked her to repent of her sins, but, not feeling sorry for herself, she declined.

"I couldn't find my life a regrettable thing," she said. "I made some mistakes, but then I was always an unsuspicious person, and none of it was really my fault."

She was released from prison on July 15, 1963. To the newspaper photographers waiting to meet the government launch at the pier in Long Beach, she brought the familiar image of the beautiful blond girl about to inherit the best of everything. Silly and exuberant, wearing a fur coat in sultry weather, she posed for photographs as if she were 19 and just off the bus from a farm in Minnesota.

That is the pose she still chooses to maintain. Convinced that by now she would be a star if it were not for her name and past associates, she lives among hopes and expectations.

She cannot afford to believe otherwise. If, for even 20 minutes on a rainy Tuesday afternoon, she gave way to ugly doubts and questions, then suddenly it could be possible that the

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American dream of success might seem, as she once remarked, long ago and in another context, "a mirage made of beautiful air." Suddenly it might be possible that none of it was ever true, that all those movies and magazine articles were nothing but glossy lies, and who would want to lie to a nice little girl in Mesa, Ariz., who never had anything to begin with?

"Everything would be OK if I wasn't me," Liz said. "I could pick any name out of the telephone book and walk into any agent's office in town and get a part, but when they hear I'm me, they're not interested."

She was living in a small house with her son, Johnny, now 20, who worked nights at a drive-in movie. Brenda lived two blocks away, dreaming her own dreams of becoming a television actress. The walls of Liz's meagerly furnished living room were covered with paintings which she had finished during her 27 months in prison. Mostly they were of blond and rosy-cheeked girls in flowering gardens. The girls looked vaguely like Liz, and the gardens were reminiscent of the illustrations in a child's book of fairy tales. There was one painting of two chrysanthemums titled, *Affinity*, because, as Liz said, "they love each other."

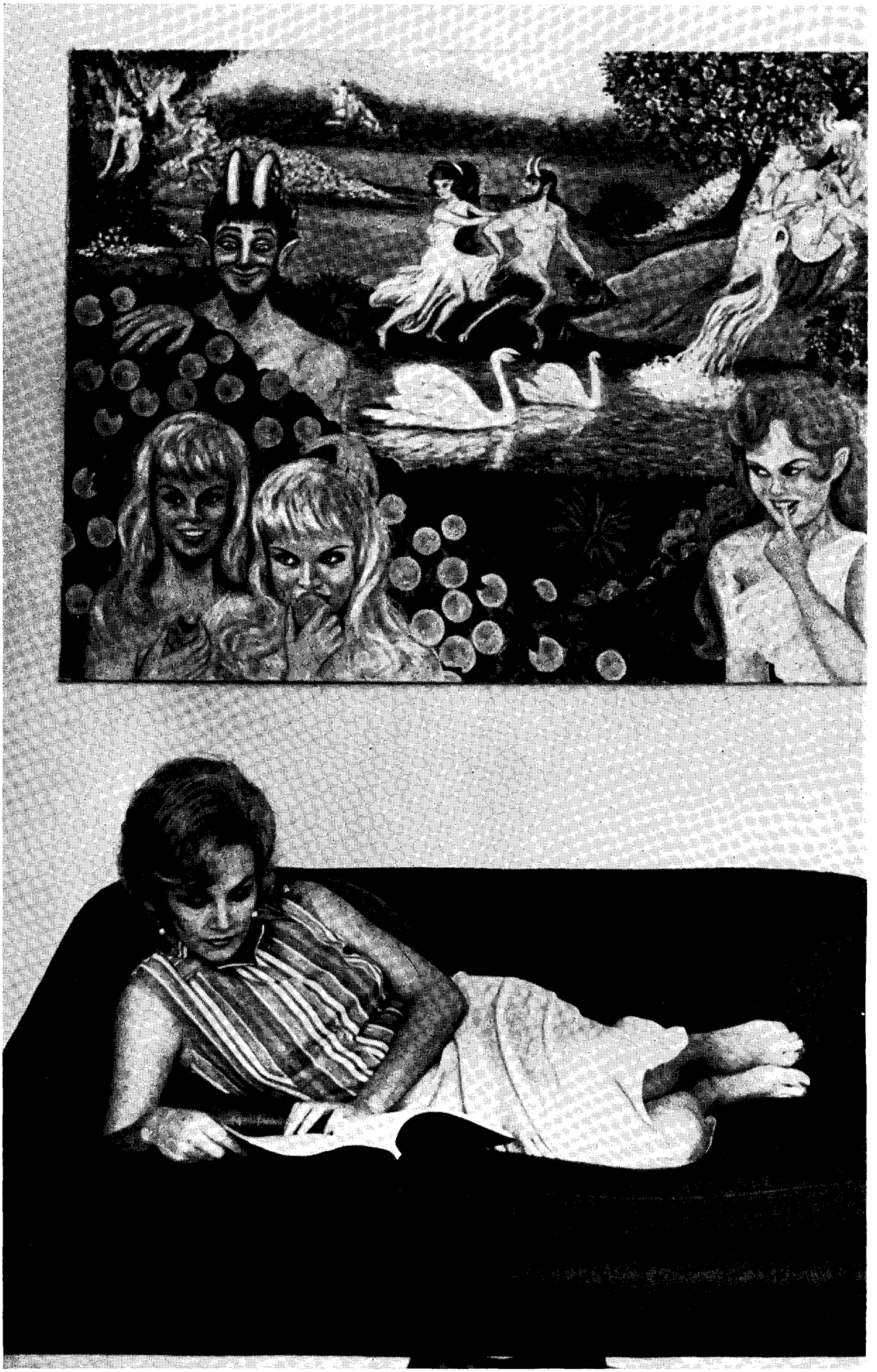
At that time she was most disappointed about the cancellation of a television commercial for a soap company. Under the name Melissa Morgan (one of her present aliases), she had successfully completed the film when the advertising agency discovered her true identity. "I think it's very unfair," she said. "If you're supposed to pay your debt to society and go to prison and all, then it should work that way, shouldn't it? The American people want to know if a person's got a nice complexion and not about a person's past history."

On the last afternoon that I saw her, she was about to leave Hollywood for Deadwood, S.D., there to make her third low-budget movie since her release from prison. The first two movies, *The Thrill Killers* and *The Nasty Rabbit*, had already been completed. In the first of these she played a housewife threatened by murderous lunatics escaped from a nearby asylum; in the second she played a mystery woman from Central Europe, who, together with agents of other foreign powers, follows a rabbit into the Rocky Mountains. The rabbit had been landed from a submarine with a vial of deadly bacteria hung around its neck.

The third movie, a Western drama about an imaginary episode in the life of Billy the Kid, was scheduled to begin shooting the next week in Deadwood. Liz was cast in the part of Poker Kate, a mature but sexy proprietress of a dance hall and gambling parlor. Her presence was not required on the set until the following Thursday, but she wanted to leave Hollywood as soon as possible. An old boy friend had been indicted for mail fraud, and Liz had heard that she would be called upon to testify at his trial.

"It's getting very dangerous around here," she said, "but I'll be in the Black Hills when they start looking for me."

She was reluctant to go, because the azaleas were about to bloom in her backyard and she had just started work on an enormous painting of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. □



Between engagements, Liz whiles away the time growing flowers, writing poetry and painting. She studies a script below her vivid pastoral canvas of a never-never land.

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The Turtle

Man has i

BY PAUL BRODEUR

The two brothers were fascinated by the pond, for it was a place where nature staged spectacles that satisfied the most savage instincts of small boys. Swallows skimmed the pond, dappling the water like skipping stones as they picked tiny insects off the surface; kingbirds chased and caught giant butterflies that undertook desperate evasive maneuvers to escape; and a belted kingfisher plunged hour after hour from the dead limb of an oak tree to spear minnows that pickerel chased inshore. Black snakes glided through the weeds, seeking frogs and baby ducks; black bass jumped for crickets and grasshoppers that tumbled off the banks; and turtles big and small sunned themselves on logs at the water's edge, and watched everything through tiny, wicked eyes.

Hiram's Pond, it was called—probably after some early settler, their father had told them—though Peter, who was eleven, and David, who was nine, preferred to think it was after the old man who tended the pumping station there that supplied water for the town. It was a small pond, half a mile long and only a couple of hundred yards across at its widest point, and it lay at the bottom of a steep hill less than a five-minute bike ride from their family's summer cottage. There were shallow parts and very deep parts in Hiram's Pond. The shallow parts were coated with lily pads that grew in sargasso-like profusion, and the deep parts lay at the foot of steep embankments that surrounded two sides of the pond. At its northern end, the pond was fed by a sluggish stream that passed through a swamp studded with water-killed trees whose foreboding trunks looked like dead sentinels. Peter and David were afraid to explore the swamp because the old man who tended the pumping station said it was full of treacherous quicksand that could swallow a man in no time. They preferred the open stretches of the pond, which lay comfortably within their capacity for awe. Hour after hour, they poled the old man's skiff through fields of lily pads and across deep, calm coves, fishing for bass with cane poles and bobbers, and using frogs for bait.

Peter and David caught the frogs in a pool near the pumping station, where bullfrogs, leopard frogs, and pickerel frogs bred in great numbers. The bass in Hiram's Pond were large and fought hard; some of them weighed nearly five pounds, and even the smallest ones came after the frogs with frightening voracity. Occasionally, the frogs attracted turtles, which ruined the bass fishing, and when this happened the boys went to the pumping station to fetch the old man, who hated turtles because his dog, Jake, had lost part of a leg to one of them, and who welcomed any excuse to shoot at them with his rifle. Peter often found himself wondering what became of the frogs that he and David impaled on their hooks by the rear leg, for the frogs almost always came off the hooks and disappeared after the bass had struck at them. Then, one day in August, he noticed that many of the frogs in the pool carried healed scars on their legs. Peter was touched by the realization that the injured creatures had swum great distances back to their cove, and for several minutes he pondered what to do about it. Finally, he decided that it would be unfair to subject any of these brave frogs to double jeopardy, and that henceforth only unscarred frogs should be used for bait. David agreed, and the two brothers went at once to the pumping station to tell the old man of their decision.

The pumping station was a small brick building surrounded by evergreen trees and shrubs. It almost looked like somebody's house until you drew close and heard the racket and rumble of the machinery inside. The old man usually sat in a wooden chair just inside the doorway, dozing in spite of the terrible clatter, and, as always, Peter had to shout to waken him. When the old man woke up, he smiled at the boys and came outside. He was a very pale old man, with watery blue eyes and a gray stubble of beard. Now, blinking his eyes in the sunlight, he listened as Peter told him of the injured frogs that had swum back to their pool all summer long.

"Sure, and what's so strange about that?" he asked with a laugh. "If you fell and cut your leg, where would *you* go?"

"Home," David replied quickly. "I'd run home and tell my mother to put a bandage on it."

"There you are," said the old man. "Just like a little frog."

"Maybe we shouldn't hurt those little frogs," David said.

"Then what'll you use for bass bait?"

"We'll use worms," David replied.

"Or crickets," Peter said.

The old man shook his head. "Big bass like frogs," he declared. "They like something they can sink their teeth into. Why, there's only one thing they like *better* than a frog."

"What's that?" Peter asked.

"A mouse."

"A mouse!" David exclaimed.

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"Yes, sir," the old man said, nodding his head for emphasis. "Catch yourself a nice field mouse, and tie him to your hook with some thread. Then put him on a shingle, let him float out over one of those deep spots where the bass hide, and yank him off. Before that mouse has swum five feet for shore, I guarantee you'll see the biggest bass you ever saw." The old man made a long, curving sweep with his forearm to signify the upward rush of the biggest bass in Hiram's Pond.

Peter and David laughed with delight as they imagined a big bass opening its jaws to swallow a helplessly trussed field mouse. But a moment later David shook his head and, frowning, announced that he would prefer to continue using frogs.

"Well, at least you don't have to feel sorry for them," the old man replied. "Frogs can hardly feel a thing."

"Are you sure?" David asked.

"They're cold-blooded is why," the old man said. "Fish and frogs are cold-blooded creatures. They're not like us."

"How about turtles?" Peter asked.

It was a sly question, because he knew the old man hated turtles. But the boys loved to hear the story of how Jake had lost part of his leg, and since the merest mention of turtles always evoked the story, they sat now on the grass beside the pumping station and waited for the old man to begin.

As usual, the old man commenced by calling his dog out from the pumping station. Jake was an old dog—as old for a dog as the old man was old for a man—and he came limping into the sunlight, wagging his tail, and crouched at the feet of his master. The old man bent down and lifted the dog's rear leg to show the boys where it had been severed at the lowest joint. "Look at that," he said softly. "Just like a meat cleaver had done it." The old man straightened up and pointed to the cove in front of the pumping station, where his skiff was tied to shore. "It happened five years ago—right out there," he went on. "Old Jakey was pretty old even then, but he loved to chase sunfish from those nests they build in shallow water, and he used to be wading out there all the time. Then, one day, while I was sitting inside the station, I heard this God-awful howling. I ran outside, of course, but all I could see was some terrible splashing near the boat. When I got down there, I found poor old Jake trying to make the shore. At first I couldn't make out what had got hold of him. I even thought it might be a muskrat trap someone had left in the water. Then, down below the lily pads, I saw this awful monster of a snapping turtle." The old man said this in a hushed voice, and, bringing his fingers together over his head, made an immense circle with his arms. "This big he was and he had poor old Jakey's hind paw in his jaws. He was backing out toward the deep water, and old Jake was howling for me to come help him, and trying to keep his nose above the surface. Ah, boys, it was the most awful thing I ever saw."

"What'd you do?" David asked.

"What could I do?" the old man said. "I didn't have my twenty-two in those days, so all I could do was jump into the skiff, grab old Jake by the collar, and hold on for dear life. That turtle, boys—I swear to you—was so strong he was pulling Jake and me and the skiff out through the lily pads. In the end he bit clear through the dog's leg, and that was that. I put Jake into the pickup truck and drove him over to Doc Barnes's place, and he put a tourniquet around the dog's leg and saved his life. But nobody's ever seen old Jake anywhere near the water since then. No, sir, this dog hasn't been within fifty yards of the pond in the past five years."

"What d'you think happened to that turtle?" Peter asked.

"Why, nothing happened to him!" the old man exclaimed in rage. "Nothing happened to him except he ate my poor dog's paw. He's still out there, that turtle, lurking like a reptile. They're reptiles, did you know that? Yes, sir, a turtle is nothing more than a carnivorous reptile, and that one that caught hold of poor Jake must weigh thirty pounds. Why, if a turtle that size could latch on to the ankle of a little boy like your brother here, he might even be able to drag him under."

At this point, Peter laughed at David, who had begun to shiver; then he asked, "Could that turtle upset the skiff?"

The old man shook his head. "If I thought so, I wouldn't let you boys use it," he said. "But turtles are cowardly, you see. They're the most cowardly creatures I know of. They just lie in ambush like crocodiles, which are reptiles, too. Did I ever tell you boys that turtles are some of the oldest living creatures known to man? It's the honest truth. I read someplace that turtles are just as they were two hundred million years ago, when the earth was crawling with dinosaurs."

The old man breathed heavily through his nose, and turned to glare at the pond. Then he shut his dog inside the pumping station, and brought out a rusty twenty-two-caliber rifle. "C'mon, boys," he said. "We've got to keep those turtles down or they'll ruin the fishing for you."

The old man led the way to his skiff, climbed inside, and positioned himself in the bow; David got in after him and sat in the center seat; and Peter, standing in the stern, pushed off from shore with an oar. For several minutes they glided through the lily pads, while the old man, who had hunched himself up in the prow, leaned the barrel of his rifle on a gunwale and studied the shoreline. Then the rifle barked, and the boys watched breathlessly as a small spotted turtle flopped off a log and disappeared beneath the surface. For the next half hour, they proceeded slowly along the shore, toward the southern end of the pond, and every so often the stillness was punctuated by the old man's rifle. Sometimes the bullets hit their mark, but more often than not the old man muttered in disappointment because they glanced harmlessly off the turtles' shells. "You've got to hit turtles in the head," he kept saying. "And when you see a really big turtle, you have to aim for his eye—just like when you're hunting crocodiles—or else the bullets don't do any more harm than they would to armor plate."

"Have you ever hunted for crocodiles?" David whispered.

"Nope, but I've read a lot about it," the old man replied.

"Why don't we ever see any really big turtles?" Peter asked.

"Because they're too smart to get caught out in the open," the old man said. "The only way to attract big turtles is to put out bait for them at night."

"Have you ever done that?"

"I tried it after old Jakey lost his paw, but I didn't have much luck," the old man said. "I've seen it done, though. Years ago, there used to be a fellow come down here who hunted turtles for the market. Yes, sir, believe it or not, some people *eat* turtles. They make soup from them. This fellow used to catch snappers here in Hiram's Pond and sell them to a hotel man up in Boston, and he made pretty good money doing it. He once told me that a dozen good-sized snappers brought fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" David said. "We could buy a boat for fifty dollars."

They had returned to the mooring, and now, as they climbed out of the skiff and started across the grass toward the pumping station, both boys were thinking of the boat they could buy with fifty dollars, and glancing hopefully at the old man, who was squinting down the barrel of his rifle.

When they reached the station, the old man leaned the rifle against the wall, and filled a corncob pipe. Then he lighted it, puffed a long deep puff, and sent a plume of blue smoke into the air. Finally he smiled at Peter and David. "If you wanted to catch a big snapping turtle, how would you go about it?" he asked.

"I'd use a cod line," Peter answered.

"A cod line," the old man repeated, still smiling. "And what else?"

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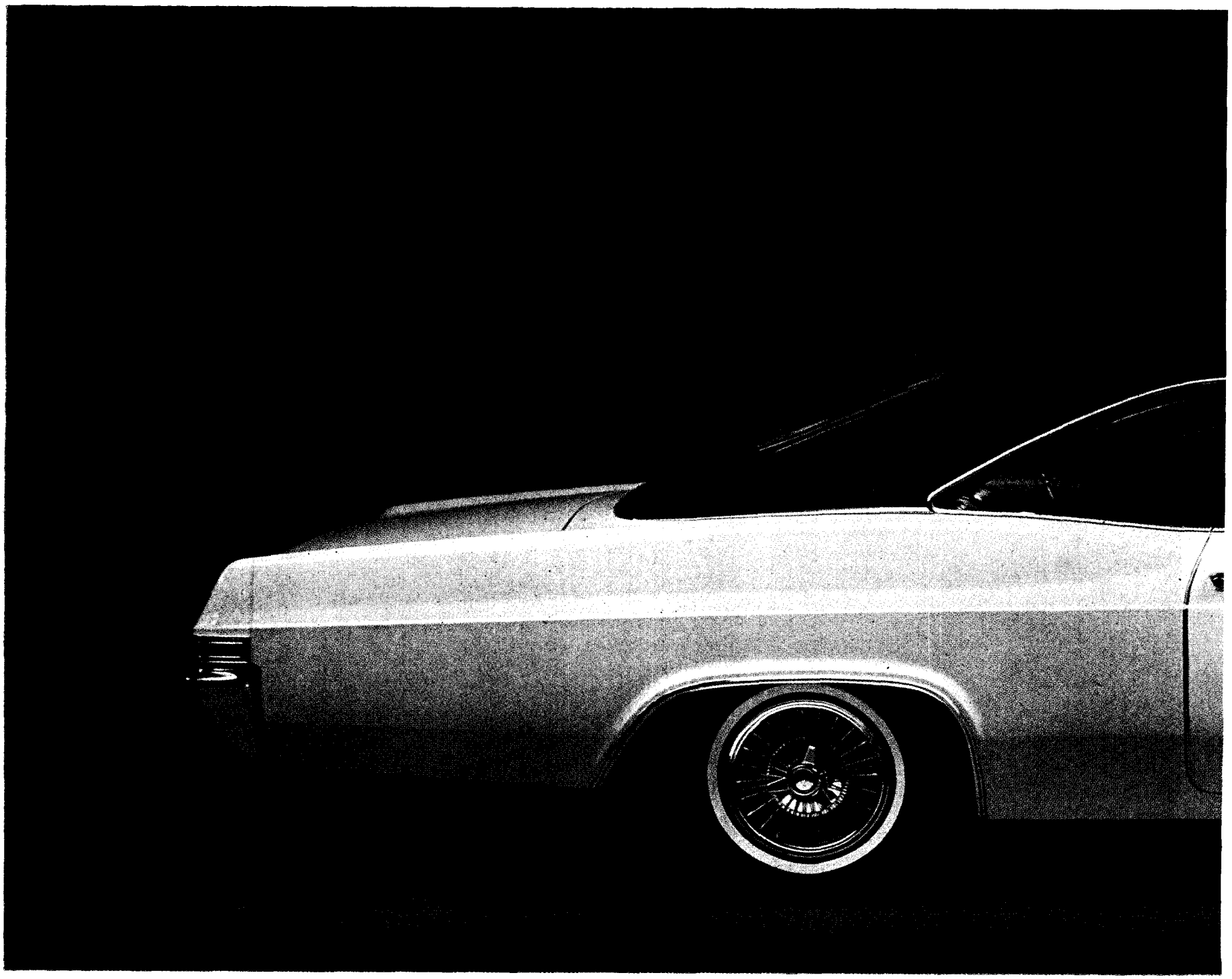

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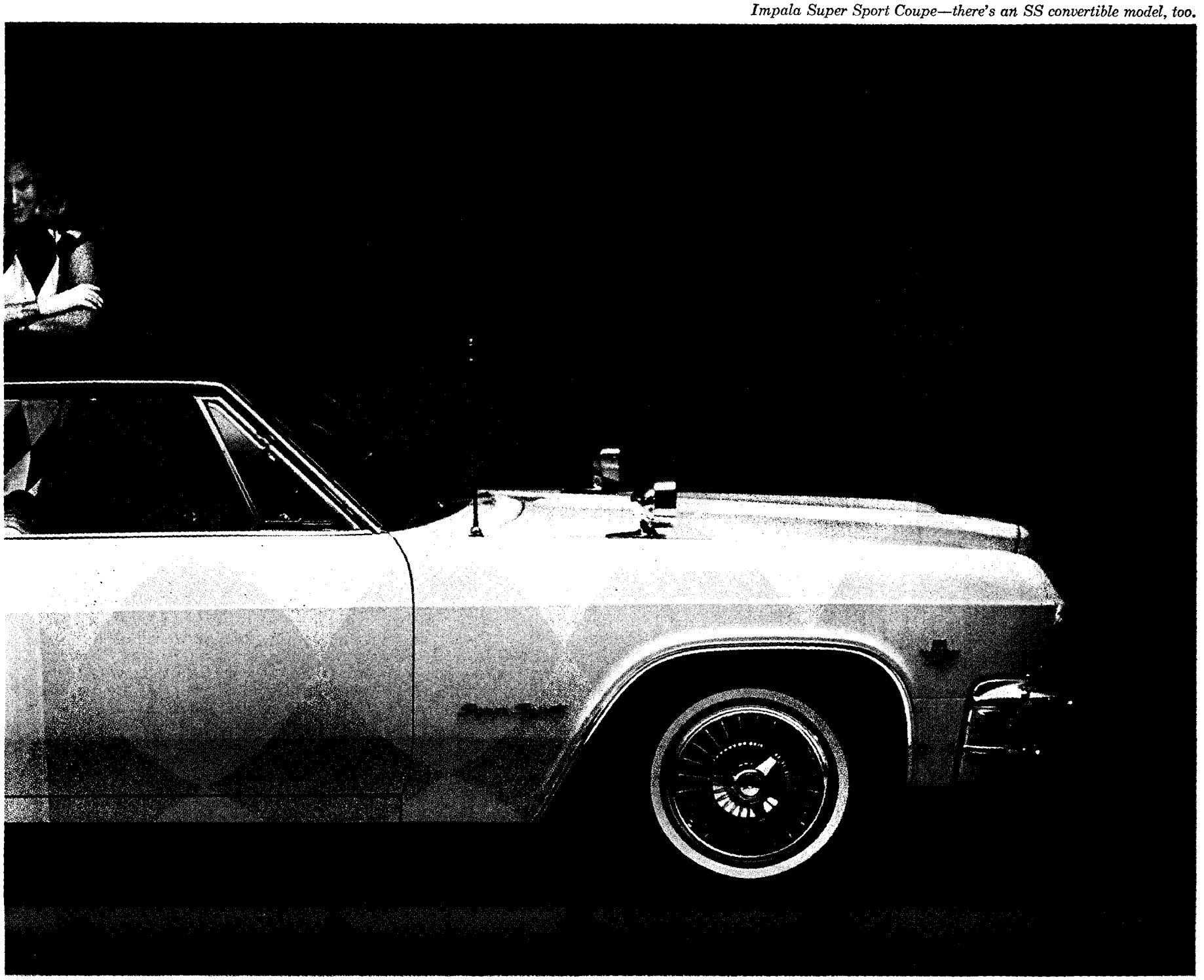

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"A hook," David said helpfully.

"What kind of a hook?"

"The same kind we use for bass."

"And what about bait?"

"A big bullfrog," Peter said.

"No, not a bullfrog," David protested. "Not for turtles."

"Let me tell you something," the old man said. "You'd never catch a really big turtle that way. In the first place, a really big turtle would cut through cod line with his jaws easier than that monster cut off poor old Jakey's paw. In the second place, even if he didn't cut the cod line, he'd straighten out the hook. Why, a big turtle could straighten out one of those little bass hooks the way I could bend a coat hanger! And in the third place, if you want to attract a giant turtle, you really have to give him something to eat. Well, how about it? Shall we try our luck?"

The two boys sat down on the grass again and, nodding in unison, waited for the old man to continue.

For several moments, however, the old man contented himself with puffing on his corncob pipe; then he leaned his shoulder against the wall of the pumping station. "Here's what we're going to do," he said. "Tonight, when I shut up the station, I'll drive into town to the hardware store and buy thirty yards of thin steel wire. Then I'll drop by the tackle shop and get us a heavy-shank hook. Meanwhile, you fellows dig some worms and catch a whole batch of sunfish. We'll need at least half a dozen, and maybe more. Put the sunfish in a basket and leave them by the door here—it doesn't matter if they get a little ripe—and tomorrow we'll set out our first trap."

Peter and David scarcely slept that night. In the morning, they were up at dawn, and were waiting beside the pumping station when the old man came to work in his pickup truck.

"Did you get the wire and the big hook?" Peter asked.

The old man grinned. "Did you catch enough sunfish?" he said.

"Yes!" David shouted. "We got a dozen of them."

The old man climbed out of the truck, pulled a paper bag from beneath the seat, and withdrew a long coil of steel wire and a huge hook. It was by far the largest hook that either Peter or David had ever seen, and for some moments they admired it, testing its point with the tips of their fingers.

The old man went into the pumping station to check the machinery, and when he came out, he and the boys climbed into the pickup and started over a rutted road that led along the edge of the pond. "We're going to have to find a place where we can set our trap," the old man told them. "It'll have to be someplace where we can drive the truck close to the water."

"Why do we need the truck?" Peter asked.

The old man smiled mysteriously. "You'll see," he said.

About three hundred yards from the pumping station, the old man pulled up by a clump of birch trees growing beside the water. Then he and the boys climbed out of the truck and walked to the shore. The old man threaded one end of the steel wire through the eye of the hook, and, using a pair of pliers, wrapped the excess half a dozen times around itself. Afterward, he took several sunfish and threaded them on the hook until the shank was lost from sight and the sharp point was covered. Now, unrolling the rest of the wire, he whirled the hook and its heavy load of sunfish around his head, and flung it out into the water, where it sank. Then he wrapped the loose end of the wire several times around the trunk of the thickest birch tree.

"How long will we have to wait?" asked David, hunkering down on his haunches, Indian-style.

The old man chuckled softly. "All night," he replied. "Now, don't you boys disturb this wire until morning. Go bass fishing all you want and use the skiff, but stay away from this part of the pond. If we're going to catch a really big snapping turtle, we'll have to be very patient. Tomorrow morning, when you come down here, take a look at the wire. If it's still loose and sagging, pull it in, go catch some more sunfish, and I'll rebait the hook. If it's tight and won't budge, come and get me right away because that'll mean we've caught something."

"Can't we wait here if we're quiet?" Peter asked.

"Sure," the old man said, "but you'll be wasting your time. Big turtles only feed at night."

In spite of what the old man said, neither Peter nor David could bear to stay away from the steel wire that stretched out into the murky waters of Hiram's Pond. They tried a little bass fishing to pass the time, but the turtle trap was all they really thought about, and every half hour or so they tiptoed down to the clump of birch trees to see if anything had happened. Nothing had, however, and when evening came, they reluctantly said goodbye to the old man through the doorway of the pumping station, and then pedaled home on their bicycles.

In the morning, they arrived at the pond even earlier than on the previous day, but they were bitterly disappointed to find the wire still sagging in the same old way. When they pulled it in, however, they were somewhat heartened to see that parts of the sunfish had been eaten away. For this reason, they immediately set about catching more sunfish, and by the time the old man arrived at the station in his pickup, they were waiting for him with a fresh batch.

When the old man examined the half-eaten sunfish on the hook, he shook his head with disgust. "Those little spotted turtles just nibble away forever," he muttered. "This is what happened when I set out a line after Jakey lost his paw." The old man threaded half a dozen more sunfish on the hook, and, whirling it around his head again, tossed it out into the water; then he went off toward the pumping station. "We'll try it here for the rest of the week," he told the boys. "If we don't have any luck by then, we'll have to find a new spot."

For the rest of the morning, the boys continued to lurk in the vicinity of the birch clump, but by afternoon they were bored with waiting, and went off to the frog pool. As usual, they had little trouble catching frogs, but some of the old enthusiasm had gone out of the sport. David was especially solemn.

"Maybe we shouldn't use frogs at all," he said to Peter. "I mean maybe

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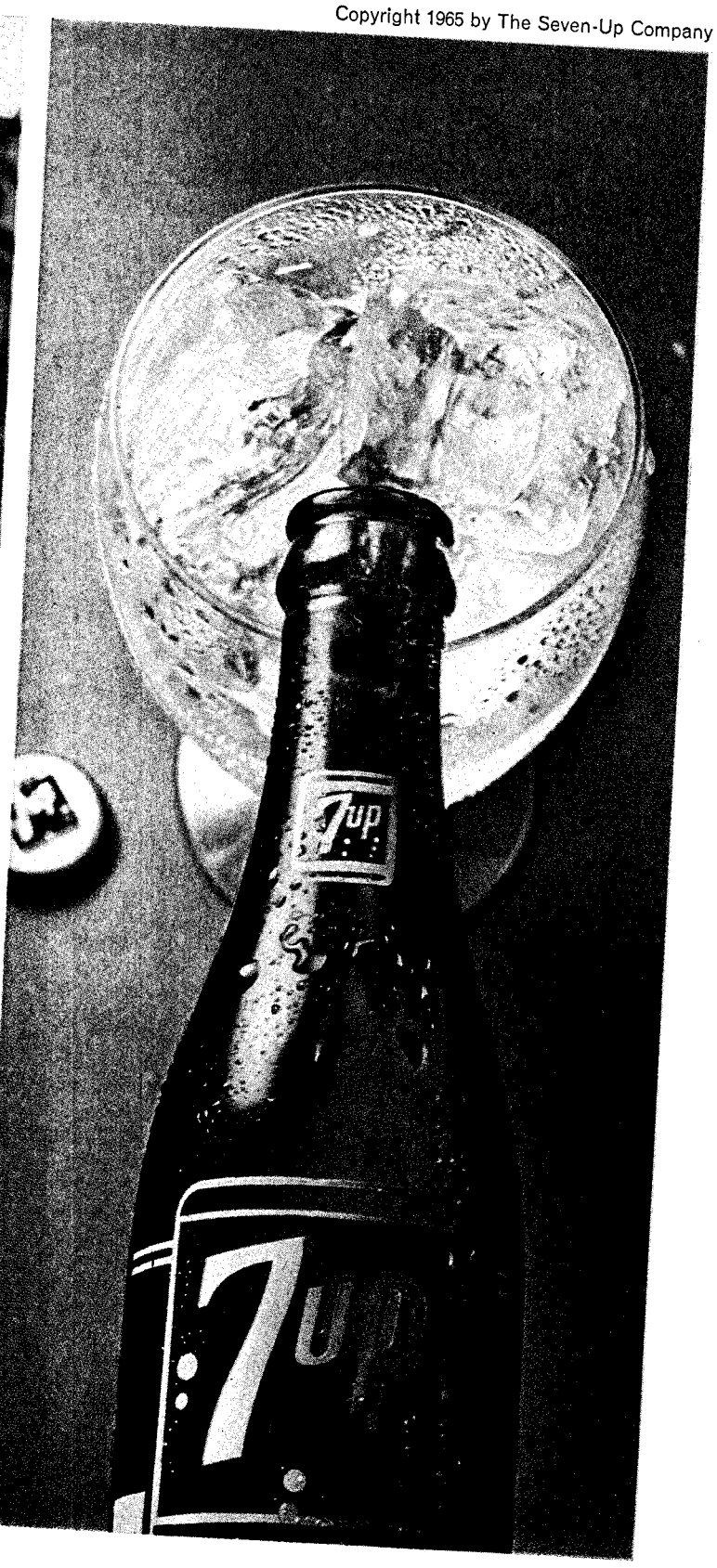

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we should let them stay with their families."

Peter shook his head. "It's all right as long as we don't use the same ones twice," he replied. "That way they can't be too frightened because they won't know what to expect."

David agreed that this must be so, and, happily forgetting what terror they might be engendering in the frog population of Hiram's Pond, the two boys went out in the skiff and spent the remainder of the afternoon fishing for bass.

On the second day, the pattern of the first repeated itself, except that after the old man rebaited the hook, the boys went off and built fluttermills to put in a tiny stream that ran out of the southern end of the pond.

But on the third day, when they arrived at the clump of birch trees, they found the steel wire stretched tight over the water. There was not the slightest bit of slack in the wire, and when Peter noticed that the anchor loop had bitten into the tough bark of the tree to which it had been fastened, he nearly fell into the water with excitement. Then, holding on to the trunk of the birch, and admonishing David to keep a tight grip on his waist, he tried pulling at the wire. But the wire might just as well have been encased in concrete. It not only refused to budge, it even gave a ping like a piano string when Peter struck it with his fishing pole.

"Can you see anything?" David asked, tightening his hold on his brother's waist, and peering out around him.

Peter studied the dark water beneath the lily pads, and shook his head. "It's probably just stuck on a log," he said.

When the boys reported their findings to the old man, however, he jumped up from his chair, hurried out of the pumping station, and drove his truck down to the clump of birches. After testing the wire, he shook his head solemnly. "There's something on the end of that wire, all right," he said, "and I'm willing to bet right here and now it's the biggest turtle you fellows ever saw."

"Golly," Peter said. "Will he be dangerous?"

"As dangerous as a reptile can be," the old man said darkly. Then he unfastened the wire from the tree, and wrapped it several times around the rear bumper of his truck. "Now I want you boys to stand over there," he said, pointing to a sandbank about thirty yards away. "When I start pulling on this wire with the truck, it could snap, and I don't want you getting hurt."

Peter and David nodded obediently and ran as fast as they could for the sandbank, where, crouching down, they watched the old man get into the truck, put it in gear, and start very slowly up the road. The wire stretched taut, the truck wheels spun in the dirt ruts; but the truck began to move forward. Then, incredibly, the lily pads near the shore parted with a great threshing and thrashing, and the upper carapace of an immense turtle, whose flippers were flailing the water to a froth, came to the surface. At this point, the turtle made a last desperate effort to escape, and almost disappeared from sight in a cascade of spray and foam; but the old man kept steady pressure upon the struggling beast with the truck, until—thrashing and twisting—it was dragged entirely out of the water and onto the grass beside the shore.

Now the old man shut off the engine of the truck, set the hand brake, and, climbing out of the cab, beckoned the boys to approach. Peter and David joined him by making a wide detour that never took them closer to the writhing turtle than they had been on the sandbank. The old man was laughing softly, and in his watery eyes there was a strange light that Peter had never seen. "Look at that ugly devil," he whispered. "Wouldn't he love to get ahold of one of us?"

The giant turtle was a horrid sight. Its great shell was bearded with algae, and dripped with slime. Its head and neck were almost as long as its tail, and each of these appendages was as long as the shell. Peter and David looked with awe at the massive, beaklike jaws that were hissing and clicking like hammers upon the shank of the big hook. The jaws were immense, with horny-plate sides and terrible cutting edges, and the mouth was pink inside, and opened and shut with the same implacable force of the giant machinery in the pumping station.

Now the old man motioned the boys to follow behind him, and very slowly the three of them advanced upon the beast. When they were within ten feet, the old man told them to stop, for as they had got closer, the turtle had begun a furious thrashing that tightened the wire to what seemed to be its breaking point. The jaws continued to snap a drumbeat upon the hook, and the huge flippers dug and tore at the tough sod. When the old man picked up a branch and thrust it into the awful pink mouth, the jaws snapped shut, and the branch was instantly severed.

"Well, now you see what happened to poor Jakey's paw," the old man said softly.

For several moments, the old man and the two boys stood watching their captive; then the old man told the boys not to budge an inch, and started for the pumping station.

"Where are you going?" Peter cried in alarm.

"To get my rifle," the old man said. "I'm going to shoot this devil right between the eyes."

"Like a crocodile," David whispered.

"That's right," said the old man, with a laugh. "Right between the eyes, like a crocodile. That'll be the end of him. Just look at that devil! Why, counting the tail, he's at least three feet long. I'll bet he weighs forty pounds."

"D'you think he's the one that ate old Jakey's paw?" Peter asked.

"I hope so," the old man answered.

"Will we be able to sell him for a lot of money?" David wanted to know.

"We'll have to see about that," the old man said. "I don't know what turtles bring these days."

"What'll we do with him after you shoot him in the eyes?"

"We'll butcher him," said the old man, gleefully. "It's a tough job and we'll need sharp knives and a meat cleaver. Then we'll scrape out the shell and clean off the weeds growing on it, and let it dry in the sun. Maybe we can sell the shell, too, but even if we can't, it'll make a nice-looking birdbath."

When the old man went off toward the pumping station, Peter and David backed several steps farther away from the turtle's gaping jaws. Then they watched the old man, who had begun to run. He ran awkwardly and stiffly, with his arms falling crazily at his sides, and even when he was a good distance away, they could hear the breath coming through his nose in snorts.

After the old man had disappeared from view, the turtle seemed to redouble its efforts to get free of the hook and wire which held it fast. Rearing up on its hind flippers, it stretched the wire taut again, and exposed a yellow bottom that was divided into beautifully symmetrical plates. Then, suddenly, the terrible hissing noise that came from its jaws was replaced by a hoarse bellow that sounded like a cry of agony.

When this happened, David burst into tears, and even Peter felt his eyes begin to water. Now, as David began openly to weep, Peter forced himself to look away from the turtle. But there was no escaping the sound of its desperate struggle for life, and finally he said, "Let's ask the old man not to kill it."

David shook his head and gave a sob. "He won't listen. He'll say it's the same turtle that bit off old Jakey's paw."

Peter frowned and hesitated. "Well, maybe it is," he replied.

"But the turtle can't help that," said David, weeping. "Can he help it if he's a turtle?"

"But he's a monster turtle. He'd drag you into the water if he could!"

"Not if I don't go wading," David said.

"He might catch somebody else someday."

"We could put up signs on all the trees," David said.

"How about the money for our boat?"

"I don't care about having a boat," David said. "Isn't there some way we can let him go?"

Peter looked apprehensively at the turtle's snapping jaws, and then at the taut steel wire that stretched back to the truck. "No," he answered. "There's nothing we can do."

"Can't we cut the wire?"

"How?" Peter asked. Even as he spoke, he saw the old man trotting toward them along the roadway, carrying his rifle in his hand.

"Is he coming?" David whispered.

"Yes," Peter said quietly. "It's too late."

When the old man arrived, Peter put his arm around David's shoulders. Before his eyes stretched the waters of Hiram's Pond, but the pond no longer seemed familiar. The kingfisher was still plunging toward the surface after minnows, and a kingbird was pursuing a huge butterfly above the lily pads, but now it seemed to Peter that a whole chorus of scarred frogs was croaking in unison against the savage spectacle taking place on the grass before them. When the old man fired his rifle, Peter and David closed their eyes until the report had echoed and reechoed, and died away. Then there was a moment of perfect stillness. And then they fled. □

Paul Brodeur published a much-admired novel, The Sick Fox, *in 1963, and his short stories have appeared both in national magazines and in literary quarterlies. He was born in Boston in 1931, educated at Phillips Academy and Harvard, and now lives in New York City with his wife and son. He is a staff writer for* The New Yorker *magazine.*

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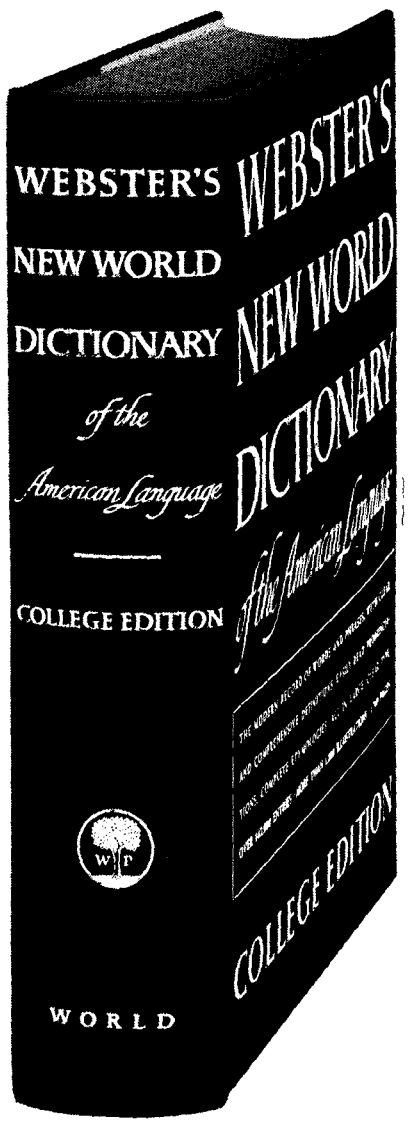

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and he puts aside the rose-colored glasses

that have protected him, things are likely to look

pretty thorny for a while.

NO MORE ROSES

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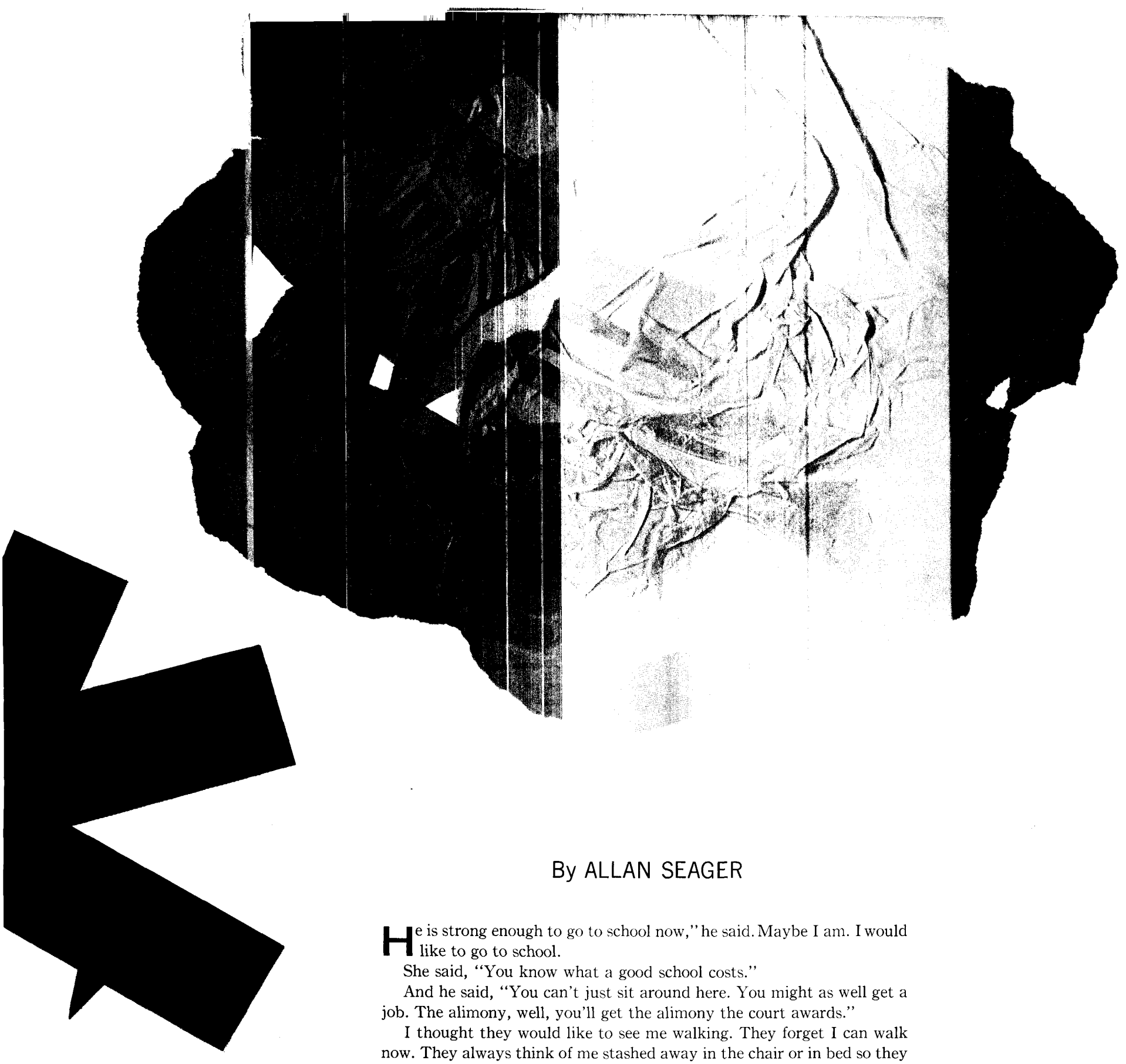

By ALLAN SEAGER

He is strong enough to go to school now," he said. Maybe I am. I would like to go to school.

She said, "You know what a good school costs."

And he said, "You can't just sit around here. You might as well get a job. The alimony, well, you'll get the alimony the court awards."

I thought they would like to see me walking. They forget I can walk now. They always think of me stashed away in the chair or in bed so they talk without thinking I might hear and that is how I found out the word, "alimony." They have coffee on the porch after dinner. I am not allowed to drink coffee yet so they had forgotten me and I had reached the living room. I waited.

"You'd better leave. Tonight," she said.

"Yes. I'll be staying in town," he said.

"Too bad you can't move in with her," she said. Bitterly, I think. It was a new tone.

I wanted to sit down but I didn't dare. I can't tiptoe yet, so I just walked into my room and sat down in the chair without thinking. Doctor Holzman says I am not to use the chair anymore, and my father said he was going to take it to the hospital and leave it for someone else who could use it. I sat down in it anyway. I knew they were going to get a divorce.

Illustrated by Gusti

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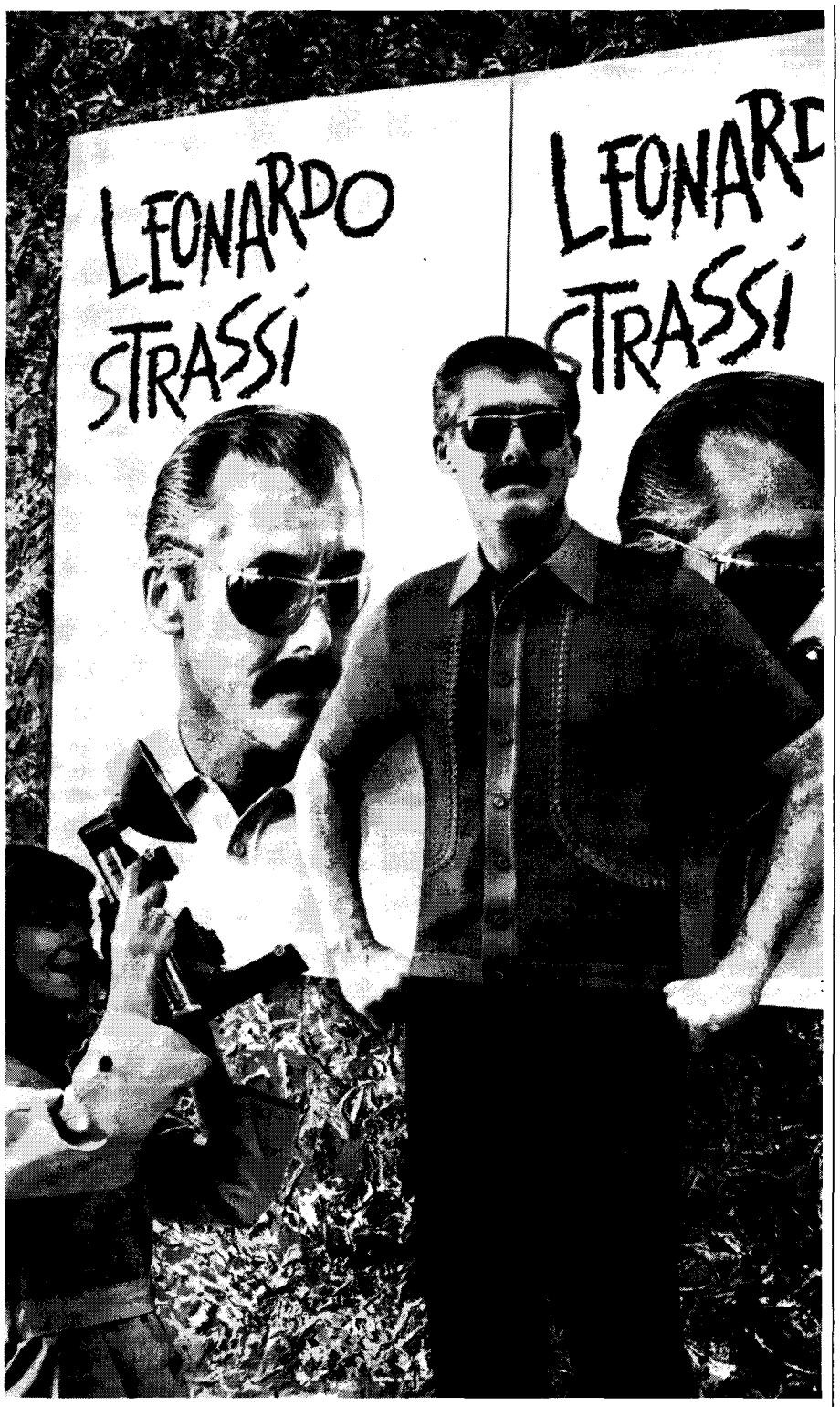

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NO MORE ROSES

After reading so long and not hearing people talk very much except nurses and doctors and them, I devised a way to interpret conversations I overhear from listening to television. I might have learned this from the plays and novels I have read, but it was not likely, possible but not likely, because I don't think I visualize very well. It was the illusion of life stimulated by the television photography that let me learn. I seemed to be watching people, and I noticed they didn't say everything all out. They omitted details. They said only things that were important. Certain words were keys to the meaning of their conversations. I realize that in a half-hour or even an hour program the writers don't have time to let the actors talk every minute. They have to move around, fight, cry, shoot, make love, and the action is important. It is a pleasure to watch people move around easily without noticing chairs or tables, whether they spring at you or slide away and elude you entirely. The talk has to be kept short. Once I had learned this, I listened for the significant words, and from that I learned to listen to real people, mostly to them actually, because the milkman's or the yardman's conversation is not apt to be very interesting. That is how I picked up the word, "alimony" and the reference to "her," the other woman.

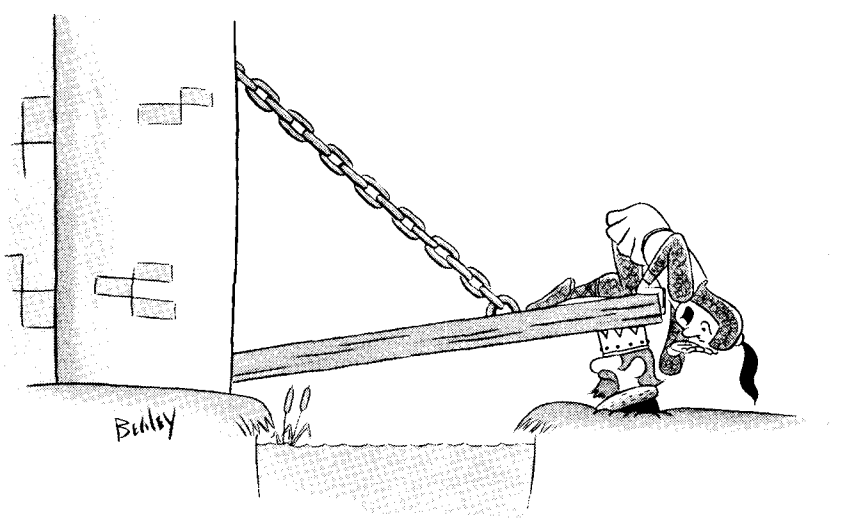
They must have quarreled but I did not know about it because I was in my room here in the chair, and out of delicacy they would have quarreled in some other part of the house or outside where I couldn't hear. Undoubtedly they did this to spare me. They have been sparing me for years. My serenity was carefully planned, therapeutic, maintained under the doctor's orders. Anything serious was habitually discussed out of my earshot. But now I can walk. They forgot that. It had not occurred to me that they were not happy, perhaps because I was as happy as I could be, but I now see that my happiness was arranged, and their lives went on outside all the time, freely.

I must have known that but I didn't think about it. I know he had played football and been a soldier. I knew she had been to college and had worked in New York before they were married. They had to tell me something when they were sitting with me and these were the things they talked about, things that had happened before they met me. Of their life together I didn't think at all. *I* was their life together. I never formulated that and said it to myself. I think I took it for granted that they were alive only when they came into my room, smiling and talking in that special fond tone. Do other people have only the lives we imagine for them?

I wondered how they would tell me, for it was something they would have to do. If he were going to move out of the house, I would miss him coming in mornings and evenings, and if I asked her directly, she would have to say. Or would they come in together? And would they tell the truth, "We are getting a divorce," or would they make up some story to shield me? And what would be expected? I am fifteen years old. Should I attempt tears? Would I be supposed to grow angry and throw myself around in the chair? Since I knew it was such an important step for them, I wanted to act in keeping.

On television men and women are always kissing. They kiss in novels also. I have never seen them do it here, but it is definitely something men and women want to do, a climactic action that often finishes the play. I supposed that was what he wanted to do with the other woman. Why, however, he should break up his marriage to do this with her was something I was not then ready to answer. It obviously had to do with the difference between the sexes, love and all that, and sitting there impermissibly in my chair in the early evening, the air conditioner and perhaps my own concentration blotting out other sounds, even perhaps their further conversation which I should have listened to, I wondered above all who she was. I couldn't think of any way to find out except to ask them and that would be discourteous. As long as I was supposed to be shielded, I would not be supposed to know.

Although it was time for them to come in, they surprised me when they did. Evidently they had agreed how best to spare me, for they seemed braced for it, stiff, embarrassed. He spoke first. He asked me how I was feeling. That was usual. He said I was so much better that he had spoken to Doctor Holzman about the possibility of going away to school next fall. Would I like that? I said I would, and it is true because it is time. He went on for several minutes, how I would be in classes



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You rang, sire?"

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instead of alone with a visiting teacher, how I could swim for exercise, and, who knew, in a year or so if I went on improving, I might go out for the team, and a lot more, rather dull, but intended to be encouraging. She sat there "tearing her handkerchief to rags" as I have read somewhere, and at last she said, "Oh, tell him."

So he told me. He said first it was serious, but he believed I could take it like a man and so on and finally he said, "Your mother and I are getting a divorce. Do you know what that means?" Well, what does he think I've been doing for ten years? I go off the chart on my reading aptitude tests and I've seen every television show there is. I said, yes, I knew what it meant. I asked which of them I was to live with and that was a slip.

He said, "Oh, you'll be in school."

And she broke in—she could hardly keep her anger down—"You'll be in my custody. Your father's got other fish to fry."

He got mad, too, and begged her to keep her temper, saying that *she* was still in Nevada, and it was by no means certain that any wedding would ever take place. Then they both calmed down. She said this house would always be my home. He could come here to see me or I could visit him as I wished, that these were the years a boy needed a father most of all, leaving it unsaid that he was running out on us. They waited to see my reaction, but since I already knew, trying as I was to handle myself well and not make any trouble, I don't think I gave them much satisfaction. They kissed me good night as always, and since I now undress myself, I waited for them to leave.

I lay down but I didn't sleep. I heard her putting dishes into the washer, and I heard him opening and shutting drawers, packing presumably. Then she shut off the kitchen radio and she was through. I heard him go through the kitchen and out the back door banging against things with his bags. He came back and said, "Good night. I'm leaving now." She didn't answer. He paused a minute and I wonder what he was thinking. Did his whole life in this house pass before his eyes? He went out then, letting the door slam. He drove the regular car and left her the station wagon. Everything had been settled unbeknown to me. I listened but I didn't hear her cry or anything. After a while she went out into the kitchen and made herself a drink, then another.

The place was breaking up. I knew that. So as not to accept it, I lay there and thought about school. I didn't think it would be too hard. My problem would be getting used to moving around, trusting my legs and balance. The work I was confident about. I have a 174 IQ and I can speak, read and write French, Italian, and Latin, yes, Latin. I can understand the Pope, and if you could holler through the TV screen, I could answer him. What else have I had to do? Study? I like to study. It was thinking about learning to swim that bothered me. When you don't function too well in one element, it's tough to have to learn how to cope with another. I feared that and just walking around. It seemed pretty daring to walk around outdoors, under trees, along sidewalks.

I could go to the other woman now and talk to her. My plan hadn't taken shape then, but when I started wondering why she should interfere in our lives (my life, really), our happy lives, for together we seemed happy, it was then that I felt I had to learn who she was. Up to that time people had been kind to me. If she were like other people, I could talk to her and she would be kind as well. "Kind" was people doing what you wanted, an acquiescence. No one had ever refused to do what I wanted. It seemed simple, then.

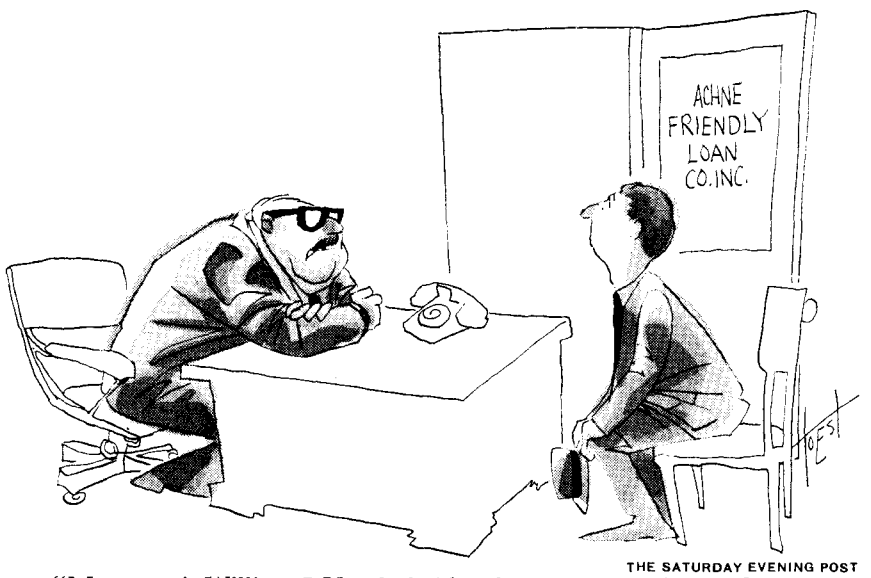
She turned out to be a woman I thought I knew quite well, a friend of the family. (I see now that they are most likely to be the intruders.) And I had to think about it all day when I found out she was the one, how it was possible to come into a house smiling, with invitations, gifts, courtesies, intending disruption all the while, offering love, but maybe she didn't come with the intention. Maybe it grew out of friendship, the growth of friendship into this love.

If it had not been for Aunt Marian's coming, I wouldn't have found out. He had been gone two days when Aunt Marian came. My mother had no one to talk to in those two days but me, and she kept her face and voice the same as usual, the same kindness, the same acquiescence. Nothing had happened. I asked her straight once to see what she would say. I waited until she had kissed me good night and was at the very edge of the threshold to give her an easy exit without embarrassment and I said, "Where's father now?" She was very adroit. Straightening the rug in front of the door so she could close it, watching her toe so she didn't have to look at me, she said casually, "Oh, he's in town," then looking up brightly, smiling as always, she said, "Good night, Charles." Such deception complicates daily life. I had not counted on it. It came all in a week, or, more accurately, it came to me in a week. If I had said, "Gone why? Why, really?" what then?

He left on a Saturday. Aunt Marian came the Monday after. She is like an old doll they gave me once, limber, the features smudged together, but she is older than my mother and she came at once. When I heard the taxi drive in, I got up and started for the door, thinking it only polite to be there to greet her too. It is thirty-seven steps from my chair to the door. I had taken sixteen of them when I heard the greeting take place. Aunt Marian gave soft screams and cried, "Oh, you poor darling," and my few hopes that she might try to help with a reconciliation were gone. I got back to my room as quickly as I could. I had overheard without meaning to. Now I wanted to listen. If they saw me sitting in my chair as I had done for so many years, they might forget, not that I could walk, but with the callousness people show invalids, forget me as if a faulty part obliterated the whole. I heard Aunt Marian say she wanted a drink. It was only eleven in the morning, but she started drinking and she stayed smashed all the time she was here. She is a law librarian for some big firm in the city and I think the job bores her.

Anyhow they came into my room for Aunt Marian to say hello. She had her drink in her hand and she said my mother had told her I could walk now. I said, yes. My mother asked me to show her. I got up and walked around the room rather easily. Aunt Marian said she had heard I was going away to school in the fall. I said, yes, but I didn't know which school yet. I sat down again to give them the familiar picture of me. They went out into the kitchen to get Aunt Marian another drink. I heard her say, "Let's get some ice and put it all on a tray."

They went into the living room with the tray. It was like turning on the radio—I cut into the middle of their talk. My mother said it wouldn't have been so bad if she hadn't known her so well. My mother never swears in front of me but she said, "Why, hell, she was my friend," and Aunt Marian said that was always the way. I still didn't know who the woman was, but I could tell it was nearly time for my mother to begin at the beginning. I have listened, and women always tell the climax first and lead up to it afterward. I am astonished how vivid and passionate life will be. Her story was a tally of malignant signs, the auguries of disaster, how she first watched my father and the woman at a cocktail party. There had been an attentiveness, a kind of leaning toward, a ready laughter in him as if he had been showered with vitality. She admitted it was innocent enough but she made it a criminal innocence. At other parties they talked longer times. She tried to



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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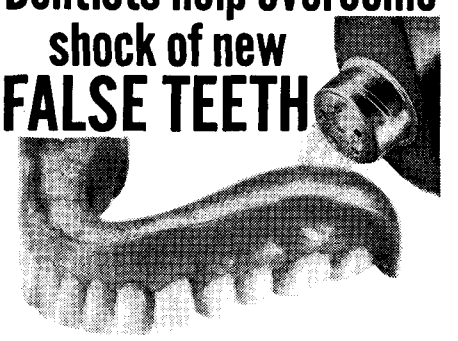

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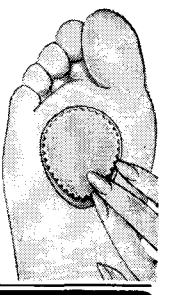

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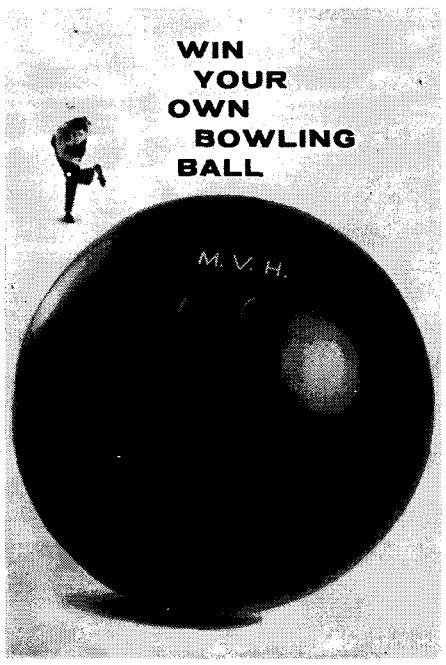

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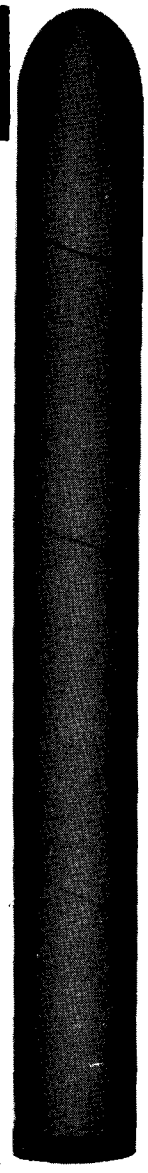

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tell herself that it was not unnatural since they knew each other so well. "Judith was in and out of the house all the time."

Then I knew. "Judith" was Mrs. Wescotton. To accept her frightened me, I think, even more than first hearing about the divorce. I had assumed, I see now, that the other woman was probably a blond "creature" with her hair in a French roll, swaggering around in heels, beautiful, and that her beauty had lured my father, like a duck answering a duck call, into her embraces. More than anything I put a certain distance between her and me. She was not anybody I would ever run into. I thought of her as wicked.

But Mrs. Wescotton's presence, her unlikely breaking-in on my neatly imagined situation, confused everything. Mrs. Wescotton was not wicked, she was nice. She was maybe the only person who treated me as if I were not a smooth surface to bounce their sympathy off.

She brought me the works of Albert Camus. I still feel complimented that she regarded me as someone with a mind capable of growth. She brought the books one at a time, and now I can see why. She used each visit as a chance to see my father, coming in the evening when my father would be home, and, after leaving my room, she talked with them. It's odd that all during that day of fear and perplexity, when I was *learning* so damned painfully, I didn't once think how Mrs. Wescotton looked. Actually she is very good-looking, beautiful, as beautiful, more so even, than the blonde with the French roll.

If it had been the blonde and I could have found out where she lived and could have gone that far—I assumed it would be far—I would have been bold. I would have, I think, ordered her to lay off my old man as if I had a right to order, but Mrs. Wescotton, no. If she had tried to attract my father, I was sure she must have had a reason. That's what I told myself, "There has to be a reason," as if she served better food at her house or had money she could leave him in a will, which my mother couldn't do, really trivial reasons like that. I saw my father as passive as he would have had to be, responding helplessly to something like the call of the banshee. Then it occurred to me with the queerest feeling that I didn't know my parents at all, as people. I knew them only as parents. If Mrs. Wescotton had drawn my father away, it meant that my mother had no allure, whatever that is, and she could give him no good reasons why he should stay, that is, there was something wrong with her. But what was it? And if my father were not passive, if he had made the first advances to Mrs. Wescotton, there was something wrong with him, for it seemed wrong to want to break up a marriage. Suddenly my parents were mysterious, painful to think about. I was left with these two masks of kindness, only I knew they were masks, hiding God knows what beneath.

It was all part of the secret life that had gone on beyond my door. I had not thought that real people screamed, shouted, jumped around—I guess I am saying were prey to the passions television actors seemed to be. I thought all that was assumed by order of the director as if the entrepreneurs were saying, "Suppose real people did act like this? Wouldn't it be fascinating?" I have never met a girl my own age. None live near here, and I doubt if we would find each other interesting. Two or three boys my own age have been brought to see me, but they shamed me immediately because they were covered with muscles and could walk. To defend myself I would use my big words and talk about books they hadn't read and so spoil any possible friendship before it started. Grown-ups were merely kind to me. They saw me as a poor little sick creep, hiding all from me with smiles.

If Mrs. Wescotton had been only kind, a simple request might work. I, the poor little invalid boy, panting from the exertion of getting to her house, doing my pathetic asking as if she were going to fly away with the roof of our house in her talons, and she, her veneer of wickedness suddenly rent away by sympathy, saying, "There, there. Of course I'll stop." However, although kind enough, Mrs. Wescotton was complex. Now that I knew the convolutions behind the masks, full of all sorts of unexpectednesses, I knew I couldn't ask any favor and really expect it to be granted. I could feel myself drawing away from this project of going to see the other woman now that it was Mrs. Wescotton.

The talk went on all day and from time to time, exhausted with my own thinking, I tuned them in, Aunt Marian getting her load on and my mother bathing in Aunt Marian's sympathy. To hear them tell it, my father was a devil with hooves, horns and tail but a weak devil, too spineless to do wrong himself but feeble enough to consent to have it done upon him. And Mrs. Wescotton, she seemed to be a little machine, constructed by the malign powers of the universe, whose working parts, her eyes narrowing and widening, the lips that smiled, the legs she showed so wantonly, had been designed only to reduce my father to a weapon to beat my mother with. None of this seemed accurate even as I listened. It was too intense but I realized by then that my relations with all of them had been only casual. Maybe it was all true. I heard it through the day until my mother cut off Aunt Marian's drinks and they had a fight in the kitchen. Some glasses were broken, I think.

It was long after ten o'clock that I made my decision, lying in bed. Everything had already happened, the house had fallen down, but I wouldn't see it, I couldn't see it then, and I had to go on trying, as I thought then, to preserve it, actually to begin on an impossible restoration. Because I could do it, it was something I had to do. I was no longer helpless.

I was thinking about my walk to Mrs. Wescotton's—she had come back single from Nevada. (They had seen her.) The walk, my first outside my own house and yard, would be something of a problem, where to rest, how much the exertion and excitement would tire me. Then I thought of Mrs. Wescotton's surprise when she saw me standing in her doorway. I could use that surprise somehow. I had never walked in front of her. She had seen me only in my chair or in bed. (People seem smaller in bed. I am five feet eight, erect.) She would take my walking to her house as a desperate measure, not as part of a long recovery. She would hustle me in, sit me down, make me comfortable. If I pretended to know only what I knew of her the last time I saw her, her mask, then I could make the request I could have made the last time she saw me, something like, "Please give my father up."

A friend of my father who had been in the Navy was telling me one night about his ship docking in one of the China ports, Shanghai maybe, and as he went ashore, dozens of little Chinese kids swarmed around the gangplank with their hands out, whining, "Penny please, penny. Me poor bastard."

That would be *my* role.

Aunt Marian stayed two days and went away again, sober, not a hair out of place, carrying all the fear, resentment and the feeling of being upset that my mother had poured into her, and my mother seemed calmer. I waited. One day my mother came in dressed for the city. I was so well now, she said, could I stay here alone while she went into town to see her lawyer? I wouldn't be afraid, would I? Lunch was in the refrigerator. . . . I hardly heard the rest of it. I could hardly wait for her to leave. I had eaten breakfast with her in my pajamas and the man's seersucker dressing gown they had given me the summer before. I dressed myself carefully, barely combing my hair, not shining my loafers. How do you give an impression of desperation by your mere appearance? It was ten o'clock. It seemed a good enough time.

The walk across the front yard was nothing. I have done it many times. I rested briefly at the mailbox, looking up and down the road. A Pepsi-Cola truck went by and the driver waved. It seemed a good omen, and I struck out down the road, walking on the grass beside it. The trees seemed bigger, taller than our own, but I suppose that was because I was somehow making them mine by walking under them. Birds, insects, the splatter of someone's lawn mower seemed louder than in life. My balance was good, and after I had counted two hundred steps from the mailbox I sat down and found I was panting. My legs were all right. I wasn't tired. It was just the excitement. I rested twice more. There was no other traffic. I counted nine hundred and three steps to Mrs. Wescotton's mailbox. It was the farthest I had ever walked, and I felt so good about it that for a second that's all I cared about.

The place looked as if she were home. The sprinkler was on. The grass was cut. I went up the drive. She had door chimes like ours, two notes, bing-bong. I waited.

I saw her coming through the screen door. She wore a blue dress. I have had dreams like this about the beautiful simplicity of life, of the Mother waiting in the doorway at eventide—it was eventide in my dream—and the Father coming across grass of unbearable brilliance carrying his hat in his hand and the Mother saying, "How are you?" and the Father answering, "I am well." And I was there in the dream, watching, but I seemed older than either of them.

She greeted me with the clichés of surprise. "Why, Charles, what are you doing here?"

"I was just trying out my walking," I said. Notice that this was true.

Telling me all the time how wonderful, she fussed until I was inside and sitting down. "You must be exhausted. Would you like a Coke?"

"No, thank you," I said.

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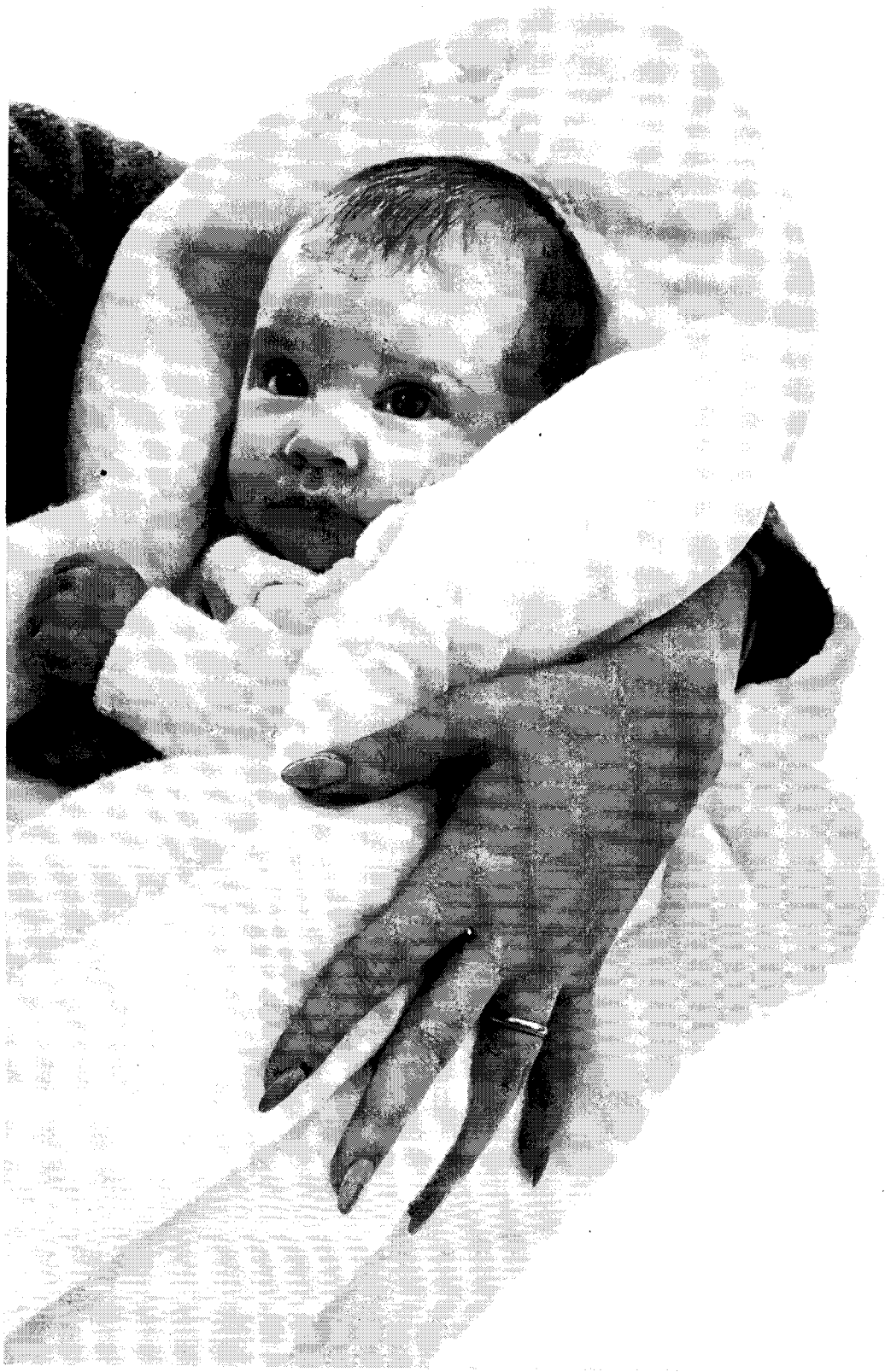
A fifty-cent test spared this baby from spending his life mentally retarded.



But only in Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island and Louisiana is the test legally required.

There is a disorder of body chemistry called phenylketonuria, or PKU. Once, there was no way to diagnose it. Once, babies born with it were doomed to lifelong mental retardation.

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1. If you expect a baby, stay under a doctor's or a hospital's care. Urge all expectant mothers to do so. Take your baby to the doctor regularly for health checkups.

2. Visit local schools and urge them to provide special teachers and special classes to identify and help mentally retarded children early in their lives.

3. Urge your community to set up workshops to train retardates who are capable of employment.

4. Select jobs in your company that the mentally retarded can fill, and hire them.

5. Accept the mentally retarded as American citizens. Give them a chance to live useful, dignified lives in your community.

6. Write for the free booklet to the President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C.

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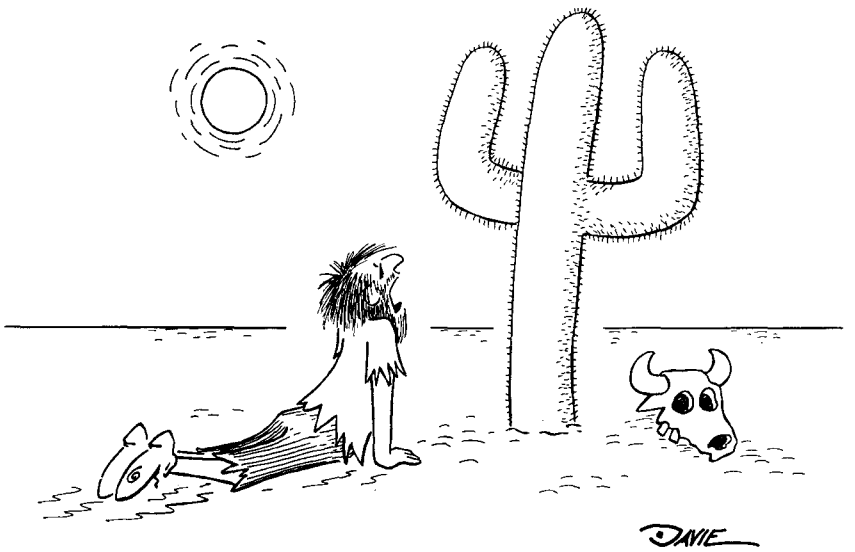

"This ain't no stickup, buddy. All I want is a drink of water."

"I was just having some coffee. Won't you ——"

"I won't have any, Mrs. Wescotton." I was thirsty, but I had to deprive myself, to blot out this image of health and recovery. I hunched myself forward in the chair to look smaller, and, as she was putting in sugar, I said just short of a whimper, young, pleading, "Mrs. Wescotton, will you give my father up?" Then I waited.

At once she gave me such a quick sharp look that I was terrified. I wished I was at home in my chair. What if she got angry and told me to go? Then she sighed. "What have they told you?"

"About the divorce," I said.

"And I am to blame?"

"They told me both together about the divorce. I heard my mother talking to my Aunt Marian about you." She didn't seem to be angry.

"You walked every step of the way here," she said. She had the fingers of one hand spread over the palm of the other, looking at them. They were long, with no rings. What she had said, however, was totally irrelevant.

"Yes," I said. "You're changing the subject."

"Not really," she said, still looking down at her hand, drawing it across the other one. Her legs were crossed. They were bare. Waiting for her to speak, I sat there looking at the vein that runs in front of everyone's ankle. It seemed odd that her blood should be beating through it all the time. "I couldn't live with my husband any longer. But to tell you why ——" She looked up at me. "It seems comic. I haven't told anybody why really."

"Why?" I asked. I shouldn't have asked, shouldn't let her explain.

"He did barbell exercises. He never spoke to me in the morning until he had gone through them. He is forty-six years old and every morning of the world he lifted fifty pounds twenty times, then a hundred pounds ten times. After he had taken a shower and dressed and had his first cup of coffee, he would speak. Until then I wasn't there."

"You mean it was just a hole in time? That's frightening," I said.

"Not frightening. Stupid. I can hear those things clank in my dreams. They were the first things he carried out of the house when he left. There were other incompatibilities, God knows, but let's say that my husband had the mind, the character of a man for whom it is important to lift barbells every day. Can you understand what that means, Charles?"

"He didn't love you, " I said.

"I was an acquisition like his biceps. In public he was proud of me."

There is a content to love. I see that. As we put different things into bottles so we put different things into love.

"So you looked for another man and found my father."

She smiled. "Not exactly. When your father and I really met, we didn't know we were looking but we were, he longer than I."

"How do you mean?" We had all been happy.

"There was your mother's drinking, of course."

I give you my word that had never occurred to me, but the instant she spoke I knew it was true. Tinkling and clinking up out of memory came all the ice cubes against all the glasses, and her manner I had thought so relaxed became bland and glassy. And she always smelled of cloves. I thought it was perfume, I guess. No, I knew the odor of cloves but there was no reason why she should always smell of them so I must have called it an element of her perfume to stifle any question about it. I had never thought about it, as a matter of fact. She was just my mother. Nothing is simple.

"I didn't know about it," I said.

"I can see how that is possible," she said. "She was careful. She handled it very well, but of course he knew, your father." She stood up suddenly and ran her hands through her hair. A vein stood out in her forehead. She seemed in absolute despair. "Charles, do you want me to stop talking about this?"

"No," I said. You know that Brueghel painting of *Children's Games*, hundreds of kids you look down upon all playing different games? I had looked at it a lot because I wanted to play, too. Now I had a vision of adult games, hundreds of adults playing their games on a great plain stretching to the horizon under this calm gray sky, games for two, games for twenty or a million, slower than children's, insanely complicated, incomprehensible but, because they were incomprehensible, promising so that I wanted to play, too.

"I'm terribly sorry . . ." she said.

"Sorry for what? I didn't think my parents were demigods." I had though. And now they were shrinking down quickly and painfully because she had told me, maybe because she was still formally the enemy, I wanted to seem tough, I don't know why. A year before I would have cried.

"I'm sorry you came all this way to ask these questions. I'm sorry to tell you the truth. I don't tell it so as not to be a liar. It isn't pride. It's just that you'll find it out eventually, and I'm sorry you ask now because you aren't ready for the answers perhaps." This was fair enough, I thought.

"Why does my mother drink?"

She pursed her lips and then went "coo" under her breath. "I'm not sure but I think it's you. Partly that she's had to take so much care of you, but mainly because your father was an athlete and you are not likely to play football. She thinks she has failed him so she has come to hate him? I don't know, resent him perhaps because her son has not been strong, and perhaps she drinks to soften things around the edges because she knows she ought not to. Women are alone a good deal, you know."

"I'm getting much better."

"I know you are."

"It will help if I leave. I'm going to leave. I'm going away to school."

"Are you saying obliquely that the situation will right itself then? Are you still asking me to give your father up, knowing what you know now?"

I didn't really know. I still couldn't get used to the idea that things wouldn't go on as they always had even if I were gone. "You could."

"It's too late, Charles. I have to salvage something. I've gone twelve years without a child," she said.

"Is it just because my father's handy?" I thought I could ask her anything because she seemed to have committed herself to tell the truth. She didn't like this one, though.

"Partly, maybe. I can't look all over the world to find a decent man."

"It's pure sex actually, isn't it?"

She laughed in my face and I blushed. I could feel it. "Charles, do you know what you're talking about? What do you think sex is?"

"Oh, a lot of kissing. I see it all the time on television," I said. "But I think there's something else they don't show."

"You are right. There's something else they don't show."

"So it's that and because he's nearby and because you say he's a decent man. But why has it got to be my father?"

"Why don't you ask your father why it has to be me? I didn't start this. He did."

"You mean, if you were not here, it would be somebody else?"

"Very possibly."

"I don't believe it. The other women around here have ugly skins and their lipstick shines, and they talk as if they owned everybody. You don't. You are a handsome woman." I was going to say "beautiful" but I jumped back.

"Charles, you came here asking me to give your father up. If I am the only one, you can still ask. But if there are other possibilities . . ."

"I still don't believe there are. Where would he find them?"

"A man can move around much more easily than a woman. What your father wants is a certain kind of life, what I want is a certain kind of life, and we think we can make it together but ——"

"But if you withdrew, went to Europe, Mexico, he could find someone else? And you could do the same?"

"It's perfectly possible. It would take longer but it's possible."

"But what is love then?"

She looked at me as if she were really thinking about it. I heard the refrigerator go on somewhere and after a minute go off. Then she said, "I don't know."

"An invention, maybe? Everyone has to invent it for himself?"

Her face shut up tight. "You're too damned clever, Charles. Go home."

I knew she was angry but I wasn't scared. "So you're not going to give my father up. My mother will get a job. And I'm going to go away." Was this pathetic? I was only summing up the interview but it seemed to break her up. She started to cry and she kissed me. This was nice, but it seemed malapropos to appreciate it at this time. I said good-bye and left.

I didn't once think of the walk back. I just did it. When I caught sight of our house, it occurred to me that I probably wouldn't ever come back there after I left. I was a little surprised that this didn't depress me. I went in and sat down in my chair in the ruined house. Although I knew it was, it didn't seem ruined; in fact, the yard was full of flowers. My mother was mad about roses. All through the late spring and summer I used to watch her tending them. She had a blue canvas apron, pockets full of shears, trowels, all kinds of fancy tools. She was always pulling weeds, loosening dirt around roots, pinching off yellow leaves, and squirting fish fertilizer from a bottle. Actually she didn't have to take much care of me, and it was something to do.

I got up out of my chair and walked out to the garage. Her blue apron was hanging there, and I took the shears and went out into the yard. There were hundreds of roses and I started cutting them. All I had done so far was just walk. I wanted to do something standing up to get ready for school and all. I put the tea roses in tall vases—she had enough. The floribundas I put in bowls, but she didn't have anywhere near enough of those, and toward the end I was putting them in crocks and pans I got out of the pantry cupboards. I cut every damned rose that bloomed and I put them all over the house, huge bouquets, red, yellow, pink, and white, a real riot of color, even in the bathrooms. My hands ached and my fingers were sore from the shears but, boy, was she surprised when she got home. I guess she knew I was really going, then. □

Allan Seager's most recent book, A Frieze of Girls, *is, as its title suggests, a celebration of the delights of young manhood. Born in Michigan, raised in Tennessee, he has studied at Oxford, has worked as an amateur cowpuncher in Wyoming, has managed an egg-case-filler company, was at one time an editor of the old* Vanity Fair *magazine, and has written five novels. He is a professor of English at the University of Michigan.*

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Everyone knows
you can't go
home again;
but every once
in a while,
in a terrible
nightmare,
you are there.

The bus

By SHIRLEY JACKSON

Miss Harper was going home, although the night was wet and nasty. Miss Harper disliked traveling at any time, and she particularly disliked traveling on this dirty small bus, which was her only way of getting home; she had frequently complained to the bus company about their service, because it seemed that no matter where she wanted to go, they had no respectable bus to carry her. Getting *away* from home was bad enough, Miss Harper was fond of pointing out to the bus company, but getting *home* seemed very close to impossible. Tonight Miss Harper had no choice: If she did not go home by this particular bus, she could not go for another day. Annoyed, tired, depressed, she tapped irritably on the counter of the little tobacco store which served also as the bus station. Sir, she was thinking, beginning her letter of complaint, Although I am an elderly lady of modest circumstances and must curtail my fondness for travel, let me point out that your bus service falls far below. . .

Outside, the bus stirred noisily, clearly not anxious to be moving; Miss Harper thought she could already hear the weary sound of its springs sinking out of shape. I just can't make this trip again, Miss Harper thought; even seeing Stephanie isn't worth it; they really go out of their way to make you uncomfortable. "Can I get my ticket, please?" she said sharply, and the old man at the other end of the counter put down his paper and gave her a look of hatred.

Miss Harper ordered her ticket, deploring her own cross voice, and the old man slapped it down on the counter in front of her and said, "You got three minutes before the bus leaves."

He'd love to tell me I missed it, Miss Harper thought, and made a point of counting her change.

The rain was beating down, and Miss Harper hurried the few exposed steps to the door of the bus. The driver was slow in opening the door, and as Miss Harper climbed in she was thinking: Sir, I shall never travel with your company again. Your ticket salesmen are ugly, your drivers are surly, your vehicles indescribably filthy. . .

There were already several people sitting in the bus, and Miss Harper wondered where they could possibly be going; were there really this many small towns served only by this bus? Were there really other people who would endure this kind of trip to get somewhere, even home? I'm very out of sorts, Miss Harper thought, very out of sorts; it's too strenuous a visit for a woman of my age; I need to get home. She thought of a hot bath and a cup of tea and her own bed, and sighed. No one offered to help her put her suitcase on the rack, and she glanced over her shoulder at the driver sitting with his back turned and thought: He'd probably rather put me off the bus than help me; and then, perceiving her own ill nature, she smiled. The bus company might write a letter of complaint about *me*, she told herself, and felt better. She had providentially taken a sleeping pill before leaving for the bus station, hoping to sleep through as much of the trip as possible, and at last, sitting near the back, she promised herself that it would not be unbearably long before she had a bath and a cup of tea, and tried to compose the bus company's response to her letter of complaint. Madam, a lady of your experience and advanced age ought surely to be aware of the problems confronting a poor but honest little company which wants only. . .

She was aware that the bus had started, because she was rocked and bounced in her seat, and the feeling of rattling and throbbing beneath the soles of her shoes stayed with her even when, at last, she slept. She lay back uneasily, her head resting on the seat back, moving with the motion of the bus, and around her other people slept, or spoke softly, or stared blankly out the windows at the passing lights and the rain.

Sometime during her sleep Miss Harper was jostled by someone moving into the seat behind her; her head was pushed and her hat disarranged. For a minute, bewildered by sleep, she clutched at her hat, and then said vaguely, "Who?"

"Go back to sleep," a young voice said, and giggled. "I'm just running away from home, that's all."

Miss Harper was not awake, but she opened her eyes a little and looked up to the ceiling of the bus. "That's wrong," she said as clearly as she could. "That's wrong. Go back."

There was another giggle. "Too late," the voice said. "Go back to sleep."

Miss Harper did. She slept uncomfortably and awkwardly, her mouth a little open. Sometime, perhaps an hour later, her head was jostled again and the voice said, "I think I'm going to get off here. 'Bye, now."

"You'll be sorry," Miss Harper said, asleep. "Go back."

Then, still later, the bus driver was shaking her. "Look, lady," he was saying, "I'm not an alarm clock. Wake up and get off the bus."

"What?" Miss Harper stirred, opened her eyes, felt for her pocketbook.

"I'm not an alarm clock," the driver said. His voice was harsh and tired. "I'm not an alarm clock. Get off the bus."

"What?" said Miss Harper, again.

"This is as far as you go. You got a ticket to here. You've arrived. And I am not an alarm clock waking up people to tell them when it's time to get off; you got here, lady, and it's not part of my job to carry you off the bus. I'm not ——"

"I intend to report you," Miss Harper said, awake. She felt for her pocketbook and found it in her lap, moved her feet, straightened her hat. She was stiff, and moving was difficult.

"Report me. But from somewhere else. I got a bus to run. Now will you please get off so I can go on my way?"

His voice was loud, and Miss Harper was sickeningly aware of faces turned toward her from along the bus—grins, amused comments. The driver turned and stamped off down the bus to his seat, saying, "She thinks I'm an alarm clock," and Miss Harper, without assistance and moving clumsily, took down her suitcase and struggled with it down the aisle. The suitcase banged against seats, and she knew that people were staring at her; she was terribly afraid that she might stumble and fall.

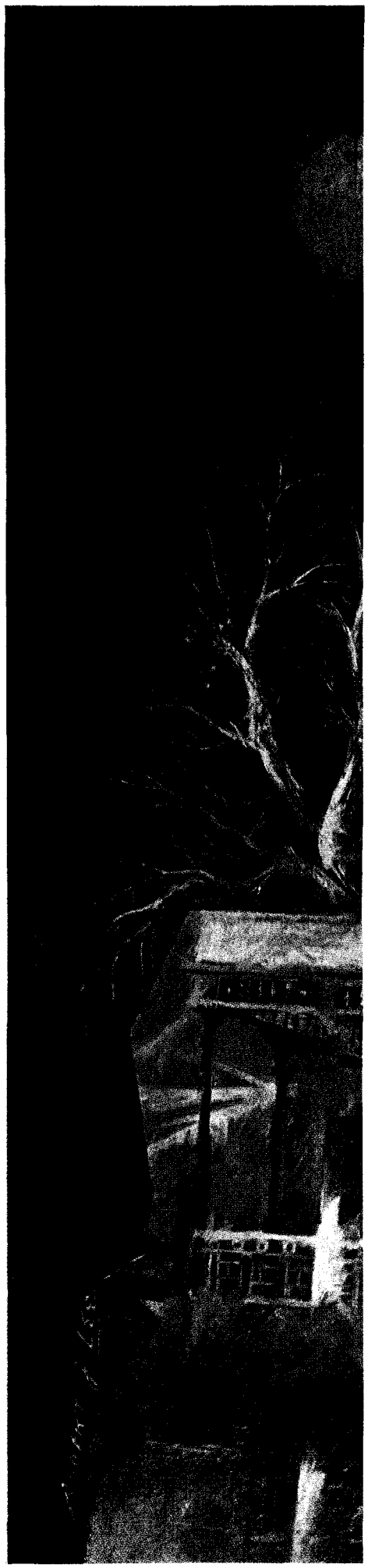
"I'll certainly report you," she said to the driver, who shrugged.

"Come on, lady," he said. "It's the middle of the night and I got a bus to run."

"You ought to be *ashamed* of yourself," Miss Harper said wildly, wanting to cry.

"Lady," the driver said with elaborate patience, "please get off my bus."

The door was open, and Miss Harper eased herself and her suitcase onto the steep step. "She thinks everyone's an alarm clock, got to see she gets off the



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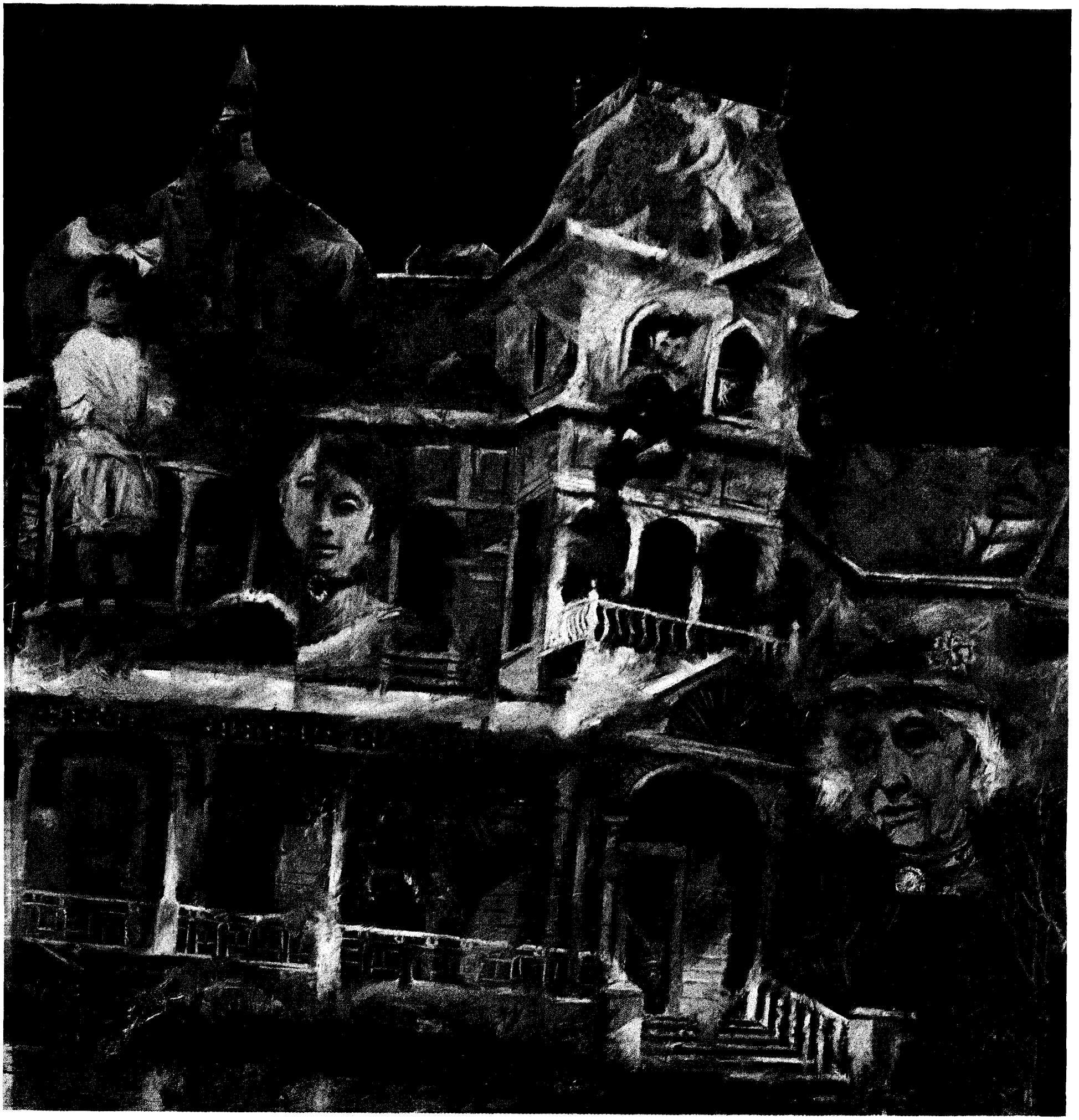

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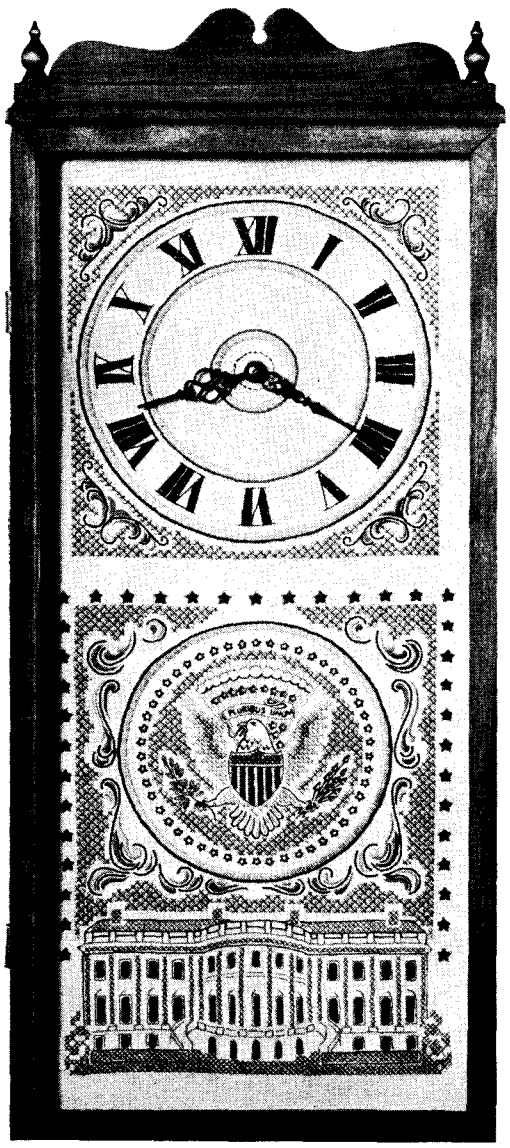

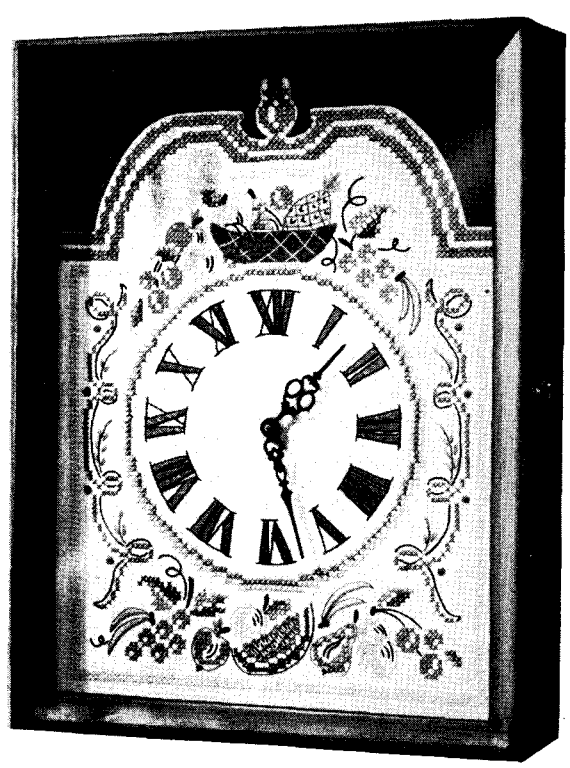

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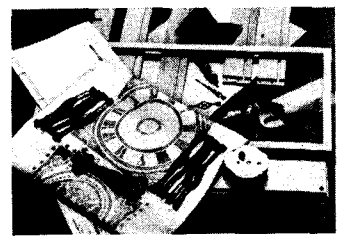

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bus," the driver said behind her, and Miss Harper stepped onto the ground. Suitcase, pocketbook, gloves, hat—she had them all. She had barely taken stock when the bus started with a jerk, almost throwing her backward, and Miss Harper, for the first time in her life, wanted to run and shake her fist at someone. I'll report him, she thought; I'll see that he loses his job. And then she realized that she was in the wrong place.

Standing quite still in the rain and the darkness, Miss Harper became aware that she was not at the bus corner of her town, where the bus should have left her. She was on an empty crossroads in the rain. There were no stores, no lights, no taxis, no people. There was nothing, in fact, but a wet dirt road under her feet and a signpost where two roads came together. Don't panic, Miss Harper told herself, almost whispering, don't panic; it's all right, it's all right, you'll see that it's all right, don't be frightened.

She took a few steps in the direction the bus had gone, but it was out of sight, and when Miss Harper called falteringly, "Come back" and "Help," there was no answer to the shocking sound of her own voice except the steady drive of the rain. I sound old, she thought, but I will not panic. She turned in a circle, her suitcase in her hand, and told herself: Don't panic, it's all right.

There was no shelter in sight, but the signpost said RICKET'S LANDING. So that's where I am, Miss Harper thought; I've come to Ricket's Landing and I don't like it here. She set her suitcase down next to the signpost and tried to see down the road; perhaps there might be a house, or even some kind of barn or shed, where she could get out of the rain. She was crying a little, and lost and hopeless, saying, Please, won't someone come?, when she saw headlights far off down the road and realized that someone was really coming to help her. She ran to the middle of the road and stood waving, her gloves wet and her pocketbook draggled. "Here," she called, "here I am. Please come and help me."

Through the sound of the rain she could hear the motor, and then the headlights caught her and, suddenly embarrassed, she put her pocketbook in front of her face. The lights belonged to a small truck, and it came to an abrupt stop beside her and the window near her was rolled down and a man's voice said furiously, "You want to get killed? You trying to get killed or something? What you doing in the middle of the road, trying to get killed?" The young man turned and spoke to the driver. "It's some dame. Running out in the road like that."

"Please," Miss Harper said, as he seemed about to close the window again, "please help me. The bus put me off here when it wasn't my stop and I'm lost."

"Lost?" The young man laughed richly. "First I ever heard anyone getting lost in Ricket's Landing. Mostly they have trouble *finding* it." He laughed again, and the driver, leaning forward over the steering wheel to look curiously at Miss Harper, laughed too. Miss Harper put on a willing smile, and said, "Can you take me somewhere? Perhaps a bus station?"

"No bus station." The young man shook his head profoundly. "Bus comes through here every night, stops if he's got any passengers."

"Well," Miss Harper said, her voice rising in spite of herself; she was suddenly afraid of antagonizing these young men; perhaps they might even leave her here, in the wet and dark. "Please," she said, "can I get in with you, out of the rain?"

The two young men looked at each other. "Take her down to the old lady's," one of them said.

"She's pretty wet to get in the truck," the other one said.

"Please," Miss Harper said. "I'll be glad to pay you what I can."

"We'll take you to the old lady," the driver said. "Come on, move over," he said to the other young man.

"Wait—my suitcase." Miss Harper ran back to the signpost, no longer caring how she must look, stumbling about in the rain, and brought her suitcase over to the truck.

"That's awful wet," the young man said. He opened the door and took the suitcase from Miss Harper. "I'll just throw it in the back," he said, and turned and tossed the suitcase into the back of the truck. Miss Harper heard the sodden thud of its landing, and wondered what things would look like when she unpacked. My bottle of cologne, she thought despairingly. "Get *in*," the young man said, and, "My God, you're wet."

Miss Harper had never climbed up into a truck before, and her skirt was tight and her gloves were slippery from the rain. Without help from the young man, she put one knee on the high step and somehow hoisted herself in. This cannot be happening to me, she thought clearly. The young man pulled away fastidiously as Miss Harper slid onto the seat next to him.

"You are pretty wet," the driver said, leaning over the wheel to look around at Miss Harper. "Why were you out in the rain like that?"

"The bus driver." Miss Harper began to peel off her gloves; somehow she had to make an attempt to dry herself. "He told me it was my stop."

"That would be Johnny Talbot," the driver said to the other young man. "He drives that bus."

"Well, I'm going to report him," Miss Harper said. There was a little silence in the truck, and then the driver said, "Johnny's a good guy. He means all right."

"He's a bad bus driver," Miss Harper said sharply.

The truck did not move. "You don't want to report old Johnny," the driver said.

"I most certainly ——" Miss Harper began, and then stopped. Where am I? she thought. What is happening to me? "No," she said at last, "I won't report old Johnny."

The driver started the truck, and they moved slowly down the road, through the mud and the rain. The windshield wipers swept back and forth hypnotically, there was a narrow line of light ahead from their headlights, and Miss Harper thought, What is happening to me?

"We're going down to the old lady's," the driver said. "She'll know what to do."

"What old lady?" Miss Harper did not dare to move, even to turn her head. "Is there any kind of a bus station? Or even a taxi?"

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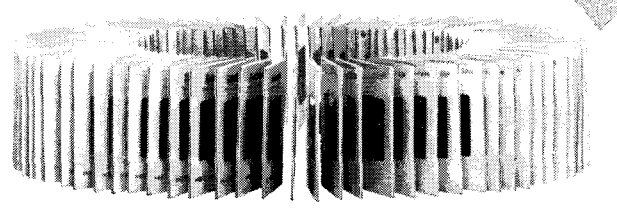

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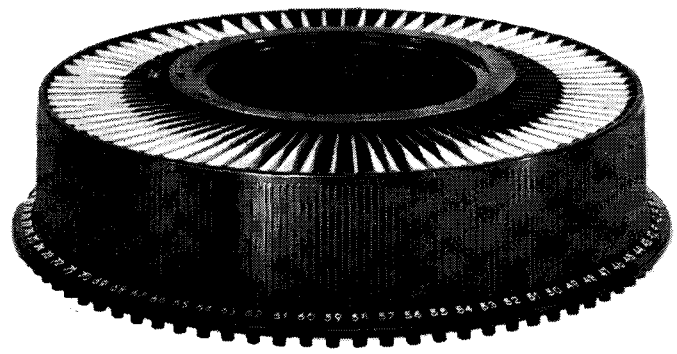

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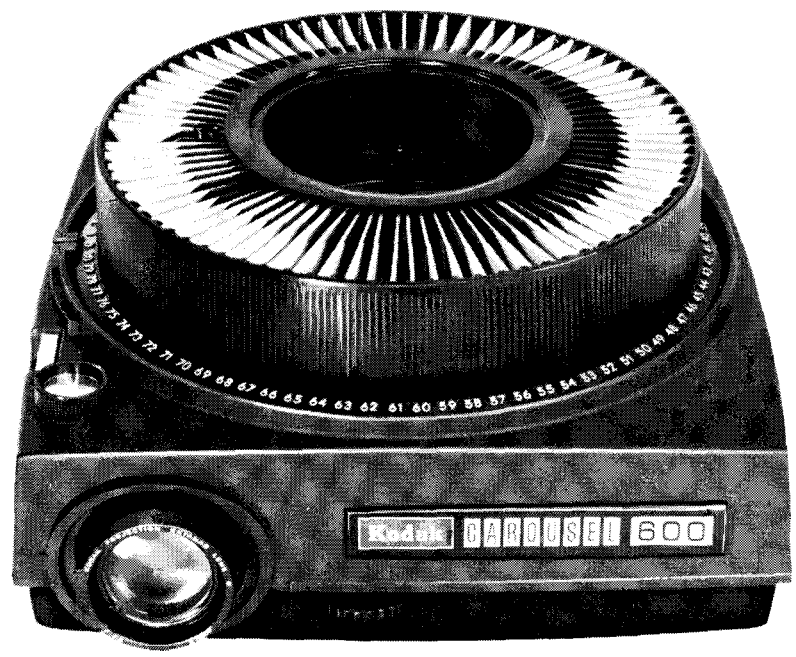

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"You could," the driver said considerингly, "you could wait and catch that same bus tomorrow night when it goes through. Johnny'll be driving her."

"I just want to get home as soon as possible," Miss Harper said. The truck seat was dreadfully uncomfortable, she felt clammy and sticky and chilled through, and home seemed so far away that perhaps it did not exist at all.

"Just down the road a mile or so," the driver said reassuringly.

"I've never heard of Ricket's Landing," Miss Harper said. "I can't imagine how he came to put me off there."

"Maybe somebody else was supposed to get off there and he thought it was you by mistake." This deduction seemed to tax the young man's mind to the utmost, because he said, "See, someone else might've been supposed to get off instead of you."

"Then *he's* still on the bus," said the driver, and they were both silent, appalled.

Ahead of them a light flickered, showing dimly through the rain, and the driver pointed and said, "There, that's where we're going." As they came closer, Miss Harper was aware of a growing dismay. The light belonged to what seemed to be a roadhouse, and Miss Harper had never been inside a roadhouse in her life. The house itself was only a dim shape looming in the darkness, and the light over the side door illuminated a sign, hanging crooked, which read

BEER
BAR & GRILL

"Is there anywhere else I could go?" Miss Harper asked timidly, clutching her pocketbook. "I'm not at all sure, you know, that I ought ——"

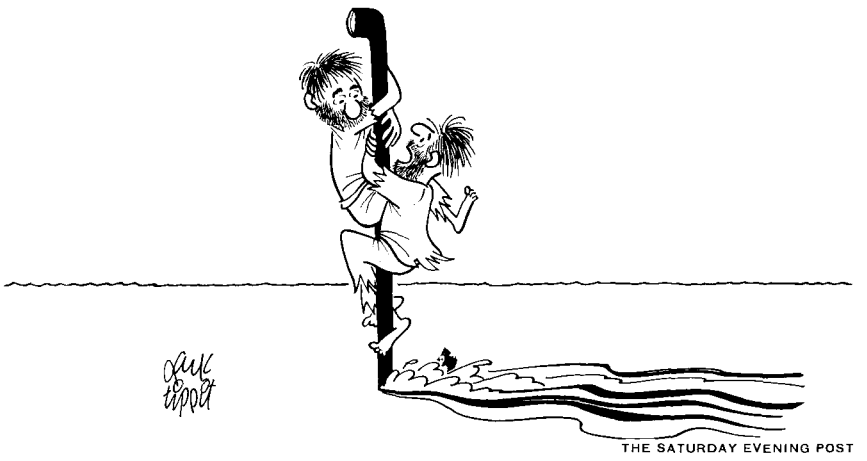
"Not many people here tonight," the driver said, turning the truck into the driveway and pulling up in the parking lot, which had once, Miss Harper was sad to see, been a garden. "The rain, probably."

Peering through the window and the rain, Miss Harper felt, suddenly, a warm stir of recognition, of welcome. It's the house, she thought; why, of *course*, the house is lovely. It had clearly been an old mansion once, solidly and handsomely built, with the balance and style that belonged to a good house of an older time. "Why?" Miss Harper asked, wanting to know why such a good house should have a light tacked on over the side door, and a sign hanging crooked but saying Beer Bar & Grill. "Why?" asked Miss Harper, but the driver said, "This is where you wanted to go. . . . Get her suitcase," he told the other young man.

"In here?" asked Miss Harper, feeling a kind of indignation on behalf of the fine old house. "Into this saloon?" Why, I used to live in a house like this, she thought; what are they doing to our old houses?

The driver laughed. "You'll be safe," he said.

Carrying her suitcase and her pocketbook, Miss Harper followed the two young men to the lighted door and passed under the crooked sign. Shameful, she thought; they haven't even bothered to take care of the place; it needs paint and tightening all around and probably a new roof. And then the driver said, "Come on, come on," and pushed open the heavy door.



"I hope they're not figuring on going under the North Pole!"

"I used to live in a house like this," Miss Harper said, and the young men laughed.

"I bet you did," one of them said, and Miss Harper stopped in the doorway, staring, and realized how strange she must have sounded. Where there had certainly once been comfortable rooms, high-ceilinged and square, with tall doors and polished floors, there was now one large dirty room, with a counter running along one side and half a dozen battered tables; there was a jukebox in a corner, and torn linoleum on the floor. "Oh, no," Miss Harper said. The room smelled unpleasant, and the rain slapped against the bare windows.

Sitting around the tables and standing around the jukebox were perhaps a dozen young people, resembling the two who had brought Miss Harper here, all looking oddly alike, all talking and laughing flatly. Miss Harper leaned back against the door; for a minute she thought they were laughing about her. She was wet and disheartened, and these noisy people did not belong at all in the old house. Then the driver turned and gestured to her. "Come and meet the old lady," he said; and then, to the room at large: "Look, we brought company."

"Please," Miss Harper said, but no one had given her more than a glance. She followed the two young men across to the counter; her suitcase bumped against her legs and she thought: I must not fall down.

"Belle, Belle," the driver said, "look at the stray cat we found."

An enormous woman swung around in her seat at the end of the counter and looked at Miss Harper. Looking up and down, looking at the suitcase and Miss Harper's wet hat and wet shoes, looking at Miss Harper's pocketbook and gloves squeezed in her hand, the woman seemed hardly to move her eyes. It was almost as though she absorbed Miss Harper without any particular effort. "Hell you say," the woman said at last. Her voice was surprisingly soft. "Hell you say."

"She's wet," the second young man said. The two young men stood one on either side of Miss Harper, presenting her. "Please," Miss Harper said; here was a woman, at least—someone who might understand and sympathize, "please, they put me off my bus at the wrong stop and I can't seem to find my way home. Please."

"Hell you say," the woman said, and laughed, a gentle laugh. "She sure is wet," she said.

"Please," Miss Harper said.

"You'll take care of her?" the driver asked. He turned and smiled down at Miss Harper, obviously waiting, and, remembering, Miss Harper fumbled in her pocketbook for her wallet. How much? she was wondering, not wanting to ask; it was such a short ride, but if they hadn't come I might have gotten pneumonia, and paid all those doctor bills; I have caught cold, she thought with great clarity, and she took two five-dollar bills from her wallet. They can't argue over five dollars each, she thought, and sneezed. The two young men and the large woman were watching her with great interest, and all of them saw that after Miss Harper took out the two five-dollar bills there were a single and two tens left in the wallet. The money was not wet. I suppose I should be grateful for that, Miss Harper thought, moving slowly. She handed a five-dollar bill to each young man and felt that they glanced at each other over her head.

"Thanks," the driver said. I could have gotten away with a dollar each, Miss Harper thought. "Thanks," the driver said again, and the other young man said, "Say, thanks."

"Thank *you*," Miss Harper said formally.

"I'll put you up for the night," the woman said. "You can sleep here. Go tomorrow." She looked Miss Harper up and down again. "Dry off a little," she said.

"Is there anywhere else?" Then, afraid that this might seem ungracious, Miss Harper said, "I mean, is there any way of going on tonight? I don't want to impose."

"We got rooms for rent." The woman half turned back to the counter. "Cost you ten for the night."

She's leaving me bus fare home, Miss Harper thought; I suppose I *should* be grateful. "I'd better, I guess," she said, taking out her wallet again. "I mean, thank you."

The woman accepted the bill. "Upstairs," she said. "Take your choice. No one's around." She glanced sideways at Miss Harper. "I'll see you get a cup of coffee in the morning."

"Thank you." Miss Harper knew where the staircase would be, and she turned and, carrying her suitcase and her pocketbook, went to what had once been the front hall, and there was the staircase, so lovely in its proportions that she caught her breath. She turned back and saw the large woman staring at her, and said, "I used to live in a house like this. Built about the same time, I guess. One of those good old houses that were made to stand forever, and where people ——"

"Hell you say," the woman said, and turned back to the counter.

The young people scattered around the big room were talking; in one corner a group surrounded the two who had brought Miss Harper, and now and then they laughed. Miss Harper was touched with a little sadness now, looking at them, so at home in the big, ugly room which had once been so beautiful. It would be nice, she thought, to speak to these young people, perhaps even become their friend, talk and laugh with them; perhaps they might like to know that this spot where they came together had been a lady's drawing room. Hesitating a little, Miss Harper wondered if she might call "Good night" or "Thank you" again, or even "God bless you all." Then, since no one looked at her, she started up the stairs. Halfway, there was a landing with a stained-glass window, and Miss Harper stopped, holding her breath. When she had been a child the stained-glass window on the stair landing in her house had caught the sunlight and scattered it on the stairs in a hundred colors. Fairyland colors, Miss Harper thought, remembering; I wonder why we don't live in these houses now. I'm lonely, Miss Harper thought, and then she thought: But I must get out of these wet clothes; I really am catching cold.

Without thinking, she turned at the top of the stairs and went to the front room on the left; that had always been her room. The door was open and she glanced in; this was clearly a bedroom for rent, and it was ugly and drab and cheap. Miss Harper turned on the light and stood in the doorway, saddened by the peeling wallpaper and the sagging floor. What have they done to the house? she thought; how can I sleep here tonight?

At last she moved to cross the room and set her suitcase on the bed. I must get dry, she told herself; I must make the best of things. The bed was correctly placed, between the two front windows, but the mattress was stiff and lumpy, and Miss Harper was frightened at the sour smell and the creaking springs. I will not think about such things, Miss Harper thought; this might be the room where I slept as a girl. The windows were almost right—two across the front, two at the side—and the door was placed correctly. How they did build these old places to a square-cut pattern, Miss Harper thought; how they did put them together; there must

In 1948 Shirley Jackson published a short story called THE LOTTERY, *a harrowing examination of the nature of mass cruelty that probably excited as much comment as any story published in this century. Since then her work has appeared in a variety of magazines, and she has written several novels, the most recent of them* We Have Always Lived in the Castle. *She lives in North Bennington, Vermont, where she raises a family, writes, paints, and continues her study of the art of black magic.*

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be a thousand houses all over the country built exactly like this. The closet, however, was on the wrong side. Some oddness of construction had set the closet to Miss Harper's right as she sat on the bed, when it ought really to have been on her left; when she was a girl the big closet had been her playhouse and her hiding place, but it had been on the left.

The bathroom was wrong, too, but that was less important. Miss Harper had thought wistfully of a hot tub before bed, but a glance at the bathtub discouraged her; she could wait until she got home. She washed her face and hands, and the warm water comforted her. She was further comforted to find that her bottle of cologne had not broken in her suitcase and that nothing inside had got wet. At least she could sleep in a dry nightgown, although in a cold bed.

She shivered once in the cold sheets, remembering a child's bed. She lay in the darkness with her eyes open, wondering where she was and how she had got here: first the bus and then the truck; and now she lay in the darkness, and no one knew where she was or what was to become of her. She had only her suitcase, and a little money in her pocketbook. She was very tired, and she thought that perhaps the sleeping pill she had taken much earlier had still not quite worn off; perhaps the sleeping pill had been affecting all her actions, since she had been following docilely, wherever she was taken. In the morning, she told herself sleepily, I'll show them I can make decisions for myself.

The jukebox noise downstairs faded softly into a distant melody. My mother is singing in the drawing room, Miss Harper thought, and the company is sitting on the stiff little chairs, listening; my father is playing the piano. She could not quite distinguish the song, but it was one she had heard her mother sing many times. I could creep out to the top of the stairs and listen, she thought, and then she became aware that there was a rustling in the closet, but the closet was on the wrong side, on the right instead of the left. It is more a rattling than a rustling, Miss Harper thought, wanting to listen to her mother singing; it is as though something wooden were being shaken around. Shall I get out of bed and quiet it so I can hear the singing? Am I too warm and comfortable; am I too sleepy?

The closet was on the wrong side, but the rattling continued, just loud enough to be irritating, and at last, knowing she would never sleep until it stopped, Miss Harper swung her legs over the side of the bed and, sleepily, padded barefoot over to the closet door.

"What are you doing in there?" she asked aloud, and opened the door. There was just enough light for her to see that it was a wooden snake, head lifted, stirring and rattling itself against the other toys. Miss Harper laughed. "It's my snake," she said aloud, "it's my old snake, and it's come alive." In the back of the closet she could see her old toy clown, bright and cheerful, and as she watched, enchanted, the toy clown flopped languidly forward and back, coming alive. Then Miss Harper saw the big beautiful doll sitting on a small chair, the doll with long golden curls and wide blue eyes and a stiff organdy party dress. As Miss Harper held out her hands in joy, the doll opened her eyes and stood up.

"Rosabelle," Miss Harper cried out, "Rosabelle, it's me."

The doll turned, looking widely at her, smile painted on. The red lips opened and the doll quacked, outrageously, a flat, slapping voice coming out of that fair mouth. "Go away, old lady," the doll said, "go away, old lady, go away."

Miss Harper backed away, staring. She slammed the closet door and leaned against it. Behind her, the doll's voice went on and on. Crying out, Miss Harper turned and fled. "Mommy," she screamed, "Mommy, Mommy."

Screaming, she fled, past the bed, out the door, to the staircase. "Mommy," she cried, and fell, going down and down into darkness, turning, trying to catch onto something solid and real, crying.

"Look, lady," the bus driver said. "I'm not an alarm clock. Wake up and get off the bus."

"You'll be sorry," Miss Harper said distinctly.

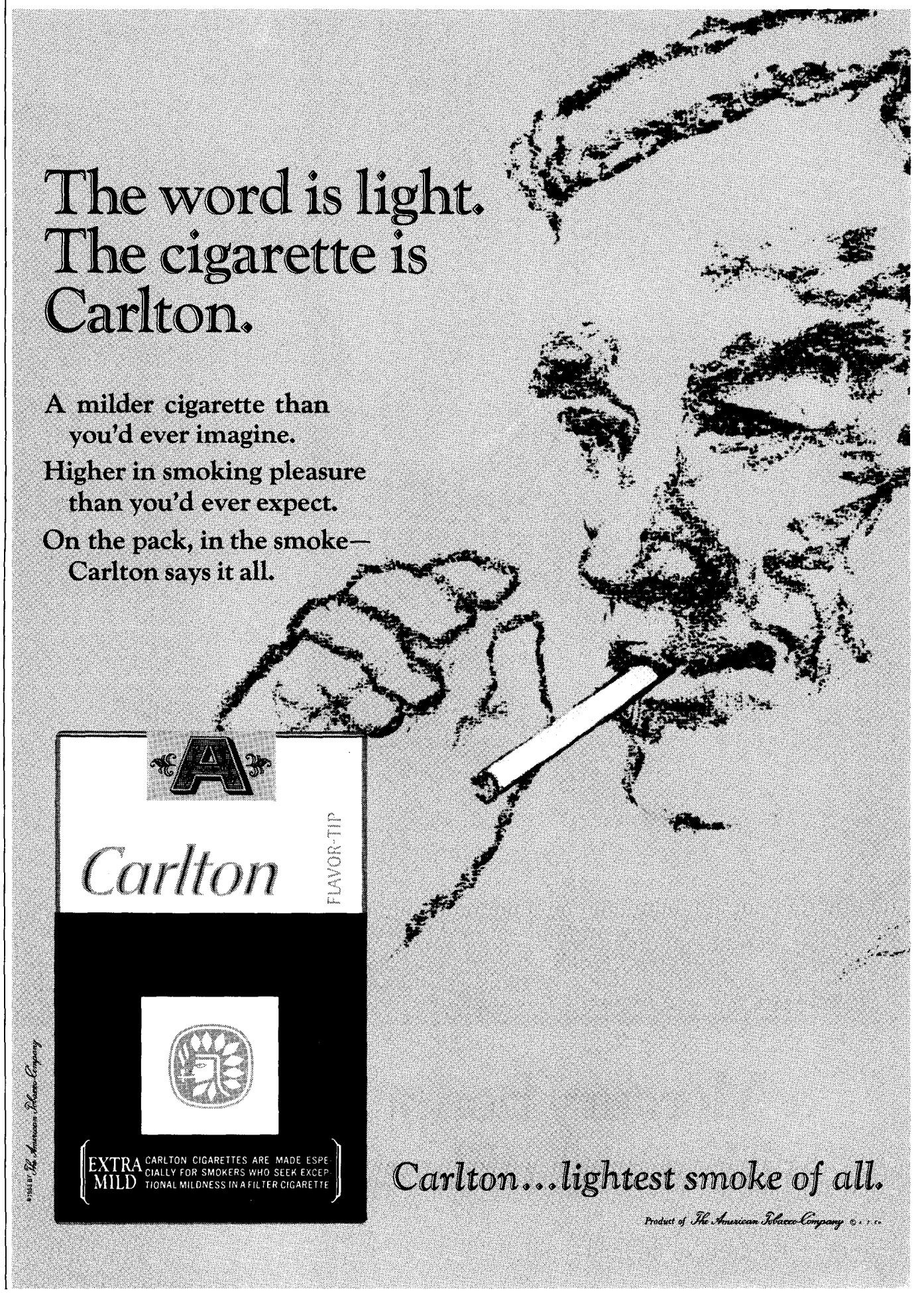
"Wake up," he said, "wake up and get off the bus."

"I intend to report you," Miss Harper said. Pocketbook, gloves, hat, suitcase.

"I'll certainly report you," she said, almost crying.

"This is as far as you go," the driver said.

The bus lurched, moved, and Miss Harper almost stumbled in the driving rain, her suitcase at her feet, under the sign reading RICKET'S LANDING. □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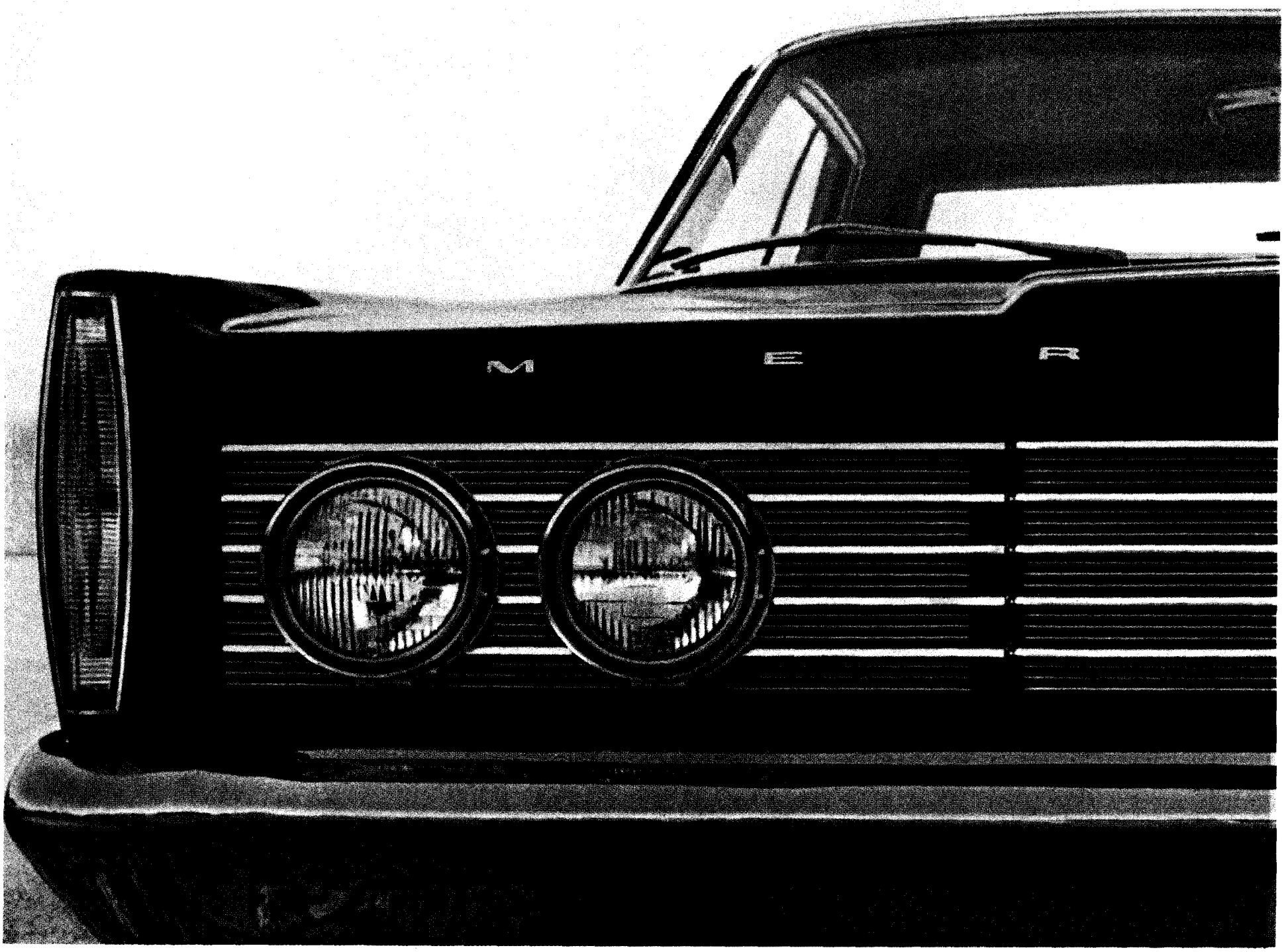
Ford Motor



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Post scripts

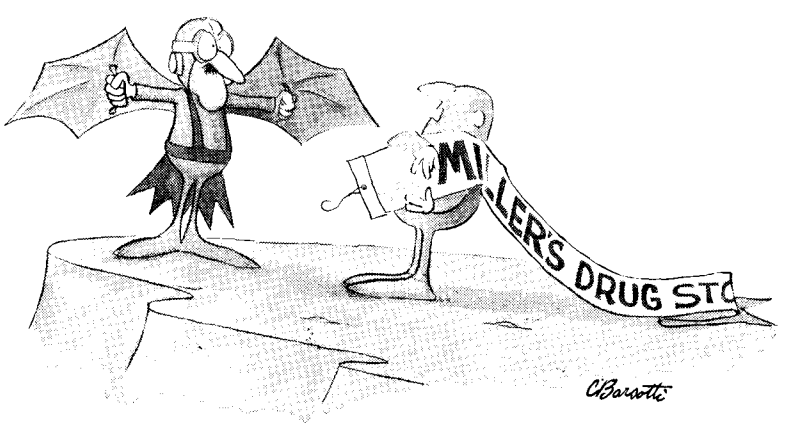
"How I wish I had time to dabble in art!"

"Michael Brennan, you've had enough."

"Now listen carefully, operator."

"Do you have an account with us, Mr. Stickup?"

"Then I told her she had no supernatural powers at all."



"See here, Fletcher, I didn't sponsor all those crazy experiments for nothing."

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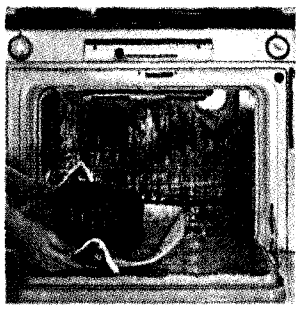
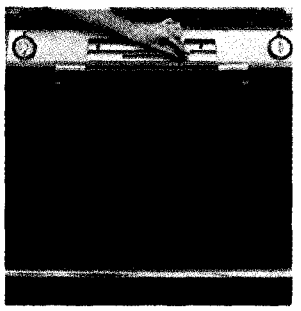
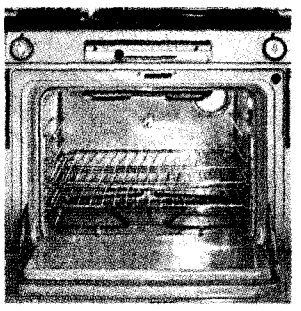


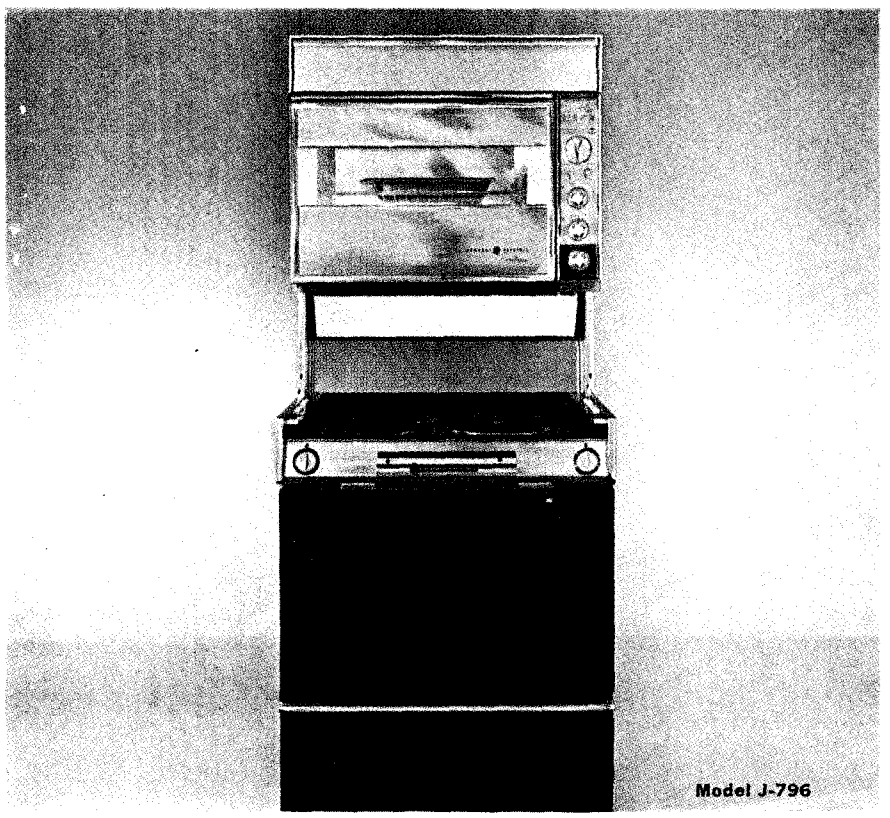
Don't touch this dirty oven.



Just set the dials, latch the door . . .



it cleans itself electrically.



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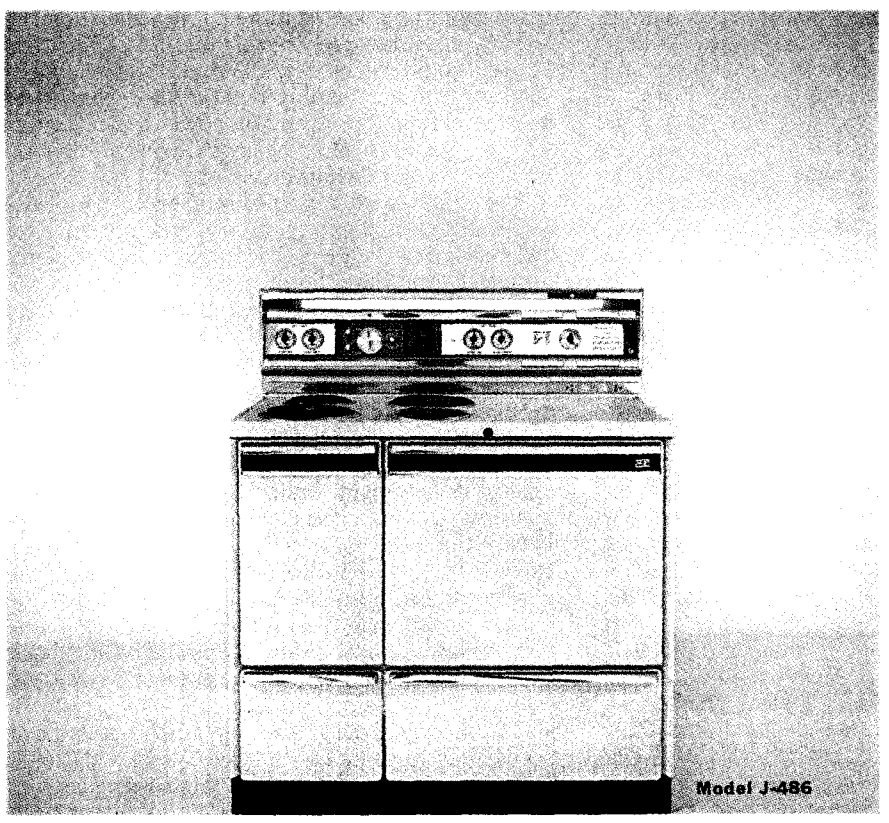
30-inch Models



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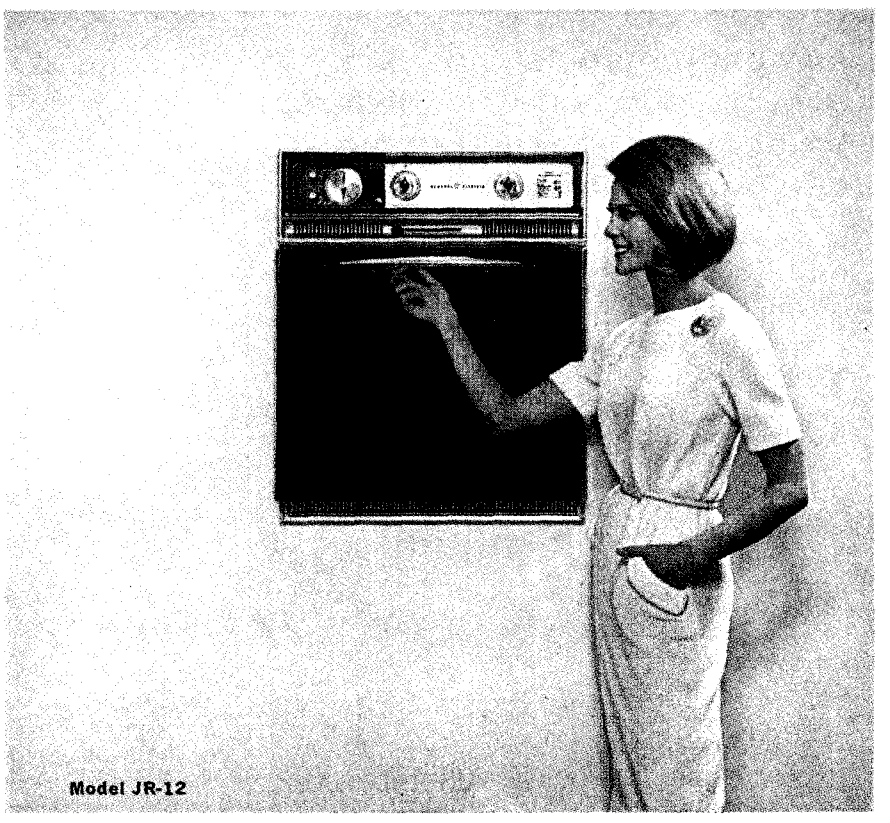

Built-in oven

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Dealer James Byrne stands glumly in demonstration model of shelter he expected to sell by the carload—but didn't.

At every cocktail party and church social, not long ago, the subject was shelters. What ever happened to the confounded things?

ANYONE FOR SURVIVAL?

By ALFRED BALK

One of the shortest paths to wealth, although certainly not the surest, is successful anticipation of a national fad—Hula Hoops, talking dolls—anything for which there is sudden and widespread demand. In the summer of 1961, at a time of Soviet threats to evict the Western powers from Berlin, James J. Byrne, a short, bouncy, 43-year-old plywood wholesaler in Royal Oak, Mich., thought that he saw just such an opportunity evolving: the home fallout-shelter business.

He had powerful reasons for thinking so. The late President Kennedy, declaring that this was "the most dangerous time in the history of the human race," had activated several military reserve units; the Russians had broken a temporary ban on nuclear tests, and many people felt that we were on the brink of a world war. Civil Defense authorities told Americans that suitable shelters would greatly increase their chances of surviving such a war. Whereas fully a quarter of the population that survived the initial attack might die if unprotected from radioactive fallout, all but about three percent would probably survive if shielded from the invisible but deadly contamination that would rain down upon them.

In a series of somber statements, the President endorsed home shelters as "most useful and most important," and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara went even further, urging "each family to prepare and to stock a shelter." 'Fallout-shelter fever" swept the country, as men and women rushed for information on how to build home shelters; sporting-goods stores did a brisk business in camping equipment intended for the basement; and scarcely a cocktail party or Kaffeeklatsch could be held without discussion of the subject. Indeed, the only real question seemed to be whether, in the event of nuclear attack, one should arm his shelter against intrusion by less-foresighted friends and neighbors.

Accordingly, when a sales representative of the Kelsey-Hayes Company, a large manufacturer of automotive parts and other mechanical items, informed Byrne that the firm planned to market a low-cost, prefabricated steel fallout shelter and offered the Byrne Plywood Company a regional distributorship, Byrne was immediately interested. He knew Kelsey-Hayes was a reputable firm, and he liked the shelter's design—three hollow walls and a hollow ceiling (to be filled later with a mixture of sand and gravel) which, when placed against a basement wall, provided shelter space about six feet high and eight feet square. It was so sturdy that, the Kelsey-Hayes representative assured Byrne, it would withstand even the collapse of a house on top of it. Furthermore, it could be bought, in kit form—73 major steel components, none weighing more than 150 pounds—for about $430 wholesale and sold for a retail price of $725.

When the salesman added that Sears, Roebuck and Company already had agreed to test-market the shelter in some of its stores, that a national "saturation" advertising campaign was planned, and that Kelsey-Hayes's stamping plant—one of

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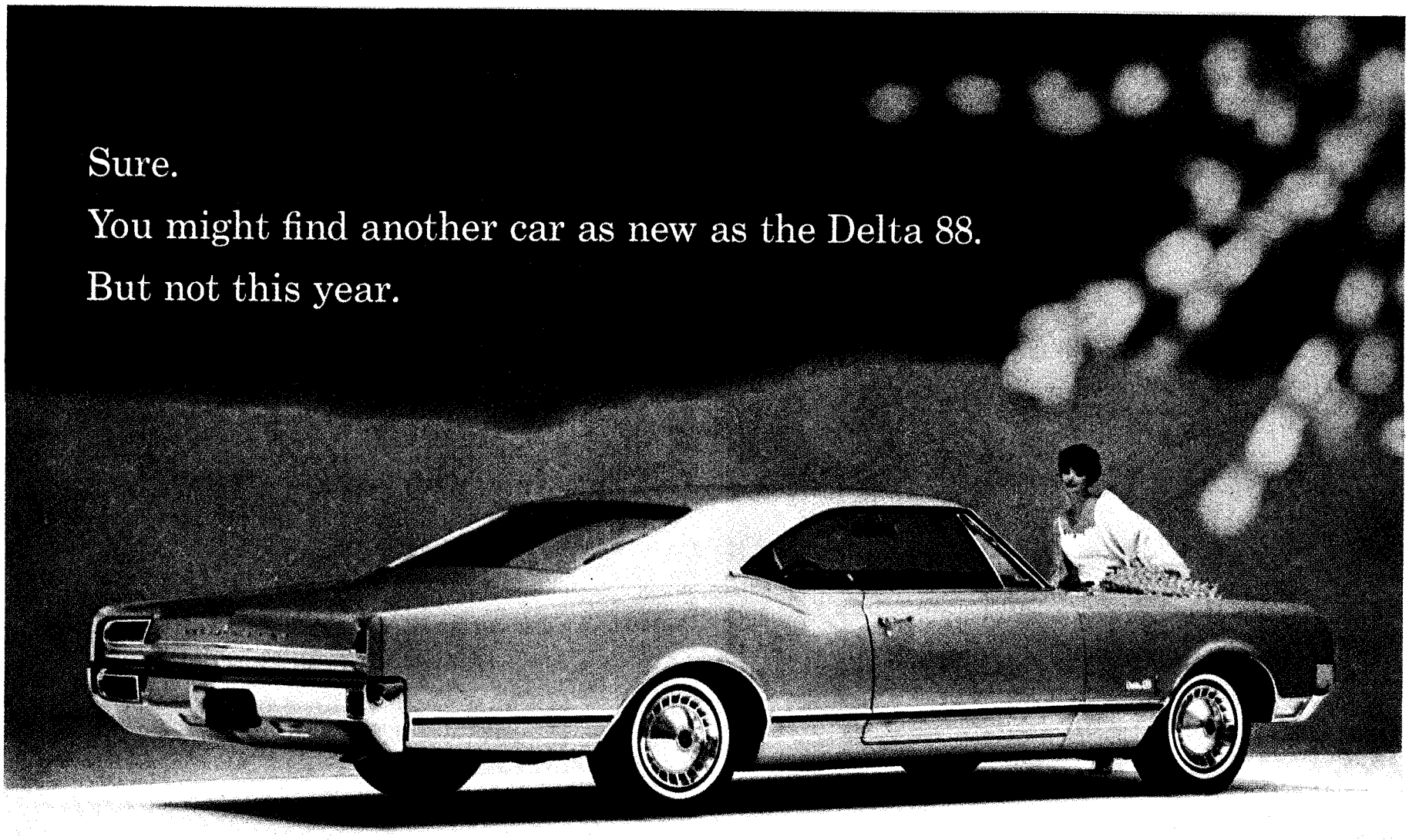

This is Oldsmobile's Delta 88. It's unique.

Unique because it's new. New clear through.

Styling is new. So new, not a line nor a highlight was borrowed from last year.

Power plant is new. Super Rocket V-8 is the biggest in Olds history: 425-cubic-inches big, up to 370-horses strong.

Transmission is new, too. Turbo Hydra-Matic, available on any Delta 88, provides up to 40% more torque from a standing start, superlative performance at all speeds.

New styling. New engine. New transmission. This year, only Delta 88 lets you have all three, *all new.*

Other cars have a lot of catching up to do.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

'65 OLDSMOBILE

Look to Olds for the New!

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Cartons of unsold shelters lie piled in forlorn stacks in a shed in Byrne's lumberyard.

'I didn't see how I could miss.'

SURVIVAL?

the world's largest—was prepared to turn out all the shelters that Byrne and dealers in his territory could sell, Byrne hesitated no longer. He ordered a truckload of unassembled shelters—14—for $433 each, planned a $20,000 sales and advertising campaign, and confidently awaited a bonanza.

"With everything that I had going for me," he says, "I didn't see how I could miss."

Business began smoothly enough. Like many lumber dealers, Byrne operates from a modest office-warehouse in a graveled lot that one friend likens to a coalyard. But he works hard and has a reputation for success—his business grosses some two million dollars a year, and he claims to be the largest supplier of plywood for Detroit's automotive industry. He and his attractive wife, Mary Ann, own a five-level house with an outdoor swimming pool; he belongs to prestigious clubs, one of them a select group of Notre Dame alumni; and he has extensive business contacts. Thus, with little more than a few phone calls, he sold six shelters to a large Royal Oak lumber company and seven to other dealers in Michigan. The one remaining shelter he retained to assemble and use as a display model. And he ordered another 14.

"That is where I made my mistake," he says. "I should have quit right there."

The first hint of trouble came when he detailed four employees to assemble the display shelter on a company truck. According to the salesman, two men could do the job in from two to four hours. Byrne's workmen took ten.

This was only one phase of the job. Had they been installing the shelter permanently they would also have had to dump a small mountain of sand—four to five cubic yards—into the eight-inch hollow between the walls and between the ceiling panels. This task, Byrne had been told, would require another ten hours. But upon thinking it over, Byrne was not so sure.

"You are filling a space nearly seven feet high, and there are only a few inches' clearance between the shelter and the basement ceiling," he says. "How are you going to get the sand in there, with a spoon? And how can you pack the ceiling panels without having the sand run right back in your face?"

(In fact, a Kelsey-Hayes official said recently, it should not have been hard to shovel sand into the walls of the shelter in most basements—and the ceiling problem was even easier: use small cardboard cartons full of sand.)

In any event, Byrne put his faith in the ingenuity of Kelsey-Hayes's engineers and embarked on an all-out promotion campaign. Expecting to sell direct to the public as well as to other dealers, he assigned Sal Gorge, a young, dark-haired vice president of his firm, to advertise for door-to-door salesmen. Attracted by the offer of $100 in commission per sale, more than 100 responded. Gorge dispatched them, 10 at a time, into nearby suburbs.

"They went out with high hopes," says Gorge. "They pointed out how shelters were useful not only as shelters but also, when paneled, as a spare room, study or photo lab. They really tried—they wanted those $100 commissions."

They didn't make a single sale. "People would listen to their pitch," Gorge recalls, "take all the literature they could get, ask questions, then say something like, 'We can't afford it now' or 'I guess we'll see how things turn out in Berlin.' Commission salesmen have to make sales in order to live. Soon they all just drifted away."

That September *Life* magazine published a comprehensive section on fallout shelters, with a message from the President ("in these dangerous days . . . we must prepare for all eventualities."), diagrams of build-them-yourself shelters, and photographs of several prefabs, including the Kelsey-Hayes. Byrne was ecstatic.

"Here it is, fellows," he said, waving a copy of the magazine. "A million dollars' worth of free publicity. Let's get out there and take advantage of it."

Gorge tried. Under his supervision the truck-borne sample shelter was painted white, fitted with bunks, and then put on display in shopping centers, parking lots and veterans' halls—any place where crowds congregated. On some weekends he also lent it to dealers who had bought from Byrne.

"Thousands of people streamed through the display," says Gorge, "but nobody bought."

Dealers to whom Byrne had sold shelters were faring little better. At the Redford Cashway Lumber Company in Royal Oak, manager James Cline displayed a shelter in front of his store for four months, and 2,500 people visited it in the first eight weeks alone. Cline, a quiet, graying Kiwanis Club leader and Presbyterian elder, recalls the occasion without pleasure.

"People were confused, frightened, angry," he says. "I was accused of profiteering, war-mongering—you name it. One woman shouted at me—shouted—'Don't you know that the more shelters we have the more likely someone is to start a war? Why do you do this to us?' People who believed in predestination called me sacrilegious. My minister was angry with me. Even my wife disapproved. 'I don't believe that God ever intended for people to live like that,' she told me.

"Well, I served five years in the Army, two of them overseas, and I knew that if a shell fell, a hole was the best place to be. I honestly believed in my heart that I was doing right."

To date Cline has sold one fallout shelter—a concrete-block type, for $600, installed.

No one really has any idea how many shelters were sold—or built—during this nervous period, although the figure 200,000 is sometimes used. But by early 1962 the business was in trouble. Nearly 50 manufacturers were competing for a dwindling market—inventories were sizable, and apparently still are. The immediate sales stimulus, the threat of nuclear war over Berlin, was gone. And Civil Defense officials, who had helped promote the whole thing by suddenly shifting emphasis in the late 1950's from emergency evacuation plans to home shelters, had changed direction again. Now their interest had turned to selecting and marking mass shelters in the nation's public buildings and stocking them with two weeks' emergency rations and medical supplies.

Byrne ordered his display shelter dropped near the entrance of his company's parking lot and went back to selling plywood.

Then came the Cuban missile crisis of late 1962, and with it a trickle of worried inquiries. For a time Byrne thought that this might bring a revival of interest. But nobody bought, even when he posted a sign on the display, FALLOUT SHELTERS—WHILE THEY LAST, and crossed out various prices down to $100.

"That shelter was out there, unattended, day and night," he says, "and not so much as a bolt was stolen. Even vandals weren't interested."

At that point Byrne decided that all he could do was write off his shelters as a tax loss. To his dismay, however, the Internal Revenue Service refused to allow the deduction—even when he tried writing them off at $50 apiece, as he did last year.

"Look," Byrne protested to the IRS examiner, "would you want one for fifty dollars?"

"No, thanks."

"Would you take one free?"

"No, thanks," the examiner said. "I'm a bachelor. What would I want with a family fallout shelter?"

Finally Byrne decided to see if *anyone* in the Detroit metropolitan area—generally conceded to be a prime target in the event of nuclear war—cared enough about a fallout shelter to accept one free. For two weeks last June he ran the following newspaper ad:

"We offer one OCDM-approved 10x10x6 prefab steel demonstrator fallout shelter without charge if you disassemble and erect in your own basement. Write Jim Byrne, 909 S. Main Street, Royal Oak, Mich."

"We didn't even get a nibble," says Byrne. But a friend of his who is a publicity man mentioned it to several reporters, and last July *The Wall Street Journal*, Detroit's *Free Press*, and *Newsweek*, among others, ran stories. These brought more than two dozen inquiries. One writer, an engineering student in Detroit, wanted a shelter for use as a study room; a woman in Warren, Mich., for a toolshed; a scoutmaster in Medford, Mass., for an emergency communications center; and a businessman in Beirut, Lebanon, for a beach house or mountain den.

"But almost nobody wanted it as a shelter," says Byrne. "And nobody wanted to pay the freight."

Then last August Byrne found a taker—a muscular, sun-tanned farmer named Wiley Westphal, of Romeo, Mich. A tornado recently had ripped through the area, and Westphal had concluded that a shelter might be useful. Westphal and his wife drove up in a truck, borrowed some wrenches, spent much of the day disassembling the shelter, and hauled it away.

"The last I heard from them," Byrne says, "it wouldn't fit in the space that they had planned it for, and they were having trouble assembling it. But I'm not asking questions."

At least he had finally proved that, if you really work at it, you *can* give away a fallout shelter. □

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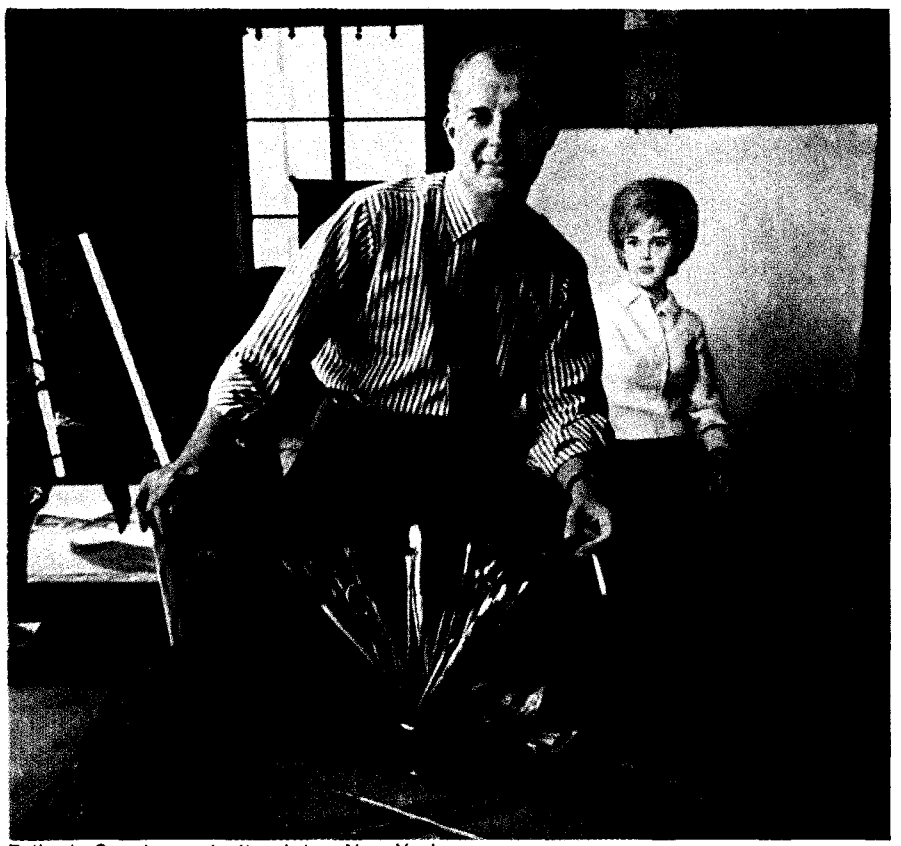
Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Felix de Cossio, portrait painter, New York

Constance H. Smith, shareholder-research analyst, New Jersey

George Barrie, real estate developer, California

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters, try today's Chesterfield King—mildest-tasting Chesterfield in 52 years. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!

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A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY TO DRACULA'S HOME TOWN

By Gene Smith

High in the Borgo Pass
stood the castle of Count Dracula,
once a haven for vampires,
in what is now the
Romanian People's Republic

The sound of the visitor's footsteps on the flagstone floor echoed away, the log fire flickered as a hollow rush of warm air roared up the wide chimney, and he said, "*We are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England.*" Beneath him, down in the castle's deep vault, his sepulcher awaited his daylight rest. On its huge, lordly bulk one word stood inscribed: DRACULA. Outside the wolves howled and his eyes gleamed and he said, "*Listen to them—the children of the night.*"

I thought of him, of what he was and of what he had said, as the Orient Express pulled out of Budapest and headed east toward Cluj, capital of Transylvania. It was night. Rain beat on the windows of the train, and in the dim light of the tiny remote way stations, railroad employees stood to attention as the train swept past. My fellow passengers in the compartment chatted in an incomprehensible tongue. I tried German on them. Blankness. French. A shrug. English. Nothing. Silence came brooding among us, and it seemed to me there was something of suspicion in the glances they threw at me. When I looked back, they lowered their eyes.

I took out my copy of *Dracula, a Tale* by Bram Stoker. In the first pages, the young lawyer Jonathan Harker tells of his researches into the history of the strange land that he must visit in order to attend to the business of the unknown nobleman who has requested his attendance. I was following in the lawyer's path, for I too had studied the history of Transylvania in a London library. Eighteen centuries ago it was the kingdom of Dacia. Then Trajan came with the Legions. The Romans conquered, stayed, ruled, departed. The barbarians replaced them—Goth, Hun, Avar. Deep in the dark night of the Middle Ages the Magyars asserted themselves. But the Mongols swept in with fire and sword. Then came the ferocious Turk. He raped, destroyed, impaled, sipped his sweet coffee to the sound of the monotonous, clanging music of the East. All through the years that followed, the Russians, the Romanians, the Hungarians, the Turks fought their terrible wars. No railroads ran to Transylvania, and the roads were impassable in winter. In the high Carpathians the mountain folk lived beyond the law of the princes of Transylvania. The princes ruled from Cluj and periodically suppressed the peasant rebellions with rivers of blood that ran down from the rack, the stake, the black-garbed executioner's block.

In the Hungarian night rushing past the windows of the Orient Express there was no noise to penetrate the strangely dead silence of my compartment. I looked up from my book. In the swaying coach my eyes met in turn those of my fellow passengers. They were staring at me. I turned my book over in my hands and looked at the cover. Count Dracula's red eyes looked back into mine. He lay in his coffin. Blood ran from the long, sharp, canine teeth and spread down into the satin lining soaked with the blood of his victims of 600 years. I looked up again and smiled a tiny smile. They looked away.

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It was three in the morning. I offered my cigarettes. No one took them. I was alone and friendless and lonely in Transylvania where the wolves howled and a distraught woman stood beneath the high casements of Castle Dracula and screamed, "*Monster! Give me my child!*" Outside the Golden Krone Hotel at Bistriţa the proprietor's wife hysterically grasps Harker as he makes ready to leave for the Borgo Pass where Count Dracula's carriage awaits. "*Must you go? Oh, young Herr, must you go?*" He must. It is his duty. Why does she carry on so? Her eyes roll in her head. "*Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?*" She falls upon her knees to plead that he not go up the thin, twisting road at whose end stands the great castle with its heavy doors bolted by thick metal rusting under the dust of a thousand vanished nights. She takes something from around her neck and begs him to wear it at all times. A crucifix.

The pace of the train slowed to less than 30 miles an hour as we crept up past the towering mountains. We drone past Huedin, Aghireşu, Vişlea, the whistle screaming in the night. I thought of home, dry Martinis in New York bars, friends giggling about my trip: "Do you know the one about the woman tourist driving through Transylvania? She comes to this little town and goes to the local inn and asks for a room. The owner says, 'No, Madame, not stay tonight in Transylvania. Moon is full tonight.' So she says, ridiculous, of course she'll stay. He begs her to go on: 'No, no, Madame, not stay this night.' She insists, and finally he gives her a room with the fire flickering in the grate, an enormous bed, and long curtains flowing down over the tall windows. At midnight she awakens, and there's an enormous bat standing in the room. It moves forward, the wings slowly fanning up and down. Two great fangs gleam in the moonlight. She grabs a book on the night table. 'Stay back, or I'll throw this at you.' The bat comes closer, its burning red eyes staring at her throat. There's a cross on the wall. Thank God, a cross! She grabs it and holds it out at arm's length. And the bat puts his wings on his hips and laughs, ho, ho, ho, and says in a Yiddish accent, 'Lady, it vouldn't help you.'"

The Orient Express slowed. It was four in the morning and we were in Cluj. Cluj, where Harker stayed at the Hotel Royale—now the Hotel Pescărus (Sea Gull)—and I am booked into the Continental. He ate chicken paprika here (he found it very sharp) and stuffed eggplant and a porridge of maize flour—mamaliga. But he did not sleep well, for all night long a dog howled under his window. The station platform is very crowded as we pull in—strange, dark men in great, black, broad-brimmed hats and tremendous shoes, almost as long as snowshoes. made of animal fur. The few passengers push out past the people moving to get aboard.

I am swept along toward the station's exit, under the arched roof of the waiting room where sleeping people sprawl over the ancient sofas put there when the Emperor Franz Josef ruled this area from Vienna's Hofburg. The Orient Express screams once again and is gone, heading off to the mountains and Bucharest and the East.

There are two taxis in the dark plaza in front of the station, but other people climb into them, and they drive away. Deep Transylvanian night engulfs me, and I put down my suitcases and clasp my hands behind me and rock to and fro on my heels. There are no more taxis; not a soul will speak any language I can understand; I am alone. Up in the cold and remote hills to the east Harker lay motionless as the Count and three women, terrible despite their beauty, argued over the blood pulsating in their victim's throat. "*How dare you touch him, any of you? Back, I tell you all! This man belongs to me!*"

A woman appeared before me. She said in German, "Where are you from?"

I said, "Budapest."

She repeated, "Budapest?"

"That is, I mean just now from Budapest. I live in the United States."

She showed no emotion. "You are Mr. Smith?"

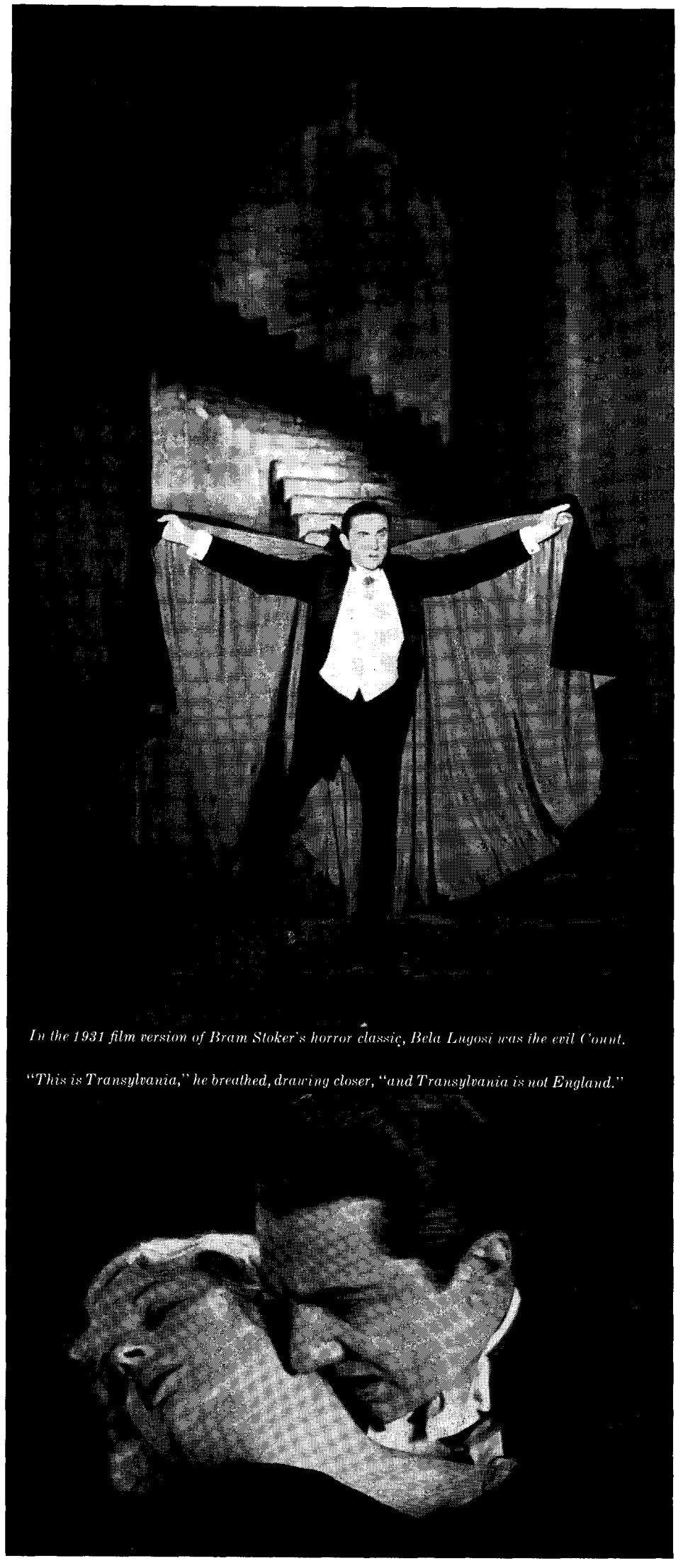
Speechless, I nodded. A man came and picked up my bags and put them in the trunk of a car. The woman indicated I should join her in the back seat. The car started with a jolt, and we swung around a corner and down an empty street. I had the impression of brooding, lightless houses and rutted dirt ways leading off to nowhere. I breathed, "Who are you?"

"We are from Carpati, the tourist organization," she said.

Several hours later the ancient telephone by my bed awakened me. A feminine voice spoke in English, "Good morning. I am the Carpati guide. Would you like me to show you our city?" I asked her to lunch with me in the hotel restaurant.

She was pert, blue-eyed, blond and in her middle 20's. She said her name was Judit and that I must call her Judi. I suggested she order us a glass of slivovitz, a bottle of wine, some chicken paprika. We ate and drank, sipped coffee, lighted cigarettes. I leaned across the table. "As you know," I said, "Transylvania is very famous in the United States. And I have come to your beautiful country for a specific reason, to learn more about your famous ruler." She smiled but said nothing.

"Unlike most people," I went on, "I have never considered Bela Lugosi's interpretation to be the equal of that of John Carradine. You will note that when Lugosi bends over the victim, a fiendish delight illuminates his features, whereas, on the other hand, with Carradine there is a look of infinite sadness to the gesture. Carradine does not drink the blood because he wants to; he drinks it because he *must*. I think this is a clue to the character of the Un-Dead. When at last he does in fact die the final death over at the Borgo Pass near his castle, with the great steel stake driven through his heart, a look of great peace and quietude comes into his features. This shows that he knows, has known through six hundred terrible, haunted years, that



In the 1931 film version of Bram Stoker's horror classic, Bela Lugosi was the evil Count.

"This is Transylvania," he breathed, drawing closer, "and Transylvania is not England."

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"How dare you touch him, any of you?"
cried the Count in a black fury.
"Back, I tell you all.
This man belongs to me!"

he is accursed and that now, at last, his soul will find peace."

Judi said, "Yes, the Borgo Pass." "According to the map," I said, "it's not too many kilometers from here; not far past Bistriţa. We could start early in the morning."

"Certainly," she said.

"I also feel," I went on, "that later interpretations of the role were inferior to the earlier characterizations. For instance, recent productions, primarily of British origin, have been made in ghastly color, with red dripping from Dracula's fangs and——"

"Who is Dracula?" she said.

I looked at the girl. Had I been speaking too swiftly for her to understand, despite the fact that she had said she was a university graduate who had majored in English? "The Count Dracula," I said slowly, enunciating each syllable.

"We have no counts in the Romanian People's Republic."

I smiled tolerantly. "Certainly not," I said. "But I do not refer to the period of Transylvania's participation in the life of the Romanian People's Republic. I speak of earlier times, when it is written that Count Dracula held sway over all this area from his castle in the Borgo Pass."

She looked at me steadily and said nothing. "Permit me," I said, "to inquire exactly how long you have been in Transylvania."

"I was born here. I live in the same house my father was born in. For generations we have lived in Transylvania."

Suddenly the light dawned. She was an employee of the government. She was here to tell me of the industrial progress of the Romanian People's Republic and to speak of the people's search for peace in a world menaced by the fascist imperialists and their lust for atomic destruction. "You are, of course," I said, "a Communist."

"Of course."

"Fine. I am not. But Count Dracula has nothing to do with politics. He is apolitical. You can believe me. I've seen every horror movie ever made."

"Horror movie?" The girl seemed in earnest.

"Yes, horror movies. Like Frankenstein. The monster. The scientist, the mad scientist, he makes the monster. And the Wolf Man. You can only kill him with a silver bullet fired by someone who loves him enough to set him free." I realized I was talking too fast, but I couldn't slow down. "But listen—Dracula. He lives up in the Borgo Pass. It's all in the book. I've got it right here. You can see. Look, I'll read it to you." I fumbled with my passport, my visas, my official paper stating just how much money I had with me—and came up with one of my books on the history of vampires through the ages. I hastily began to read a passage I had underlined earlier:

"*John Heinrich Zopfius, Director of the Gymnasium of Essen, Germany: 'Dissertation on Vampires,' Halle, 1733: 'The vampires, which come out of the Graves in the Nighttime, rush upon People sleeping in their Beds, suck out all their blood, and destroy them. They attack Men, Women, and Children, sparing neither Age nor Sex. The People attacked by them complain of Suffocation, and a great Interception of Spirits; after which, they soon expire. Some of them, being asked at the Point of Death what is the Matter with them, say they suffer in the Manner just related from People lately dead, or rather the Spectres of those People; upon which, their Bodies from the Description of them given by the sick Person, being dug out of the Graves, appear in all Parts, as the Nostrils, Cheeks, Breast, Mouth, &c., turgid and full of Blood. Their Countenances are fresh and ruddy; and their Nails, as well as Hair, very much grown. And, though they have been longer dead than many other Bodies, which are perfectly putrefied, not the least Mark of Corruption is found upon them.'*"

She said she didn't understand.

Judi and I met again at the hotel after having parted for two hours following our lunch. She appeared cool and wary but said that in accordance with my announced interest she had set up an appointment with a Professor Medan in the Institute of Folklore at the University of Cluj, the largest in Transylvania. She added that she had spoken with several friends and that not a one of them had ever heard of Count Dracula.

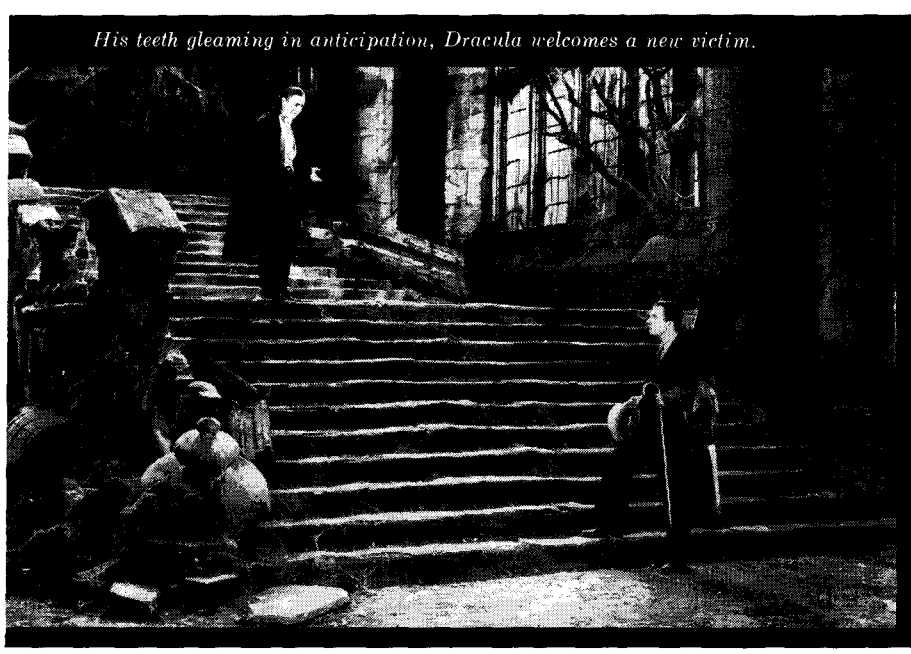
We entered the building of the Institute of Folklore. It was in a section, Judi said, that once had been the finest quarter of Cluj, where the nobles erected town houses with profits squeezed from the sufferings of the workers. I responded with a tidbit of information of my own: "Did you know that beyond the more common signs by which we recognize a vampire, such as the meeting together of the eyebrows, the furry palms and the long, canine teeth, there are other less well known indications? For instance, if a cat leaps over a corpse, the dead person is almost certain to become a vampire, particularly if he or she had red hair." She said she had not realized that this was true.

We went up to the third floor, and a student-receptionist took us past high double doors to Professor Medan's study. He was sitting behind a big desk covered with books and papers. I said to Judi, "Ask him what he knows of"—and I paused to look at the man as I hissed—"Count Dracula!" I expected him to respond to racial urges and ancient horrors and to throw up one arm to ward off the impact of the terrible name. He did not do this. When Judi translated my question, he said he did not know of the gentleman. "Tell this man," I said, "that millions upon millions of Englishmen and Americans, literate, intelligent people, know nothing of Transylvania save that it is the abode of Count Dracula." She translated. The professor looked puzzled. "Tell him that Dracula can become a bat, that he talks to the wolves, that only by driving a stake through his heart and cutting off his head with a sexton's spade and stuffing his mouth with garlic can he be eradicated."

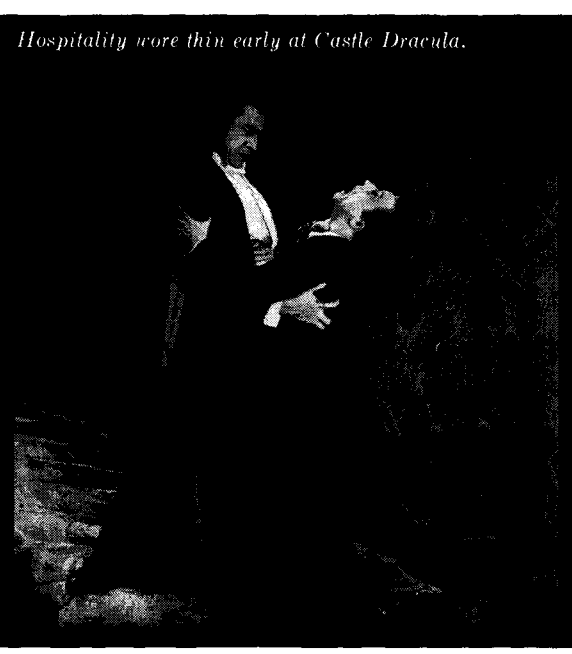
Professor Medan got up from his desk and came and sat down near me and looked into my eyes and spoke. Judi translated: "He says . . . he has more than 6,000 documents . . . on the folklore of Transylvania. . . . Never has he heard anything like this. . . . He has personally spoken to dozens of peasants who could recite by heart ancient legends and poems that, typewritten, run to more than ten pages. . . . But what you say is entirely new to him."

"Listen," I cried, "what about how he prowls from two hours before midnight until the first crowing of the morning cock? And he can only pass running water at the slack or the flood of the tide. And wolfsbane repels him. And he has no reflection in the mirror." I paused and remembered the words for Satan, witch, werewolf, vampire,

His teeth gleaming in anticipation, Dracula welcomes a new victim.



Hospitality wore thin early at Castle Dracula.



Cursed by the vampire's bite, the young traveler

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which the peasants muttered at Harker as he set out for Dracula's castle. "Ordog!" I cried. "Stregoica! Vrolok! Vlkoslak!" The professor shook my hand and wished me a pleasant stay in Transylvania.

The next morning we set out for the Borgo Pass. As we drove out of Cluj, Judi pointed out a leather factory, the large opera house, a couple of theaters. The driver of our Russian-built sedan was a short and swarthy mountain type, a man obviously of the people, a man in touch with the ancient traditions of this strange land. "This man knows about Dracula," I said. "Ask him and see if I'm wrong." She asked. I was wrong.

We headed due north along Highway 1C. At Dej we would turn right and make for Bistriţa via Highway 17. Harker went this way on the train whose tracks often paralleled our road. He saw the peasant women with their full white sleeves and many petticoats under their long dresses; we saw them also. It was a Sunday, and virtually every man wore brilliantly white peasant costume with colorfully embroidered skirts, high black boots and black hats. Always the eyes of the people followed us. Peering over my shoulder I saw people turning to look at us. "It is this fine car," said Judi, "and the license plates. All Carpati cars have plates from Bucharest and the people are impressed to see a car from the great city." I slumped back in my seat, lighted one of my harshly sweet Romanian cigarettes, and listened to the tuneless music wailing from the car's radio.

It had taken Harker all day to traverse the distance from Cluj to the town where he spent his last night before going to Count Dracula's castle, but it was only a little past two in the afternoon when we reached Bistriţa. Past Dej the road had grown steadily worse, and by the time we reach Bistriţa almost all of the pavement had given way to packed earth covered with rocks and the droppings of farm animals. There were no cars, and only an occasional truck. Once we passed an open horsecart carrying a coffin. Ragged gypsies sat by the long white box, brooding dark eyes fixed on the road. We passed a group of people who shouted strange, wild cries after us. What did they call? Who could say? Was it, "*Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?*" When they raised their hands, was it to make the sign of the evil eye? They disappeared in the swirling dust.

I told Judi to inquire the way to the Golden Krone. The driver asked a peasant and was told that in former times such a place had existed but that it was now a small workshop. We halted for lunch at another inn in the town plaza, dominated by a church built half a thousand years ago. We went into the inn through dense smoke from a hundred cigarettes and past a gypsy band pulling long, sad songs from their wailing violins. We took soup, thick and delicious, and some spiced meat. Then we were on our way to the car and out along the very road Harker had traveled by coach after the innkeeper saw him off for Castle Dracula by making the sign of the evil eye as passersby crossed themselves.

We headed up out of town past a graveyard atop a hill. "I don't know why, but the peasants always bury people on the top of the highest hill in the village," Judi said. "By the way, you see this town, Iad. The word means "hell" in Romanian. That's interesting, isn't it?" That the first town out of Bistriţa bore such a name was a fact not mentioned by Bram Stoker. Was it a coincidence that the road from the Golden Krone indeed ran to Hell?

We were climbing now, past rushing little waterfalls and into the high, cold areas where the greenery of the trees gave way to sterile, unwooded rocks. Judi said, "Did I tell you that the word 'drac' means 'devil' in our language?" This too was not mentioned by Stoker.

I looked out at the beautiful wild scenery. Dracula spoke to Harker of this very land, of the ground fought over by Walachian, Saxon, Turk: "*Why, there is hardly a foot of soil in all this region that has not been enriched by the blood of men, patriots or invaders. In old days there were stirring times, when the Austrian and the Hungarian came up in hordes and the patriots went out to meet them.*"

There were no people at all now save for an occasional stroller along the rutted road, and in one remote mountain town a score of peasants gathered together for a Sunday-afternoon outdoor dance to the music of an accordion and a violin. We were in the Borgo Pass, where the driver of the coach from Bistriţa mercilessly whipped on his horses so that the setting of the sun would not find him in this spot.

It was five o'clock, and over the high peaks of the Carpathians long shadows began to fall on our road winding up to the sky. In not too long a time it would be dark. Dracula said, "*I seek not gaiety nor mirth, not the bright voluptuousness of much sunshine and sparkling waters which please the young and gay. I am no longer young; and my heart, through weary years of mourning over the dead, is not attuned to mirth. Moreover, the walls of my castle are broken; the shadows are many, and the wind breathes cold through the broken battlements and casements. I love the shade and the shadow, and would be alone with my thoughts when I may.*"

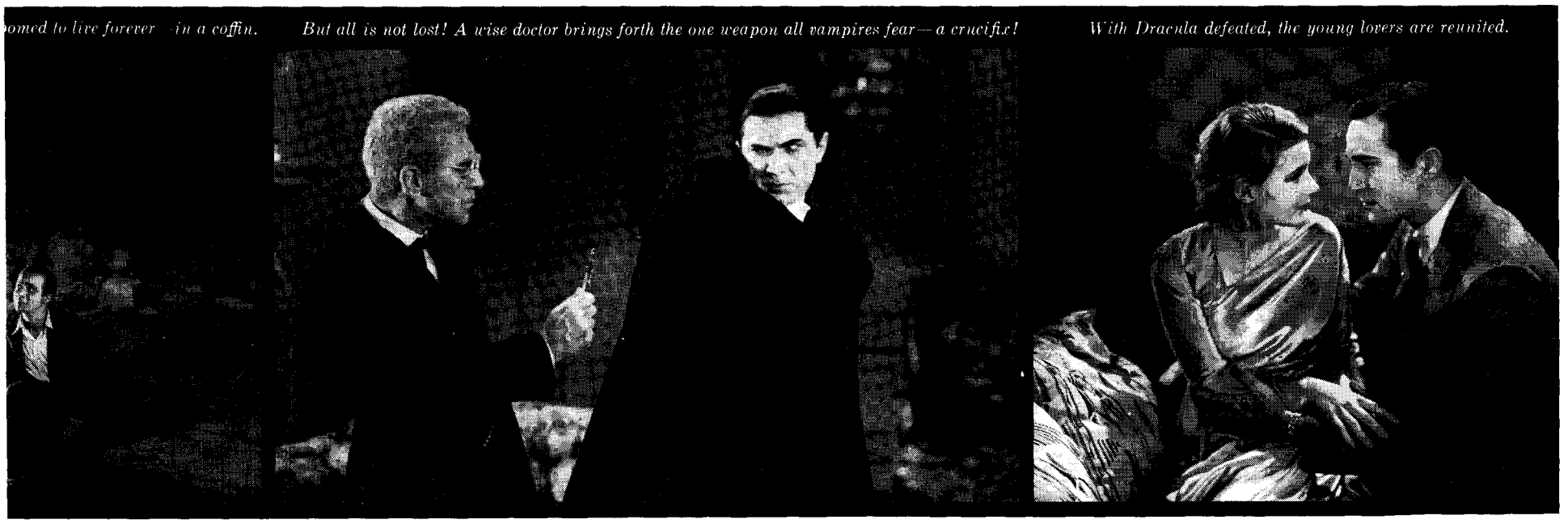
We went up, up, and the air grew chill. Judi fell to telling Transylvanian legends. . . . Once a group of workmen arranged to build a castle. But things did not go well; each night unseen hands destroyed the work of the day. In a vision it was given to them that the castle could never be finished unless a woman was buried in the thick walls. It must be the first woman who happened by. That first woman was the wife of one of the workmen. They slew her and put her in the walls. Her little son missed her and came to the castle to be with his father. The child heard a voice crying to him. He recognized the voice and called, "Mother, Mother." The voice screamed, "Stones press me, my son." The boy attacked the walls of the castle. Attacking, he fell dead. Once there was a noble youth who loved a peasant girl. His family forbade their marriage; together the lovers walked into a lake; together they were taken from the water, but separately they were buried on opposite sides of a church graveyard. Soon lilies sprouted from each grave and day by day crept toward each other. In the end they met and so formed a garland for the church.

The sun was setting in the cloudless sky. Judi said, "Our driver wonders if we should turn back. We cannot go all the way through the Pass; it leads into Russia."

I said, "Have him stop the car." I got out and walked down the road and turned a curve and stood alone in Transylvania as the sun went down behind the high peaks. It was very quiet. I went off the road and down a sharp little hill. By the rushing stream in the valley there was a tiny woodcutter's shack. No smoke came from its chimney. I went past it and past another hillock. A chill wind blew, and the sun winked down behind a precipice. I went across the soggy land leading to the shallow stream and crossed by leaping from rock to rock. Then I stood still in the absolute silence and the half-dark. . . . I waited.

After a while I went back to the car. We drove back to Cluj in silence. We saw hardly a soul, only a few horse-wagons lighting the way home with flaring torches.

At four the next morning Judi came to see me off. We went again to the crowded station and walked side by side up and down the long cold platform. Off in the dark distance the Orient Express screamed faintly. When it pulled in, Judi saw me to my compartment. We stood together in the corridor. I said, "Now that my visit is over, let us forget for just one moment that you are guide and I a paying guest. Let's just be two friends." She smiled and leaned forward and for an instant before our lips met there flashed into my mind, *Terrific. Now she sinks her teeth into my jugular vein.* But after a moment: "Come back, someday." And she was gone. □



...omed to live forever ...in a coffin. *But all is not lost! A wise doctor brings forth the one weapon all vampires fear— a crucifix!* *With Dracula defeated, the young lovers are reunited.*

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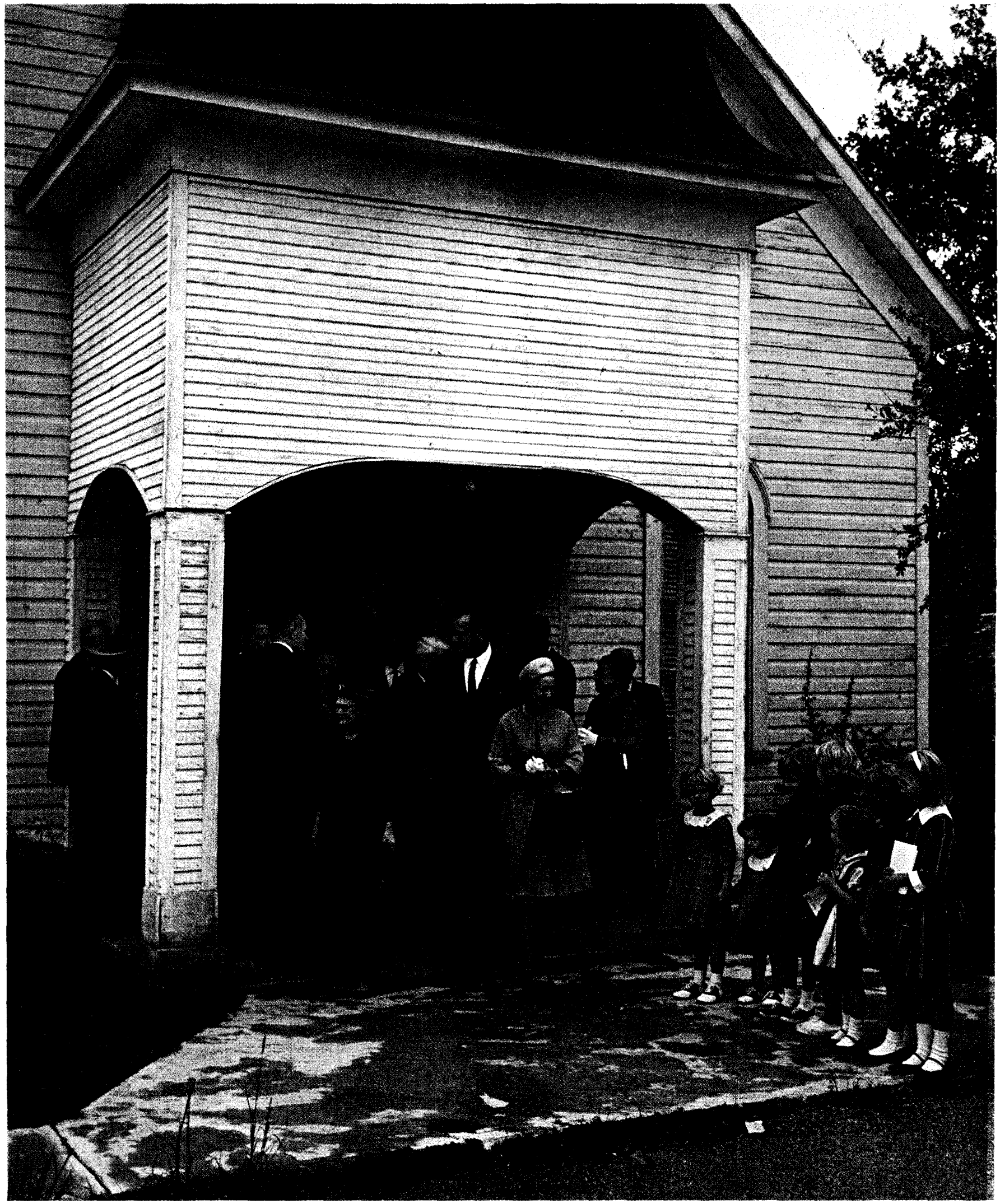

The Johnsons leave the scene of his boyhood conversion—the First Christian Church in Johnson City, Tex.

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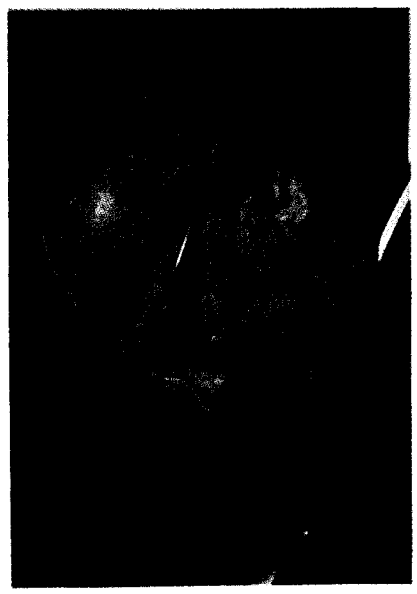
LYNDON JOHNSON'S RELIGION

The President holds to a surprising faith, and it has an uncanny influence on him.



By John Bird
Photographs by Ollie Atkins

The time was the summer of 1923, and the place was hot, drowsy Johnson City, Tex. Lyndon Johnson, a gangling farm boy of 15, was staying at his Uncle Tom Johnson's place, and one night he went along with his cousins Ava and Margaret to a revival meeting put on by the Disciples of Christ at the tiny, boxlike First Christian Church. He listened to the preaching and the singing, and he liked what he heard about the Disciples and their informal faith. Promptly he decided he wanted to become one of them.

The future President's induction was starkly simple. He was asked, "Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, Son of God?" Nothing more, no tests of doctrine. Then he was taken with other new Disciples to the "Baptismal Hole," a pool below a grove of pecan trees in the nearby Pedernales River, and dunked.

Understandably, Lyndon said nothing about his conversion when he went home to the farm. It was too clearly an act of adolescent independence. His family was strongly Baptist: His great-grandfather, George Washington Baines Sr., had been one of the best-known Baptist ministers in early-day Texas, numbering Sam Houston among his parishioners, and he had also been president of Baylor, a Baptist college. It was only when Mrs. Johnson informed her children that she had arranged to have them baptized in her family faith that Lyndon spoke up and admitted that he already had been fully immersed by the Disciples of Christ.

In the time that it has taken the Texas farm boy to become President of the United States, the rather obscure, frontier-flavored brotherhood he joined has become one of the largest religious movements of American origin, with 1,929,000 members. Still, it is widely misunderstood. Many Americans who had never heard of the Disciples of Christ before Johnson became President assume it to be some kind of peculiar southern sect, given to primitive rites and a strict fundamentalism.

The facts are considerably different. The Christian Church (Disciples of Christ)—the full, official name—insists that it is not a denomination or sect at all but a loosely knit group of congregations. Instead of a narrow fundamentalism, it endorses a simple, open-minded faith in which, generally speaking, one man's view of the Holy Writ is accepted as readily as another's. Far from sectarian, the Disciples strive to bring men into agreement on broad principles of Christian purpose. The Disciples are ecumenical in their very fiber.

No religion could better suit the kind of politician Lyndon Johnson has become. The zeal for constructive compromise; the loathing of dogma and division; the suspicion of sophisticated solutions and the trust in the homespun values of frontier America—these are Disciples' attitudes that have served Johnson well, both as Senate majority leader and as President of the Great Consensus. Certainly he was not exaggerating when he called his religion "a faith from which I have drawn strength and direction . . . since boyhood."

Understanding this faith contributes to an understanding of Johnson himself. It helps to make clear, for example, why Johnson will show up at his wife's Episcopal church one Sunday, his assistant Bill Moyers' Baptist church the next (Moyers is an ordained Baptist minister), and at a Methodist or a Lutheran or a Presbyterian church the Sunday after that. It adds significance to the fact that, on the morning of his inauguration, he arranged for a private service at the Disciples' big National City Christian Church in Washington, D.C., with the Rev. Billy Graham. Baptist, a Catholic monsignor, a rabbi and an Episcopal priest also taking part. And it may also keep Americans from jumping to dramatic conclusions about Johnson and his younger daughter Luci; for if Luci becomes a Roman Catholic, as now seems possible, her conversion will reflect her father's religious open-mindedness as truly as it will reflect that independent streak that once impelled Johnson himself to become a teen-age convert.

Lyndon Johnson is the second Disciple in the White House. The first was James A. Garfield, elected in 1880. Garfield's early career centered around his religious affiliation. He preached, performed weddings and conducted funerals, even though he was not ordained.

Unlike Garfield, Lyndon B. Johnson hasn't been notably active in the internal affairs of his church. Through the years he has had invitations to transfer from First Christian of Johnson City to other congregations but he always has declined, saying that he intends to maintain his home at the LBJ Ranch and his membership with the Johnson City congregation of his boyhood.

President Johnson's taste for attending many different churches has not met with universal approval. Some Episcopalians, for example, wrote dismayed letters to a church publication pointing out that while their *Book of Common Prayer* specifically declares that no one shall take Holy Communion unless he is confirmed or wants to be, the President had been taking it fairly regularly. "The President," replied the editors in comment on the letters, "is undoubtedly receiving Communion at Episcopal altars in good faith and sincerity. . . . Let us devoutly pray that he may be 'ready and desirous' of being confirmed at the hands of one of our bishops." As yet, the prayers have apparently not been answered.

It may also be that some Disciples have wished that their most famous member would attend his own church more and others less. They cannot criticize however; Johnson's wide-angled approach to churchgoing is quite in accord with the Disciples' basic beliefs.

The Disciples themselves have no formal creeds—and don't want any. Their only guidelines are the conviction

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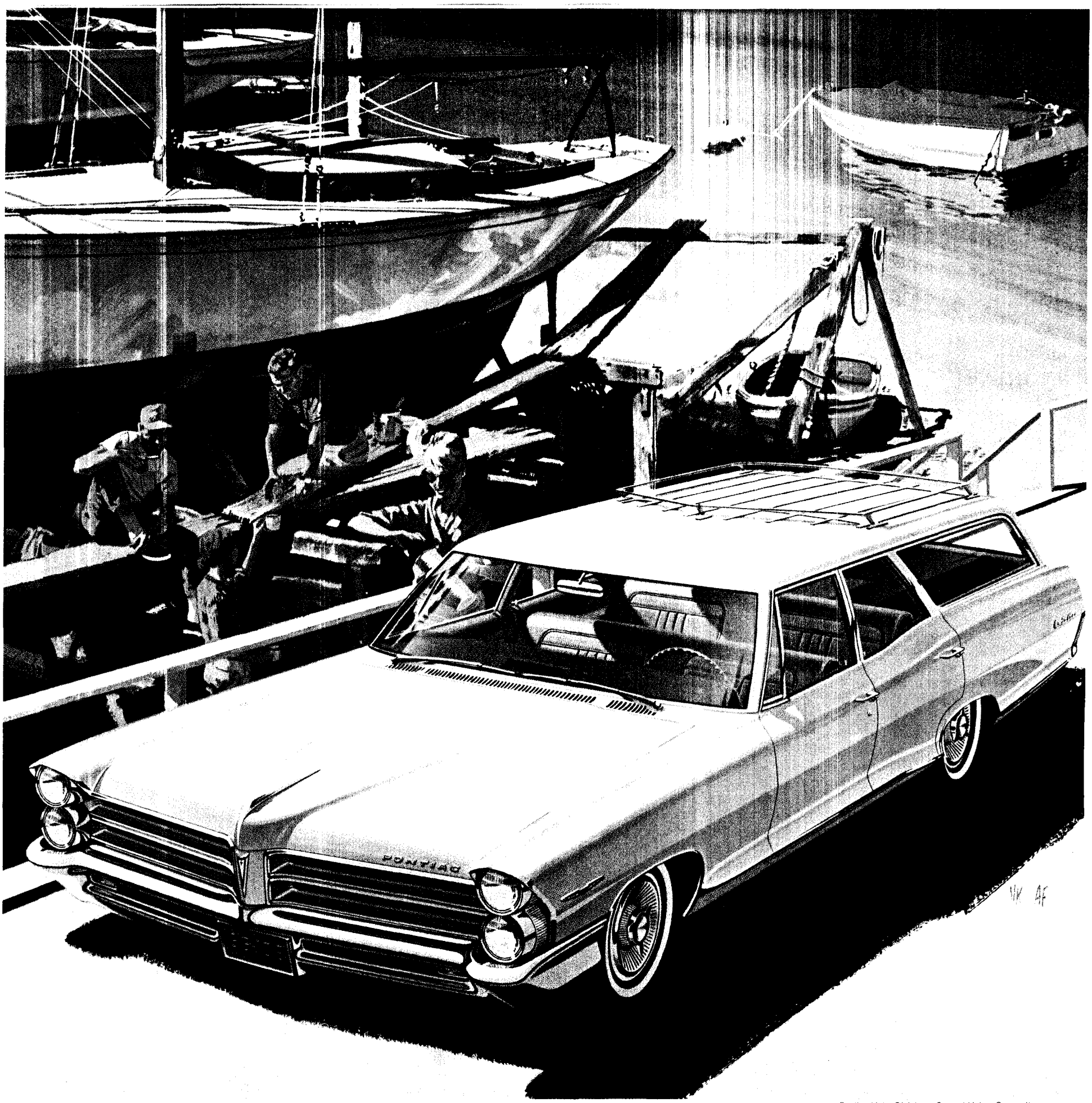

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Pontiac '65/*YEAR OF THE QUICK WIDE-TRACKS*

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that all Christian churches should be one, and that the Bible, especially the New Testament, should be the only authority for faith and practice. Furthermore, each Disciple has the responsibility for using his own reason to interpret the scripture and to follow his own conscience on such thorny questions as divorce and birth control.

The Disciples now are becoming citified and sophisticated—their big churches have organs, robed ministers and choirs. But they still reflect their frontier origins. "We still have that old dream of 'oneness,' that men can be unified in faith in spite of their differences," says Dr. George R. Davis, pastor of Washington's National City Christian Church.

The Disciples' driving concept evolved when a number of practical-minded preachers, trying to meet the religious needs of the westward-moving settlers, found themselves hampered by the strict, elaborate regulations of their churches. As early as 1792 James O'Kelly, a Methodist lay preacher in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, led a seceding group which adopted "Christian" as its only name.

Another revolt followed a mammoth interfaith camp meeting at Cane Ridge, Ky., in 1801. Some 10,000 settlers from hundreds of miles around gathered there for a week, listening to relays of Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist evangelists. As fervor mounted, many of the participants went into trancelike seizures in which they danced, staggered, jerked like puppets and barked like dogs.

When news of this rousing event reached the church authorities, particularly the Presbyterian, they took a dim view of the way in which conventional procedures and sectarian lines had been ignored. In the ensuing controversy a group of ministers withdrew from the Presbyterian church and formed a loose confederation of congregations known simply as Christians. A young evangelist, Barton W. Stone, rose to the leadership of this group.

Another stream of dissent rose in the hills of southwestern Pennsylvania where Thomas Campbell, a Seceder Presbyterian minister, rode a country circuit. He soon was in trouble with his superiors because he failed to impose tests of faith on communicants and welcomed all comers to his services. Eventually he left the Presbyterians and wrote a call for nondenominational unity which became a basic document of the Christian-only movement.

In 1809 Thomas Campbell was joined by his dynamic son, Alexander, and for some years the father-son team allied themselves with the Baptist church, believing that reform should start within established denominations. The Campbells broke with the Baptists in 1830 and took the name Disciples of Christ for their movement.

The message of Stone and the Campbells was carried westward by hard-riding, leather-lunged evangelists who preached wherever they could assemble a crowd—in cabins, barns, inns and open fields. "Raccoon John" Smith was one of the most colorful of these. Once, seeing another minister about to baptize a baby by sprinkling, of which he disapproved, Raccoon John seized the vessel, gulped down the water and told the astonished minister, "Brother, I drank your Jordan dry."

Raccoon John helped unite the Stoneite and Campbellite branches of the Christian-only stream. Out of this merger in 1832 came The Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ), which by the outbreak of the Civil War had 200,000 members in 2,000 churches. The brotherhood survived that conflict without a schism, perhaps because it lacked any central organization to raise issues. Later, however, arguments arose.

Organ music was the subject of the most fervid debate. The conservative members were sure that anything not specifically mentioned in the Bible—such as organs—was automatically taboo while the liberals believed that the scriptures were not to be taken so negatively. By 1906 the conservatives had become a separate body, the Churches of Christ.

Today the Disciples at first glance seem to have much the same ecclesiastical machinery as any denomination—a paid clergy, boards, commissions, societies and even an active public-relations department. But the Disciples are quick to point out that they haven't had a central church government, as such. Instead, the early-day mass meetings of the brotherhood became a permanent International Convention with headquarters in Indianapolis. The annual assembly of the Convention passes only advisory resolutions, which are not binding on congregations. Dozens of "voluntary agencies" handle the national and international business of the church, such as the pension fund for ministers and a missionary society. The Disciples have 35 colleges and seminaries.

Today the Disciples seem caught in a dilemma. Their long-range, basic aim, they say, "is to go out of business"—that is, to see all different sects of Christians join in one church. At present the Disciples are talking merger—a slow business—with a number of other denominations. At the same time, they want to grow, believing that the stronger their brotherhood becomes, the more force they can exert for unity.

And here they face some problems. In their booming days, the Disciples built most of their churches in small towns and rural areas, the very places now being drained by migration to the cities. They realize, also, that with age their movement has lost some of its old reforming zeal. "We have become more of a regular, middle-class denomination," says Dr. Gaines M. Cook, who retired last October as executive secretary of the convention. "We aren't too happy about that. We want to recapture the old sense of mission and apply it to today's world." Significantly, Cook's successor, Dr. A. Dale Fiers, has been a leader in planning the modernization of the Disciples.

At the Disciples' 115th Assembly last fall, the brotherhood decided to begin to replace their loose convention system with a representative central church government. This, says Fiers, is a basic shift in structure, but not in goals. "We still would *not* think of ourselves as becoming THE Christian Church (Disciples of Christ)," he emphasizes. "The 'the' would be small. We hope, someday, there might be a Christian Church (Methodist), Christian Church (Episcopal) and so on. We're continuing our great ecumenical effort."

The Disciples' leaders have taken strong stands for civil rights for the past generation, despite the fact that many of their congregations in the South were, and still are, segregated. "Our Convention couldn't force integration on any independent congregation," one Disciple leader points out. "But we worked hard to bring it about by example and education." Over the years the Convention has resolved that racial discrimination is un-Christian, approved the Supreme Court decision on schools, worked for "open occupancy" housing, and set up a special fund to aid ministers and churches in meeting racial problems. Disciples who travel have been encouraged to ask, "Do you serve any race?" at hotels and restaurants and, if the answer is negative, to go elsewhere.

It seems easy to perceive the influence of Disciples' teachings on Lyndon Johnson. The Disciples put great value on common goals, rather than fine points of doctrinal difference; Johnson has built much of his political career on his ability to find common ground on which opposing groups can get together for needed action. (He has given new currency to the quotation from Isaiah, "Come now, and let us reason together.") The Disciples of Christ dislike confining religious labels; Lyndon Johnson, when once asked to define his political philosophy, wrote: "At the heart of my beliefs is a rebellion against this very process of classifying, labeling and filing Americans under headings: regional, economic, occupational, religious, racial or otherwise. . . . God made no man so simple or his life so sterile that such experience can be summarized by an adjective."

In a recent and exclusive statement, President Johnson expressed his views on the role of religious faith in our national life. Calling it "part of the mortar unifying one of the world's most diverse populations," he went on to say that churches have a particular responsibility in helping to maintain a sound sense of values during the great technical and social revolutions now under way. "We are moving from the old values of a mostly rural past to the new experiences of a mostly urban future," he said. "We already have an abundance no other human beings have ever known. We are acquiring still another abundance of time—leisure to do with our lives as we please. . . .

"I believe religious faith will help save the individual from a loss of identity in our urbanized culture. More importantly . . . I am sure our religious values will help motivate us to lives of useful service rather than lives of wasteful and self-serving idleness."

". . . and when nobody came to the front door I went to the back door, and when nobody came to the back door. . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The little white frame First Christian Church in Johnson City, Texas, sitting awkwardly under its bobbed steeple, adds something to an understanding of Lyndon Johnson and his faith. It symbolizes the simplicity of his background and beliefs, and it is a poignant reminder of those changes in our society of which he speaks. The 61-year-old First Christian, with its worn wooden floors, undecorated walls and straight-backed pews, can seat about 100 people, but attendance these days is 30 to 40, mostly middle-aged or older. The choir is accompanied by an ancient piano. The services are conducted by a lay preacher, C. R. Akin Sr., a gray-haired school principal who drives out from Austin each Sunday. The service is simple: A call to worship, a hymn, *Come Love the Lord*, the invocation. When Akin asks if there are any announcements, a woman in the congregation speaks up to report that the Ladies' Bazaar cake sale has been successful. The church elders preside at Communion, a feature never omitted from Disciple services. In his pastoral prayer Akin asks for tolerance, justice and understanding and prays for "our President and the awesome burdens he must carry." After the sermon, another hymn and benediction.

During last fall's presidential campaign, Akin, a quiet, soft-spoken man, discovered with some pain that even a prayer in a country church can create headlines and controversy. One Sunday in late September President Johnson drove over from the LBJ Ranch to attend services and, as usual, Akin prayed for "the health and welfare of those who carry the heavy burden of the Presidency." Perhaps carried away by the occasion he added, "May they be upheld by the electorate."

Akin admits that his choice of the word "electorate" during a campaign was unfortunate. But he says he did not mean it in a political sense: Rather, he was praying that the people as a whole would uphold the President as President and was not referring to his candidacy. In any case, the prayer stirred up a hornet's nest of critical editorials, and Akin's mailbox was filled with bitter letters.

Except for that flurry, the little church has gone along much as usual. There has been no boom in membership, just a few visitors—three or four on an average Sunday. Recently, as the congregation filed out, an old-timer recalled: "We used to fill this church. But we had more young people then. Now most of them have gone away."

One of them, of course, has gone to the White House. □

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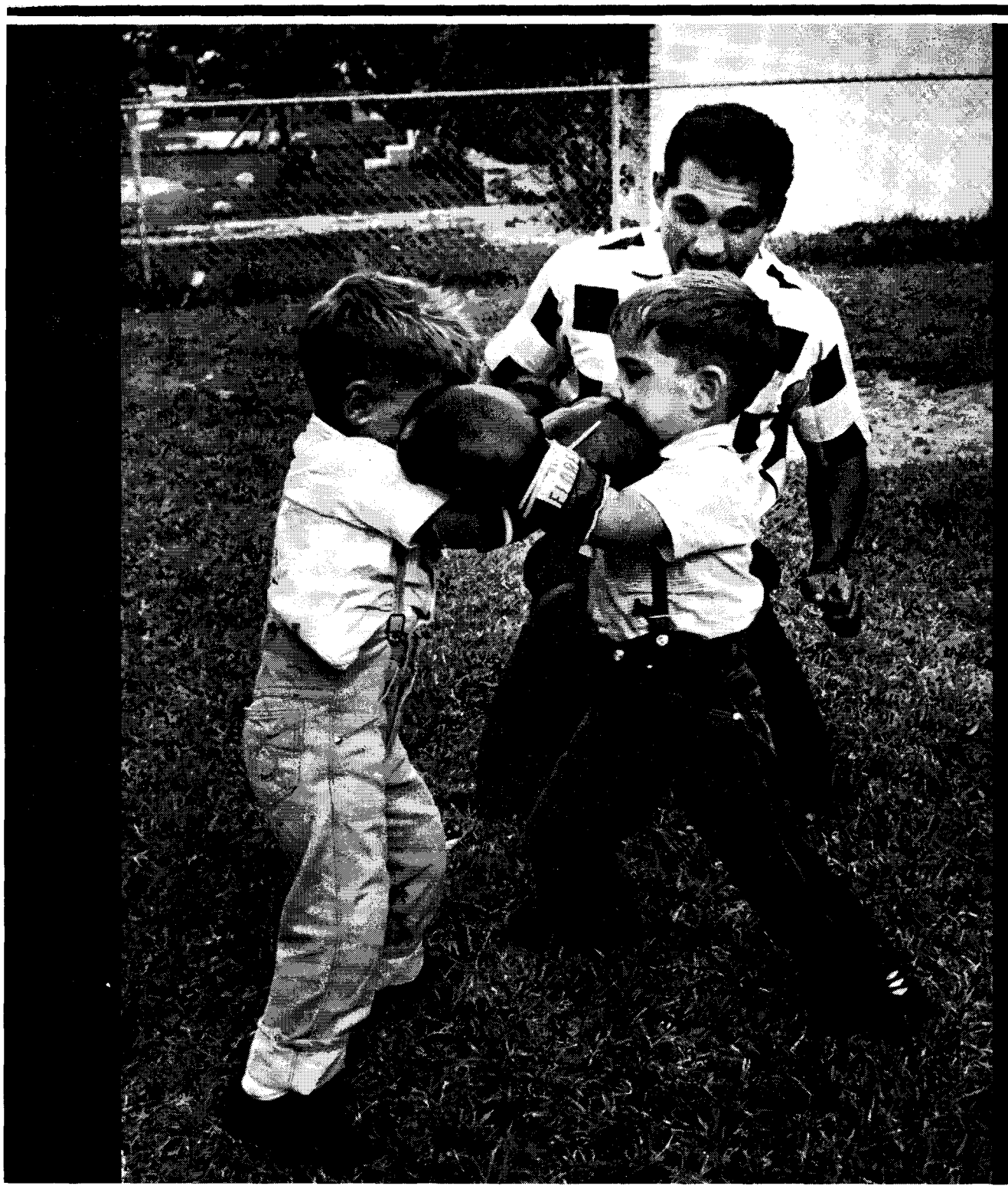

Willie watches his sons, Angelo, 3 (left), and Nick, 4, as they settle fraternal differences in the backyard of Pastrano's North Miami Beach home.

Champio

Willie Pastrano was fighting grown men when he was only 13. Lacking a big punch, he had to outthink and outstep boxing's gorillas. After 15 years and 78 fights, he was light-heavyweight champion of the world. Nobody thought a title could ever be won so gently.

By MYRON COPE

Willie Pastrano, who is the most artistic boxing champion in the world today, sat on a stool in a dressing room the size of a shower stall. Wrapped in a towel, he studied his clenched right fist as one would puzzle over a sweetheart who withholds favors. "I bet I can punch, you know?" said Willie, who, though 16 years a fighter, is just beginning to punch hard enough to hurt people.

"But I throw a punch just to get it in there," Willie said, suddenly laughing, "and get the hell out of there."

Getting it in there and getting the hell out of there is what boxing is all about, of course, but the public has forgotten because television and avaricious managers have used up modern fighters before they've had time to learn ring technique. So Willie Pastrano, at 29 the light-heavyweight champion of the world, is like a Ming vase standing in a pawnshop; the clientele instinctively moves toward the guitars and shotguns. Willie must fight wherever he can make a buck. The English, unlike Americans, love him, so last November he defended his title in Manchester, stopping Londoner Terry Downes in the 11th round. Later this month Willie is scheduled to risk his title against José Torres in New York. Because Torres is a popular New Yorker and a victory for him would help New York regain a strong voice in boxing, Willie fears he must knock out Torres to win; but he will take the risk because the money is good. Meanwhile, in the dingy, second-story Fifth Street Gym, Miami Beach, where Willie has just finished his daily workout, there are old heads who say this is the only fighter around today who has a chance to lick Cassius Clay.

Willie is some 30 pounds lighter than Clay but about 30 times more ring-wise; he has fought bigger men than Clay, yet in his 83 professional fights nobody has knocked him down. Still, the world knows him only vaguely, as if he had seldom wandered out of his Fifth Street dressing cubicle to fight.

Said Willie: "A guy tells me, 'Willie, they won't appreciate you till you die.' I'm the Vincent Van Gogh of the ring. OK. So what am I gonna do, cut off my ear?"

His square, swarthy face, oddly sprayed with a hundred freckles, erupted again with laughter. He has thick, curly black hair and bushy eyebrows that hide long scars, and his brown eyes receded now into slits as he merrily pantomimed frustration and anger. His anonymity is compounded by the fact that light-heavyweight champions live in the shadows of heavyweight champions. "I'm the bastard champion of the bastard division," Willie chirped. His blood is Sicilian, Calabrian, Spanish and French, but there is no volatility—only mirth—in him.

When you have shined shoes in New Orleans brothels at the age of 10, and when you have begun fighting grown men at 13, and when you've borrowed money on your house to feed your wife and five kids, it is easy to be angry with the world, but Willie Pastrano, who has done all these things, has the gentleness and the integrity that Hemingway found in fighters. He collects stray animals and worries about the plight of the colored man and, it is true, has fought too gently.

Lacking the knockout punch that saves a fighter when he is having an off night, Willie has lost 11 fights over the years. Going wherever he could

Photographs by Lynn Pelham

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find a payday, he spent three years fighting heavyweights. Rex Layne, one of them, seized Willie by the shoulders in a clinch and with a great roar flung him to the canvas so hard he rolled; Willie got up to win the decision, however. A giant Negro named Johnny Holman broke Willie's nose before Willie decisioned him. A clumsy English ox named Brian London broke Willie's eardrum and rammed him with his head, leaving an inch-and-a-quarter scar over Willie's left eye. But Willie won the fight.

Finally, on June 1, 1963, Willie Pastrano got to fight light-heavyweight champion Harold Johnson because ailments had sidelined first one challenger, then another, and Las Vegas promoters were desperate for a substitute. Though he took the bout on short notice, Willie boxed his way to a split decision, winning the title. And then, in his first title defense last April, he convinced the old-timers that he has a chance to beat Cassius Clay.

Fighting a strong, awkwardly difficult challenger from Argentina, Gregorio Peralta, Willie leaned into him with thumping body blows and then, retreating, raked Peralta's head with surprisingly hard right hands thrown on the run. Peralta, beaten bloody, could not answer the bell for the sixth round. At 28, Willie Pastrano at last became mildly attractive box office.

Now, while Willie dressed in his cubicle in the Fifth Street Gym, a onetime trainer named Izzy Kline, who had worked the corners of Barney Ross and Tony Zale and five other champions, declared, "Willie's the first good *heady* fighter since Schmeling." Max Schmeling, actually, was the last big fighter able to throw right hands while retreating, as Willie did against Peralta. "Cassius Clay would have a very hard time hurting Willie," Izzy Kline went on, "because Willie moves so fast. And the big thing is, you take any fighter who wins a title, he automatically becomes a fifty percent better fighter. He gets a superiority complex."

That's exactly what has happened to Willie Pastrano since he became a champion.

The new, more confident Willie still looks shorter than his five feet 11¾ inches; he is still built in chunks, like a club middleweight, still looks like a poolroom hustler. Yet as fight people go, he is downright profound.

"You know, I don't feel like people when I'm in that ring," said Willie. "Every time I felt like a person I got licked. I feel like I'm a big racehorse parading in front of the people and they're gonna look at my body.

"You parade in front of the people," Willie continued, strutting a few steps, "and watch how their faces react. First, the men's faces. Some of the men get nervous with me. Some get mad. You can tell the ones who bet against you because they get mad at your body. I love to look at the ladies' faces. Some of them love it, some look like they feel sorry for you. But I never saw a lady look at me with hate like a man. I think women have a little more insight into things than men."

Willie was talkative and in good spirits because the worst part of his job, the training, was over for the day. Only a fighter who has a child's mentality enjoys the drudgery of training, but the work must be done even when a fighter is between fights, as Willie was now. "I'm laying you off Sunday, hear?" said his trainer, Lou Gross, a stumpy, frowning man. "I want you to get up and do roadwork, that's all."

"Listen to this Lou Gross," piped Willie. "He

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comes around me like a hard-shell crab. I'm having a lousy hot tea with lemon, and he's eating that cheesecake and saying, 'See! I don't never gain weight.' Every day, baby, this training gets rougher and rougher."

Willie and Lou Gross went downstairs and crossed the street to Al's Restaurant for lunch. While Gross forked cheesecake into his mouth, Willie talked about the long route that has brought the son of Frank and Martherina Pastrano to solvency and—who knows?—the brink of riches. Frank Pastrano, once a WPA laborer but today a cook on a merchant ship, brought up his kids—Willie, his half brother, and an adopted sister—in two- and three-room flats all around the New Orleans French Quarter.

Bullies in the Quarter beat up Willie Pastrano for diversion, for he was short and round as a washtub. "I was the village idiot," he says.

Kids called him Mo' Fat, and when he walked down Bourbon Street with his shoeshine box the streetwalkers cackled, "Hey, fat boy, howdja get heah? Walk or bounce?" In the bawdy houses the girls made fun of him. "But I got fifty cents a shine," he remembers happily, "because those customers were *Johns*, man, they were spenders."

A pacifist by nature, Willie perplexed his father. One afternoon Frank Pastrano looked down from his flat to the street outside and saw a kid run up behind Willie and punch him on the back of his neck. Papa Pastrano picked up a razor strap and ran outside shouting, "Hit him back! Him or me, which do you want?"

Recalling his dilemma, Willie says, "My daddy was like a wild stallion. I looked at that razor strap and turned around and went after that kid, and what I didn't do to him!"

Willie had high blood pressure but stuffed himself with sweets, driving his mother to distraction. She consulted his grammar-school principal, who dragged him onstage in the school auditorium and admonished the student body to give him no cookies or candy. Willie forced himself to giggle, but he wanted to cry. At the age of 12 he stood only five feet tall but weighed 190 pounds.

His career was born in a movie theater where he had gone one day with two friends. On his left sat a girl named Rachel. "She had great, big, black eyes, I'll never forget her," says Willie. On his right sat Ralph Dupas, who, though only 13, already was an amateur fighter and destined to become a junior middleweight champion of the world.

"Willie," said Rachel, "why don't you change places with Ralph?"

"Why?" asked Willie.

"Well, he's nice and slim."

Willie ran to the men's room and cried, and when the movie ended, he intercepted Ralph Dupas in the lobby and fought him for 15 minutes. Finally, after bystanders had broken up the fight, Dupas spoke to Willie as Jack Armstrong would have counseled a neighborhood sissy: "Hey, why don't you come to the gym and get rid of that fat?"

A salty old fight manager named Whitey Esneault ran the St. Mary's Italian C.Y.O. gym. He is a one-legged man, 73 now, who learned boxing in the Navy in 1908. He is legendary, for he started fighters at 12, 13, 14 years old, barking at them in dockside language, insisting on classic footwork. "Side to side! In and out! Side to side!" he'd bellow at adolescents as they punched the heavy bag. He liked Willie Pastrano because, although Willie showed up in long pants and a sweat shirt to hide his fat, he was willing to take a beating every day while he slimmed down to 126 pounds in a year's time.

At 13 he fought his first amateur bout, in Buras, La., outboxing a 17-year-old who had hair on his chest. That night Willie slept with the trophy he'd won. "I was on my way," he says. "We'd drive to fights on a truck, and, after the fights, we'd eat potato sandwiches."

In fight shows held at the C.Y.O. gym, the winners were rewarded with all the free macaroni they could eat at Tony Bonomolo's Spaghetti House on Bourbon Street. Willie kept winning the macaroni, but even then he had a jab-and-move style that made fans shout, "Who you waving at, Pastrano? Get off that bicycle!" His father, attending a fight show for the first time in his life, took umbrage and overturned a bench full of spectators. "Daddy looked like he was going for the free macaroni," says Willie. Frank Pastrano wound up at the Fifth Precinct, shouting at the night judge, "Them sonofabitches ain't gonna make fun of *my* boy!" The judge fined him $50, and his wife told him, "You go to another fight and I'll leave you."

When Willie was 15, Whitey Esneault asked him, "How would you like to turn pro tonight?" Esneault need a substitute for one of his fighters who had got drunk on a shrimp boat.

"Fifty dollars?" asked Willie, his eyes popping.

"Fifty dollars," replied Esneault. So Willie Pastrano began boxing his way into manhood, settling scores in the ring with a long string of French Quarter toughs who had harassed him in the streets.

"Remember me?" he said to one opponent as they weighed in. "Remember the fat boy you used to throw his sandwich in the street every day at lunchtime at Colton School? Yeah, that's me, and Im gonna straighten out all the jive you laid on me."

But every time Willie got revenge he found it wasn't as important as the money he was earning. He had become a pro in spirit as well as in name. Upon graduation from high school he married Faye Finn, a winsome Shirley MacLaine type from Irish Town, and now he was fighting for rent money and groceries in the hardest of all businesses. The years ahead were to leave scars inside Willie Pastrano, but a decade later, seated in Al's Restaurant in Miami Beach, he was able to figure that there is a lot to be said for his profession. His mind flitted to a gang of kids he had seen smoking cigarettes every day on a street corner in North Miami Beach, a middle-class community where he lives. Willie had won over the kids with conversation and then had persuaded the city officials and the local Kiwanis Club to open a gymnasium where he would teach the boys to box.

"But their mothers ixnayed it," said Willie. "They don't want their kids getting bloody noses. They don't *know*. Man, they don't know what it is to stand up. So their kids are still smoking on the corner, and the adults say, 'What's wrong with our kids today?'"

Leaving Al's Restaurant, Willie got into his midnight-blue Lincoln Continental and set off for home. Not long ago he drove a Chevy, but one day he had driven it to a country club to address the Young Golfers Association, whose teen-age membership promptly demanded to know why a champion wasn't driving something flashier. So Willie bought a Continental because "you got to play the part." He drove slowly now and talked.

"I've seen baseball players and football players doing TV commercials between rounds of a fight," said Willie. "Why not a fighter?" Actually, Willie himself pushes milk on TV for the South Florida Dairy Council, but he is probably the only fighter endorsing products. "Man, the public won't let us out of the cellar," he went on. "They think we're gorillas. But why is it kids love fighters? Kids have an instinct, follow me? Kids got a little thing going for them. They're *genuine*, man." Grinning now and waggling a finger evangelically, Willie sang out, "*They haven't been schooled in the ways of deceit!*"

And then Willie P. grew serious. "Many times right before a fight I sit in the dressing room and think, 'Wouldn't it be great to be like other people and work that straight eight?' But after the fight I say, 'Man, you can have that straight eight,' because this is the only sport today where you can call a man a gladiator, and it makes me feel good. It gives me pride. If I had all this to do over again, man, I'd do it."

But he wouldn't exactly enjoy doing it over again. Back in New Orleans, years ago, the customers weren't buying Willie the classicist. He had to accept a main bout on a mere $150 guarantee. One night only 700 fans turned out, and the promoter said he'd have to call off the card. "I need breakfast money," Willie told him. So the promoter let him go on—for $90, one third of which went to his manager.

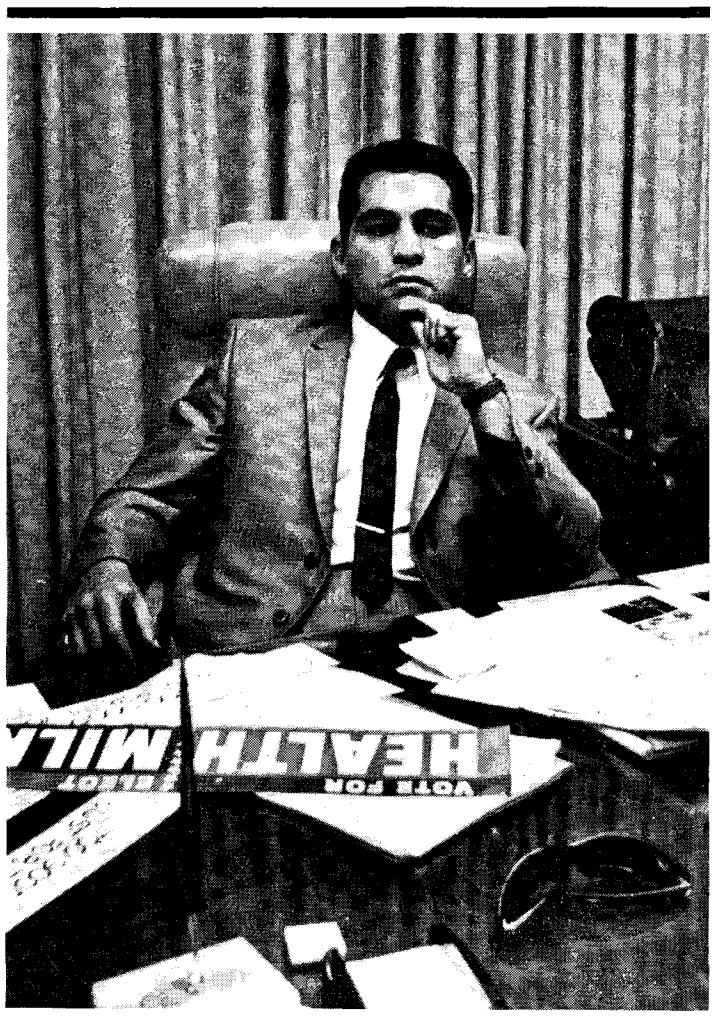
His wife pregnant, Willie was about to give up the fight game at 18, but Whitey Esneault sent him to Angelo Dundee, a manager-trainer-booker in Miami Beach—a man with connections around the country. Willie rode a bus 27 hours to Miami, wearing a T-shirt, Levis and tennis shoes. "I boxed in those shoes and walked around in them," he says. "They were my all-around shoes." In gym workouts he stuffed cotton into his mouth and on fight night borrowed a mouthpiece.

Willie was 19 when Angelo Dundee arranged his Madison Square Garden debut. Willie decisioned Joey Rowan with such elegance that New York columnist Jimmy Cannon wrote of him, "It is seldom that you see such a kid as Willie Pastrano. . . . You could see the shape of greatness."

Four wins later Willie had $5,000 in a savings account and seemed on his way to wealth, but in the boxing business there are a thousand ways to stunt a man's fiscal growth. Willie P. traveled to Tacoma, Wash., to fight heavyweight Pat McMurtry on his home grounds and found himself in a midget 15-foot ring with the canvas padded so deeply that footwork was nearly impossible. Frequently forced to stand flat and slug with McMurtry, Willie broke his hand battering away on McMurtry's head.

He won the fight, but was out of work five months while the hand healed.

By the time he got back into action, the managers of the big-name fighters knew enough to avoid Willie Pastrano. TV shunned him because his subtle moves were lost on the screen. He was only 21 when Floyd Patterson, then heavyweight champion, said of him, "He probably is the best boxer of all my potential opponents." In Louisville a brash kid named Clay phoned Willie's hotel room for permission to visit him, saying, "I wanna fight like you, Willie Pastrano." Yet Willie's career proceeded sluggishly, with barely enough money



Outside the prize ring, Willie has a paid position with a Miami Beach public-relations firm. He plugs milk for a dairy institute, and supervises a youth-fitness program.

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coming to meet expenses, and he occasionally lost to mediocre fighters because he could whip up no enthusiasm. Says Willie:

"I had a conflict in myself. I'd lost confidence in my own ability and in the whole boxing shebang. I said, 'What's this for? Where am I going?' The show was over, and I figured I'd better start looking for something else."

In 1960, after taking a brutal 10-round beating from Jesse Bowdry, Willie P. quit the ring at 25.

He borrowed $5,000 on his house and opened a health gym in the plush Americana Hotel, conditioning flabby businessmen, and went to an analyst to rid himself of his depressed state of mind and discover a course for the future. Willie paid the analyst $25 an hour, as much as he frequently earned per week. Recalls Willie:

"I asked the headshrinker one day, 'What are you doing for me? I'm doing all the talking.' All he was giving me was, 'Why?' I told him, 'Come up with some answers. I can go talk to a post and get as many answers.' He just laughed and lit his pipe. These headshrinkers screw you up, but they screw you up in the right way. They don't tell you nothing, but they lead you to the spot where you tell yourself the answer. You gotta go home and figure it out for yourself."

Finally, 16 months after he'd retired, Willie P. decided that boxing was his calling and that the fight game was where he belonged.

Curiously, manager Dundee, who doubles as an expert trainer and in fact trains Cassius Clay on salary from Clay's managers, now withdrew as Willie's trainer. Dundee reasoned that Willie needed a warden to watch over him, so he brought in Lou Gross, the hard-shell crab.

Gross immediately told Willie, "If I train you, I don't want no bull. Number one, you're too fat. Number two, you gotta get up off your behind and *work* with me, and let's understand that right now."

"Awright, daddy," replied Willie, loving Gross at once. "Let's go."

Willie plugged along for another year, but he was content now, for he accepted the fight game's pitfalls. He fought with no expectation or hope of a title shot. He attended art-show openings and read books on voodoo and extrasensory perception and paid five dollars each month to an old lady for a horoscope. She sold him on astrology by telling him to have his wife's throat examined; sure enough, growths were found on Faye Pastrano's vocal cords, and removed. "I believe in astrology eighty-five percent," Willie says.

The stars, though, seemed to gather in Sagittarius Willie's corner, for Peru's Mauro Mina, scheduled to challenge Harold Johnson for the championship, came down with arthritis and substitute Henry Hank suffered a cut in training. Willie, stepping in as a double substitute, summoned the particular skill of his that sets him apart from his contemporaries: the ability to tailor his fight to his opponent's style. Johnson was, as Angelo Dundee put it, "a mechanic"—a skilled mechanic, unbeaten in eight years, but one who fights along predictable lines. "You don't fight such a man with a pattern," said Dundee. "You fight him without a pattern."

The pace was fast. Willie, a 5-to-1 underdog, fought Johnson side to side, then he fought him in a straight line, then met him inside with uppercuts. In the fifth round Johnson unloaded a short left hook, putting everything behind it, and Willie sagged. Many fights are won not by throwing a punch but by absorbing one, and this may have been such a fight. Johnson's best was not enough to drop Willie. At the end the scoring was close and the decision a split one, but Willie P. at last was a champion.

He cleared $12,000 from a $20,000 purse and paid off his back bills. Defending his newly won title against the Argentine Peralta in New Orleans, where he'd once fought for breakfast money, he made $30,000. The Terry Downes fight produced another $20,000. Willie has invested in Florida land development and, though he is neither wealthy nor secure, declares with boyish bravado, "I'm in the financial shape of my life."

Family tree: Willie, his wife Faye and kids (top to bottom) Frankie, 6; Johnny, 9; Nick; Donna Maria, 11; Angelo.

Meanwhile, his daily trip home from the Fifth Street Gym ends at a one-story white-stucco house that is no more than par for the course in his middle-class neighborhood. Here the unsung king of the light-heavies recaptures a rare hour of public acclaim by watching the film of a bout he fought in 1957 with Dick Richardson, an English heavyweight, in London. Five Pastrano children, four sons and a daughter, lie on the living-room rug wearing T-shirts—given them by a neighbor—that state in blue letters, "My Daddy Is Light Heavyweight Champion." An old German shepherd named Miss Fanny dozes in a corner. An old yellow mongrel named Lady, a stray Willie took off the hands of the Humane Society, sits down impolitely on a visitor's foot. A black cat named Boots, taken in by Willie after having been thrown from a passing car, pads across the room. "If Miss Fanny and Lady and Boots can make it," reflects Willie as he sets up his movie projector, "why not Russia and China and America?"

The projector throws the Richardson fight on the living-room wall and Willie is happy, because he is fighting again in England where fans appreciate classic boxing. The sound track explodes with roaring acclaim as he dazzles Richardson with a flurry. "They're beautiful fight people over there," Willie says through the hum of the machine. "All you got to do is throw a nice jab, and they stand up and say, 'Hip, hip! Good show, old man!'"

On the wall, Richardson is a big-eared man fighting his way forward in a straight line, an easy mark for any boxer of modest skills, but the speed and the grace and the deft combinations Willie is throwing are of a quality not seen from a big man since Billy Conn.

The decision is Willie's, easily, and he is blowing kisses to the crowd, and Englishmen are yelling, "Speech! Speech!" Having seen his art, one knows that even though Willie P. has had an up-and-down career, he would indeed be a threat to Cassius Clay on a good night.

Except at the Fifth Street Gym, where Clay also trains, giving the old-timers a chance to compare him with Willie day after day, there has been almost no talk of a Clay-Pastrano title bout. Such a match makes box-office sense, simply because Willie would be a "white hope" and therefore ripe for the kind of publicity buildup that has made big fights out of far less appealing matches. Time, however, is running out on aging Willie. First, he must get by Torres in New York on March 30. Then a couple of guys named Liston and Patterson are in line ahead of him, and he may never get a shot at the big championship and the big payday that goes with it. But Willie P. isn't likely to give up the dream. After all, there were two fighters ahead of him for a crack at the light-heavyweight crown. Then Sagittarius took over and the fat boy became a champion. □

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Editorials

The bomb-shelter mania

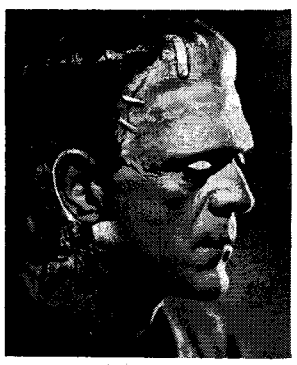
Four years ago President Kennedy and his military aides launched a major publicity campaign designed to make the American people build bomb shelters in their basements. The campaign frightened a good many people, but it failed to answer some fundamental questions: Do underground shelters really protect us or simply provide a false sense of security? Should such decisions be left to the whims and resources of individual homeowners? And finally, would the survivors of underground life find a habitable world remaining aboveground? As Alfred Balk's article on page 72 makes clear, the American people reacted to the campaign with commendable skepticism and common sense. They refused to buy.

Apparently our military planners are still busy with their "war games" and computers, however. Last month Defense Secretary Robert McNamara released some bizarre charts predicting American casualties in 1970 in relationship to investment in shelters and antimissile defenses: 149 million dead if no more money is invested; 120 million dead if five billion dollars is invested; 96 million dead if $15 billion is invested, and so on.

It seems hard to believe that anyone considers such hypothetical figures very accurate—and, in fact, Secretary McNamara did not specifically ask for a new shelter-building program. If the Administration does genuinely anticipate a death toll of 149 million Americans in a nuclear showdown, it should develop and insist on a serious policy for civil defense. If its scare statistics have no clear purpose, it would do better to stop shouting "fire" in the crowded quarters where we all live.

Malcolm X (1925–1965)

The ugly killing of Malcolm X prompted many people to attempt an assessment of this violent and baffling young demagogue. Was his death an inevitable part of the struggle for Negro equality? Did he really have a major role to play in that struggle? Did he have any serious program to improve the life of American Negroes? Much of the evidence is contradictory, and not much is in his favor; his death resembled a martyrdom less than a gangland execution. But Americans have had too much of assassination, too much of the settlement of conflict by violence. As for the assessment of Malcolm X, we look back at the impassioned and prophetic autobiography that we published last September: "Once I was a racist—yes. But now I have turned my direction away from anything that's racist. . . . I dream that one day history will look upon me as having been one of the voices that perhaps helped to save America from a grave, even possibly fatal catastrophe. . . . It has always stayed on my mind that I would die by violence. I have done all that I can to be prepared. . . ."



The function of monsters

Judging by the TV ratings this season, Americans enjoy seeing evil things turned into mild entertainment. A beautiful witch twitches her nose to keep interlopers away from her husband, and a family of monsters seems to reside quietly in suburbia. In Communist East Europe, too, according to Gene Smith's article on page 76, the spirit of Dracula inspires no dread. This is not a totally frivolous matter, for the way we regard supernatural monsters parallels the way we regard the universe.

Dracula is not simply a creation of Bram Stoker, much less of Bela Lugosi; the sinister figure of a man who is part animal appears in every mythology because it expresses the frightening conflicts in man's own nature. And Frankenstein's effort to create artificial life is only a variant retelling of such legends as Faust or the golem. In the monsters that were created by some aberration or violation of the natural order, we could incarnate all our fears of the unnamable evils around us—and within us. And by punishing those monsters we could exorcise those evils.

Children, as they relive all stages of man, still know how to put a Frankenstein mask to good use. They still have a feeling of dread about the smooth-talking wolf in *Little Red Ridinghood* and the witch who appears in Oz. But as we grow older and keep hearing that all good and evil are relative, that wicked acts are simply the result of sick minds, and that nothing is truly evil if it serves some social purpose, all distinctions blur. Perhaps monsters have become mildly entertaining because we find it pleasanter to consider monstrosity itself as a meaningless abstraction.

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